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VOL. VI.

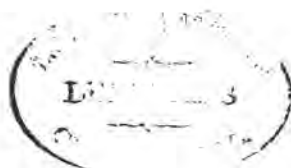
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Philosophy dwells aloft in the Temple of Science, the divinity of its inmost shrine. Her dictators descend among men, but she herself descends not. Whoso would behold her must climb with long and laborious effort, nay, still linger in the forecourt, till manifold trials have proved him worthy of admission into the interior solemnities.

—*Carlyle.*

The inquiring reader will find in this periodical some things that will set him to thinking.—*The New Era, Lancaster, Pa.*

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It is full of deep thought, cast in interesting and graceful form.—*The Standard Troy, N. Y.*

INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 1.

MAN AND NATURE.

In preceding articles I have given reasons for believing that Nature, no less than man, notwithstanding its varied manifestations, must be regarded as an organized whole, yet that both man and Nature exhibit in their activity the operation of opposing principles which constitute them dualities. There is no inconsistency in this view, and indeed but slight consideration is required to see that there could be no evolutionary progress in Nature in the absence of such a dual activity as that here supposed. Without it there would be the condition of inertia referred to by Newton's first law of motion, which declares that a body in a state of motion would continue moving in a straight line forever, if its state were not altered by external force. Under the influence of this negative law objects in motion would never be in relation with other objects. Newton's second law is the opposite of the first law, as it assumes the existence of a relation between several objects as centres of force, one of which attains to a particular position through the action of the others. It is the operation of this law which ensures progressive change in Nature; but before a particular relation can be established between two objects their relation with other objects must have ceased—at least if it is of a similar kind—by virtue of the first law of motion. These two opposing laws are in constant operation among atoms and molecules, appearing as manifestations of energy and force. Under the first law, the motion of energy, whether heat or electricity, tends to be dissipated, while under the second law it is conserved as force; these

being respectively external and internal operations. Heat is constantly being emitted owing to the contractive effect of chemical aggregation or molecular segregation, and it is as constantly being absorbed, consequent on atomic or molecular dissociation or disintegration. That neither of these processes attains actual predominance, is due to the operation of Newton's third law of motion, according to which action and reaction are always opposite and equal. Mr. J. J. Van Nostrand, to whose *Theory of the Mental Constitution* I shall have occasion to refer later on, says truly that the three first laws of motion, reduced to single terms, are Negation, Position and Equation; their symbolical expression being $-$, $+$, and $=$. Equation may otherwise be explained as the rhythmic interaction of energy and force. Every complete undulation is an equation, as half of it is the expression of energy (kinetic), and the other half of force, or potential energy, so called. The principle may be fitly illustrated by reference to the magnet, whose action as a whole is the equation of its negative and positive polarities.

The earth itself is supposed to be a gigantic magnet. Its action on the magnetic needle would seem to justify the assertion, but whether this is so or not, the principle of equation operates so as to preserve the earth, as indeed our solar system, and the whole universe, in a state of equilibration between the opposing activities of which their motions are the expression. Equation is the law of Nature's existence, and it acts by co-ordination of the various motions which mark its manifestations and go to make up its rhythmic movements. Co-ordination, in effect, is the substitution of one for several centres of activity; its operative principle, therefore, is centralization. This is a localizing of the radiative and concentrative motions whose complementary opposition constitutes orderly movement; as though a cyclonic disturbance were limited to a particular area in the atmosphere, instead of moving forward from one area to another. If ordination can be used with reference to the state of the inorganic body, that of the organic body may be no less aptly expressed by the term co-ordination. The co-ordinative principle operates so as to centralize the activities of the organism, and when once it begins to act it must continue. Increasing centralization is the mark of

increased structural complexity and functional refinement, and thus it is traceable throughout the whole range of organic development. At first there is but little differentiation of parts; but after a while particular functions are localized and special organs formed. These organs are controlled by the nervous system, which itself acquires centralization through the formation of the brain. The brain is thus the co-ordinating organ of the body, the body itself being the result of the centralizing action of the formative principle which animates it. The structural and functional activities of the organism are phases of the energy and force which are embodied in the nervous and muscular systems of man and the higher animals, and the organism itself may be regarded as a co-ordination of these dual factors through a centralizing of their functions. In like manner, the union of two such organisms gives rise, by the action of the same principle, to a third, which is the co-ordinated expression of the union of its parents, and is thus a veritable trinity.

Hegel in his *History of Philosophy* seems inclined to trace the origin of the theological doctrine of the Trinity to the speculations of the Greek philosophers. He refers to Aristotle's remark that the corporeal has no dimensions outside of the three, and to the statement of the Pythagoreans that all and everything is determined through triplicity; that is, it has absolute form. They regarded the triad as the most perfect form in the universe; unless it were the tetrad, or four, which is the triad more fully developed. Whatever may have been the origin of the idea of triplicity, the fact that in Nature things usually require for their production the co-operation of two factors was not overlooked; and the idea of the divine trinity has by some writers been connected with that of the human family. According to Hindoo teaching, the birth of a son is required to complete the family, which is regarded as a kind of trinity composed of father, mother, and child. The son is looked upon as a re-incarnation of the father, and he stands in the position of the third person of the trinity. This is agreeable to the cabalistic philosophy and the Gnostic theology, which Hegel compares with the teaching of Philo, saying: "To them also the First is the abstract, the unknown, the nameless; the Second is the unveiling, the concrete which goes forth

into emanations. But there is also to be found in some degree the return to unity, especially among Christian philosophers; and this return, which is accepted as the Third, belongs to the Logos; so with Philo Wisdom, the teacher, the high priest, was that which in the contemplation of God leads back the Third to the First."

In this return of the Third to the First, we have the reproduction of the First in the Third, as of the father in his son, through the medium of the Second, which represents the mother. And we have there a profound truth, for in the triads of Nature, which are always expressions of the union of two factors, that which springs from the union and constitutes the third factor, is a representation of the great first principle of Nature. In the evolution of Nature, energy and force, like their physiological correspondents, the nervous and muscular tissues, although in opposition to each other, are complementary in their action; and that which results from their interaction exhibits in itself the union of those two activities, as the child is an organic expression of the union of its two parents. Energy and Force are, indeed, the negative and positive aspects of Power, of which the child organism is an embodiment. This organism, by virtue of its possession of the nervous and muscular systems, includes both the male and female principles organically combined. It therefore constitutes a trinity, and the Universe itself, of which it is a representation, must also be a trinity, containing within itself the two principles which appear organically as male and female, and having such principles co-ordinated as in the animal organism. Professor John Dewey, in his *Critical Exposition of Leibnitz's New Essays Concerning the Human Understanding*, says, in relation to the monad theory of the German philosopher: "The Universe is an organism, and Leibnitz would have applied to it the words Milne-Edwards applied to the human organism, as I find them quoted by Lewes: 'In the organism everything seems to be calculated with a determined result in view; the harmony of the parts does not result from the influence which they exert upon one another, but from their co-ordination under the rule of a common force, a preconceived plan, or a pre-existent force.' That is to say, the universe is teleological, both as a whole and in its parts; for there is a common idea animating it and expressed by

it; it is mechanical, for this idea is recognized and manifested by the outworking of forces."

The monad is "the many in the one," but it undoubtedly manifests itself under a dual aspect, and the co-ordination of the dual activity constitutes it a trinity. This is agreeable to what has been said with reference to the three laws of motion, and a consideration of these may throw light on the nature of the organic monad. It is now generally recognized that all vital and mental activity is some phase of motion, and we may expect to find that the laws of motion govern all the activities of the organism. But motion is not an end in itself. It is caused or conditioned, as well as causes or conditions other motions, and it is attended with material as well as motory results. The laws of motion are indeed, themselves, merely the expression of a law, that of equivalence, which governs motion under all its phases; and which appears under the threefold aspect of affection, effectation and election, terms that embody the fundamental principles of Nature's activity.

What, then, is meant by the terms affection, effectation and election? To say that affection and effectation are respectively the dynamic aspects or functions of Space as Negation, and Time as Position, would be little more than re-stating their relation to the laws of motion. It may be added, however, that as Space and Time have for their physical correspondents the modes of motion to which the names heat and chemism are applied, of which the former is separative in its action and the latter aggregative, the physical correspondents of affection and effectation must be expansion and contraction respectively. The expansive and contractive action of heat and chemism, notwithstanding their contrary character, are equilibrated in Nature's laboratory where they appear as vibration; and so affection and effectation, the dynamic aspects of Space and Time, appear as election, which is the selective principle in Nature. In the organic world, or at least the animal portion of it, Nature operates by pleasure and pain, which are the psychical representatives of heat and chemism. The dynamic aspects of pain and pleasure respectively are aversion and appetite, and these are affective and effective in their action; as desire, the dynamic aspect or function of sensation, is elective.

In the law of Equivalence which thus finds expression in the various phases of affection, effectation and election, we have the condition of all existence, which must therefore exhibit throughout the principle of the triad. This is well shown in the Theory of the Mental Constitution, formulated by Mr. J. J. Van Nostrand, which divides the Mind into three provinces—the Physical, the Psychical and the Sematical.* These provinces stand toward each other in the relation of affective, effective, and elective, and each of them is made up of three divisions which also have among themselves that relation. The Physical province has the three divisions of Equilibration (Modification), Polarization (Formation), and Pulsation (Power); the Psychical province those of Impression (Feeling), Expression (Will), and Volition (Intellect); while the Sematical province has the three sub-provinces of Equation (Law), Conception (Thought), and Ratiocination (Logic). The principle of the triad is carried farther, however, in the above-mentioned Theory. Each of the three divisions of a province has three subdivisions, and these again have each three aspects, the static, dynamic, and formal. These three aspects stand toward each other in the relation of structural, functional, and co-ordinating, and as such they are representative of the corresponding divisions throughout the whole of the mental constitution, which is co-extensive with the organism itself. Thus the Physical and Psychical provinces stand toward each other in the relation of structure and function, the Sematical being co-ordinative; just as within the Psychical province Feeling is affective, this corresponding to structure; Will is effective or functional, and Intellect is elective or co-ordinative.

We can now see what is to be understood by the statement that the trinity which constitutes the human organism, consists of body, soul, and spirit. The distinction between soul and spirit has almost been lost sight of under the influence of theologic teaching, which, insisting on the soul being wholly distinct from the body and the only immortal principle, has forgotten the spirit. According to Plato's theory developed in the *Timæus*, man was endowed with

* Sematology is defined as "the science of signs, particularly of verbal signs, in the operations of thinking and reasoning."

three souls, of which the two lowest, the energetic and the nutritive, dwelt in the body, and the highest was located in the head. Plato's energetic and nutritive souls correspond to the animal and vegetative organ-systems into which Haeckel divides the bodily organs; and they answer to the physiological counterpart of the psychical province of the Mental Constitution above referred to. For, as there cannot be motion without some substantial basis, so there cannot be psychical function without physiological structure. The latter represents the body in the popular sense, but not scientifically. When we speak of man as having body, soul, and spirit, these terms are used in the sense of affective, effective, and elective, and therefore as the Psychical province—that is the Soul or *Psyché*—is the effective factor, the body, which is the affective factor, must have *physical* relations. Now the Physical is purely motory, and its substantial basis must be sought in elementary matter. Thus the real body is the material or elementary. It is in association with the material elements that the modes of motion, which, as phases of energy and force, constitute the Psychical province, manifest themselves. The body under its affective aspect is made up of those elements, and because the physical body can be dissolved into them, man is declared by materialists to be strictly mortal.

But in the organism the elements never exist in a purely physical state. There they are raised to a higher plane, and their combination assumes the organic form as distinguished from the inorganic formation of the mineral. This organic form is what is termed physiological, and it is the substantial counterpart of the soul or *Psyché*. The organic is the living, and it is through its association with the soul that matter becomes vitalized; all vital phenomena, therefore, are Psychic phenomena. The soul is the real living principle; and, as all Physical phenomena are material or elementary, so all Psychical phenomena are physiological; all Sematical phenomena, also, are formal. As we have seen, the Physical is affective or structural, the Psychical is effective or functional, and the Sematical is elective or co-ordinative. Now co-ordination, as centralization, is the operation of the principle which gives form, and the Formal province is the substantial counterpart of the Sematical province. But this prov-

ince belongs really to the spirit as distinguished from the soul or Psyché; it is the spirit which gives form to the organism from the instant of its inception, and which governs its development so that it shall attain the organic rank to which it is entitled. The spirit is the rational principle, and as such it controls both the structural and the functional factors of the organism, giving them formal co-ordination. Moreover, as the central principle of being, it is itself gradually evolved, as the organism makes progress toward physical and psychical perfection; that is, attains self-consciousness, or consciousness of its own nature as a rational being.

It is evident, from what has been said above, that man is more than a simple triad. Not only is he physical body, psychical soul, and sematical spirit, but each of these has a threefold nature, so that he is a triad of triads. But each of these motory factors of his being has its substantial counterpart, and thus the nature of man is of a highly complex character. This dual condition corresponds to the opposing activities of energy and force which constitute man, as Nature itself, an apparent duality; seeing that, although both energy and force are phases of motion, the latter is aggregative and is therefore associated with matter especially. But that duality is only apparent, and matter itself partakes of the tripartite character common to energy and force as well as to everything in Nature. It is true that the distinction between atom and molecule is not yet fully recognized by physicists, but it is essential to chemical science, which is based on the existence of atoms capable of molecular association and dissociation, by which they form varying molecular combinations. The atom represents the negative principle in Nature and the molecule its positive principle. Its formal or organizing principle is supplied by the ether, which stands in the same position toward the atom and the molecule, as the plasm of the organism does toward the cell and fibre. Matter, or rather substance, thus exists in the threefold state of atom, molecule, and ether; and as energy or force may be associated with any of them, we have atomic, molecular, and ethereal energy, and atomic, molecular, and ethereal force. In Mr. Van Nostrand's Theory of the Mental Constitution the ether is the organizing factor, entering into all atomic and molecular combinations, a view which is agreeable

to modern scientific opinion. Gravitation, which is universal in its action, is ethereal force, as light is ethereal energy. But these are the negative and positive aspects of Power; therefore we must go behind both light and gravitation for the true principle which gives co-ordination to the action of ethereal energy and force, and constitutes thus the central activity of Nature.

According to that Theory, man as psychical is the real Kosmos, the Macrokosmos being Physical Nature, or the external world of things, out of which the Kosmos emerged, and the Microkosmos being the Sematical or external world of facts, as exhibited in language and other symbols, which emerges from the human Kosmos. This view would seem not to be consistent, however, with the fact that the ratiocinative principle has operated throughout the whole of the evolutionary process. Reason is supposed to be dependent on the use of human symbols. But Nature has her own symbolic language which may be said to express its spiritual activity; as human language is the expression of man's spiritual being. That words have a life of their own was long since affirmed by the Socrates of Plato. The condition of reasoning is symbolization, which includes verbal as well as other signs; and although these originate in the mind, yet as they partake of its organic nature, they grow and when united bear fruit like other existences. But the vitality of speech depends on its being the vehicle for ideas that belong to the rational part of man's nature, which is also the spiritual. It is, indeed, the mode of communication between man and man, and in a higher sense between God and man. It is impossible to separate the word from the thought, and therefore everything in which thought is embodied is a form of language. Thus Nature, of which God is the vitalizing principle, is the clothing of the divine thought in language, not articulate but equally expressive. Everything in Nature speaks to man, not only of itself but of God, of whose existence it gives us ever-increasing knowledge. The language of Nature is at first that of silence, but it becomes audible as organic life is developed, and it becomes articulate in man. Speech is the language of the spirit; hence it is the revelation of the Spirit of God in man; and none the less so that human language is sometimes vile. This is its negative aspect, which like

"evil" has its own work to perform in human development. Thus, as God proclaims Himself in all the manifestations of Nature, so all language is in a sense the word of God. This is true in a special sense, of the revelations made through the minds of great religious teachers, and above all through the founder of the Christian religion, Jesus, who was the Word of God incarnate.

The idea of God, gradually formed by man, is in a sense a reflection from his own mind. Yet, as it is an unveiling of the Divine spirit in man, which is in close communion with the Universal Spirit, it must give a truthful, though incomplete idea of the divine nature. Thus the doctrine of the divine trinity must be true, although as formulated in creeds it may give a distorted idea of the truth. The Universal Existence must be analogous, as in the Kosmos of Plato, to the threefold being of man, whose physical, psychical, and rational (sematical) factors are the expressions of spirit-activity in association with particular phases of matter. The co-ordinated union of the ether and the solar bodies constitutes an organic existence the universality of which proves it to be divine, and the Spiritual Essence which gives vitality and centrality to that Existence, must be God. Probably the purest physical expression of the divine existence is to be found in the beam of light, the six simple color-rays composing which form a dual triad, one representative of energy and the other of force, combined and co-ordinated into the pure light of day. There is a profound truth in the words of the author of the fourth Gospel when he says of the divine Word: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." Here life is identified with light under its moral aspect, and as the Word is said to be both light and life, He, as well as God himself with whom He is declared to be one, becomes a physical, psychical and spiritual trinity.

But the understanding of the Being of God is not so important as a knowledge of his moral nature; and as to this what higher authority can we have than that of the incarnate Word of God! Jesus distinguished himself from all his predecessors by proclaiming "God is love." This profound truth was revealed only when it was required, that order might be established in the moral world, which had almost reached a condition of anarchy. Love is the expression of moral

reason; or, in other words, the expression of reason in the moral relations of society. At first it is limited in its range, but when, as in the teachings of Jesus, it becomes as wide as humanity, God, who reveals Himself in man, is necessarily recognized as a God of love, and love is then seen to be the co-ordinative principle of the Universe. Love is, indeed, only a name for certain manifestations of Reason; but they are the most important manifestations so far as man is concerned, because without love his social existence would be intolerable. It operates by supplying a centre from and to which the emotions can act in an orderly manner, and by its co-ordinative activity it thus produces order out of disorder; a moral Kosmos out of moral Chaos.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

MODERN ASTROLOGY.

The great difficulty experienced by writers upon Astrological matters, is in making the subject intelligible to all classes of readers. When writing for Metaphysical students, however, it is not such a serious task; partly because such minds are to a great extent prepared for the wonderful and sublime, and partly owing to their ready appreciation of teaching connected with symbolism.

It is a remarkable fact that all the symbols used by the modern Astrologer are identical with those used by the ancients for thousands of years.

Considering the vast amount of literature handed down to us, as well as the many years which have been devoted to astrological study, it is rather strange that we should still be unable to trace the history of Astrology to its origin. All we can learn to-day regarding it is that the Chaldeans had a most perfect knowledge of the subject, which they transmitted to the Egyptians; but the science in its purity has been lost, and there remains little but the shell, or the semblance of the truth regarding it, hidden from our vision by the dust of ages. Through careful study and constant practice this truth is now being revealed. In our present condition, however, it would be better to

test experimentally the grains of truth now in our possession by exercise of our higher faculties.

The vital point in Astrology is its symbolical nature, which remains the same to-day as in the past, except that the interpretation of the symbols has been lost.

The symbology makes the science perfect and exact. Through it we can trace the connection with the knowledge of the ancient alchemists, who were conversant with the four elementary forces in nature—fire, air, water, and earth. These are used for comparison with the spiritual, mental, psychic, and physical planes, which the alchemists qualified as of threefold constitution—fixed, mutable, and volatile.

The symbolism of Astrology has proved most fascinating to all who have become deeply interested in this vast ocean of scientific, and spiritual knowledge. Its simplicity alone seems to have been its preservation. What could be more simple than the three symbols + (cross), D (half-circle), and O (circle)? Yet the entire symbology is built on these signs, and their arrangement conveys at once the whole of the hidden meaning.

We may profitably consider these symbols. The Sun is the centre of our system; its symbol is the Circle, O, which is the sign of perfection. It represents spirit—the highest condition we are capable of understanding. Behind it is the Logos of our system. His Essence, pouring out life upon His children, is indicated by the dot always placed in the centre of the circle.

In manifestation, energy works from the centre to the periphery. This essence is the WILL in us, or, the spirit in motion. In all Astrological calculations the sun is the centre. It represents the I, or Individuality in humanity.

The Cross represents the Earth, or matter. In form it is two straight lines athwart each other, producing four acute angles, and expressing duality as opposed to the Unity exhibited by the circle. In these two symbols, we find typified the difference between spirit and matter, in the Universe.

The Half-circle represents the Moon—the collector and preserver of light. It is the great moulder of form; the illusion. Its sphere

is the psychic plane. This symbolism underlies all systems of thought. In these three symbols we have all the idiography of the world's religions.

The Circle under the cross, ♂, symbolizes Mars—the planet representing strength. Force, and energy, are herein exhibited. The color of Mars is red, its nature fiery, and it bequeaths a disposition to act blindly. Astrologically considered, Mars is impulse, from the fact that spirit is behind matter, ever seeking and striving to work through and overcome. From this activity motion is produced.

This action is the Fohat of the occultist. When spirit has worked its way through matter the symbol is reversed, ♀, and represents Venus—the goddess of Love. The god of War has been overthrown, and after the battle comes a state of peace. In human life this action is typified by the soul and the senses, the latter affected by contact from without, the former influenced by the spirit within. The one is Raja, activity, the other Sattwa, peace. The critical stage between the two being Tamas, or indifference. Spiritually, the three circles form a trinity of Will, Love and Energy. They lack Wisdom, however, to produce the state of consciousness necessary to perfect the human ego; and for this purpose the half-circle, or Moon, is employed, representing Mind.

If considered apart or separated from the other symbols the Moon or half-circle is barren, dark and void. This is why she is said to have dominion over lunatics and maniacs.

The active mind must be linked either to the ideal, or to the practical. It must ever be the servant of the real, and it is the link or bridge between spirit and matter.

The semicircle with the cross is used to represent mind, and matter. When the symbol ♄ (moon) is placed below the cross, thus ♂ it signifies Saturn, or Satan; but when above, ♃, it signifies Jupiter or Jehovah—the god who walked among men. Saturn is the planet of limitation, or the lower mind bound to the cross of matter; held by conventionality and fossilized customs; a slave to creeds and dogmas; cramped and fettered by narrow views. As such it becomes the greater infortune. It is the opposite of Mars. Mars is heat, impulse, impetuosity; the Hell of the Christian. But Saturn is slow,

heavy, calculating, methodical and cold; lacking spiritual illumination it gropes in darkness, seeking by experience a path to return to its home. This is the angel that fell from heaven; the re-incarnating Ego; the husbandman; the reaper, and laborious carrier of burdens.

On the other hand, the state of consciousness produced by wisdom, is represented by Jupiter, the great preserver; the higher self; the real and permanent Ego dominating each life upon earth. This is the immortal, spiritual soul, over which the eternal spirit broods; and when the moment arrives, swift from the gods flies the Messenger, Mercury, and the illuminated soul, with unfolded wings passes into Nirvana, or the home of the blest.

There is yet another symbol which stands higher than any of the foregoing—the symbol of the mystery-planet, Mercury, which, for a long time, was the puzzle of Astrologers, but which, by its symbol, we now understand as representing the perfect man. The symbol of Mercury ☿ expresses the three in one—body, soul and spirit, united. It is, however, in a state of unrest, the wings being always open. It finally becomes changed into the Uranian symbol of the god-like man ♅, or ♂. Here spirit has risen supreme.

So much of our manifested existence is covered by these symbols, that it would take volumes to outline their meaning.

This is considered to be the divine plan of the universe; it is the law whereby the whole of our evolution is governed—the law of action and reaction, representing the pilgrimage of the soul.

We have had a crystallized religion, wherein outward form and ceremony brought concentration of physical energies into a harmonious relationship, but its power is on the wane. We have had the great spiritualistic wave, in which the astral and psychic forces have been concentrated; its power will pass away. The student now enters upon the path of the highest possible Metaphysical knowledge, and this will become universal.

Mapped out in the great expanse of heaven, is this unwritten law of man's destiny, that he who runs may read. Its perfect symbology is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

ALAN LEO, P.A.S.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(I.)

Misunderstanding, not malevolence, is the master mischief worker of the world.

Belief is not (as some suppose) a homogeneous entity, standing forth bold and sharply outlined—a thing to be recognized at a glance, and accepted or rejected by volition. It comes not to us revealed as a thing of beauty to be clasped in the fondest of embraces; nor does it come as a hideous monster to be repelled and avoided.

Belief comes like the afreet that appeared to the lone fisherman in the Arab's tale; like the cloud of vapor released from the potency of the seal of Solomon, issuing from the vase that held it, curling upward, swaying to and fro, towering into the air, little by little assuming shape and likeness, till at last it is bodied forth—the resultant on lines strictly mechanical, absolutely mathematical, of all the influences that go each to his own appointed place—to make up the individuality of him who, feeling, not knowing his own proper personality, calls the sum of all his adjectives by the name of I.

Belief comes not to the intellect, so broadly colored that, at a glance we can distinguish truth from falsehood, fact from fancy. In no gaudy tints of burning yellow, or glaring red, or flashing azure does the great colorist of nature—Thought incarnate—spread his staple pigments. As belief grew slowly, gradually, insensibly from the formless into form, so also the serene, changeless shape into which our faith has grown, takes on the texture, the tone and the touch of all we hope, and dream, and fear.

This being—this cloudy, vaporous, intangible shape, unseen, yet ever in full view, silent, yet forever speaking; this product of sensation, perception, heredity and experience; this—each for himself and not for the others—is in fact, that great thing—that one essential thing, that fact of facts, that transcendent image of an unknown reality, that deity before whose shrine all bow down and worship, that

god whom, in fact's last analysis, we idolators all adore—His Majesty, Myself.

By this writing I hope to join that glorious company of antecedent impressions which mold belief until you can no more help the character of your faith than the contour of your face, and to modify that self of yours—that code of habits of thought which you imagine you think, but which in truth you ARE.

"What is right; if aught seems wrong below
Then wrong it is of us to leave it so."

Think, for yourselves, of some enquiring soul, cast down, like a discus in the Olympiad flung by the gods in sport; whom the divine chance, fond of frolic, sought pastime with, to see how bold a puppet of his make could be; imagine him standing up alone in the Greek agora, on one side the god-scared rabble, on the other the academic few; daring to denounce the philosophers for their narrowness—even Socrates, that he was earthly and not universal—daring, without learning, to demonstrate learning's futility; daring to tell the populace, not how foolish their faiths, but how certain their aspirations; daring to be all things to all men but only one thing to himself, and that TRUE; daring to be alone, but daring to be right.

I can see him now—this truth-finder of an earlier age, setting the followers of the schools at odds with each other, letting each refute and confute each, till naught was left of any but soil for nobler hypotheses to grow in.

Imagine this hero of the infinite serenely smiling at the fond facility with which he cast a new guess for Plato and Aristotle—the realist and the idealist—to wrestle for.

With what delight the rude mythologists watched the hot contention, and how glad were they—fool followers of the fool gods of Olympus—when both alike, spent with striving, went down together to the dust from whence they sprung.

Of course, from the sterile heights of pure intellect, the infidels look down with complacent scorn upon the believers of those days, as they do upon the orthodox of these. The mythologians were, we are quite sure, all astray. No Jove sat in solemn state upon the

Olympian hill; no Juno shared, with her gaudy peacock, the monarch's throne; no Ceres sped the plough; no Vulcan fed the forge's fires; no Neptune filled the trireme's sails, nor Ares nerved the hearts of the phalanx. Latona's oracle was wholly false; Delphic priests were basely fraudulent. From first to last it was all false, all a lie and a fraud.

But how would it have been with that man of the higher knowledge? Would he have turned away disgusted from the crude and vain imaginings of the populace, bidding them forego forever the hopes enkindled by the kindly myths and legends? Would Prometheus, the mighty forethinker, have foregone his faith in the future, denied his own divinity and sacrificed his body, for the sake of being literal?

In fact (so mythology tells us) Prometheus espoused Pandora, gave the world Deucalion, and became not only critic of all the gods but their first forefather.

It is in this spirit of free enquiry that I venture to claim attention, not so much to point out the defects (for these we all know) of the modern mythology of the church as their merits.

All the while that the folk philosophy of the Greeks was in that process of crystallization handed down to us by the great Homer, while the religion of the adjectives of Nature was in broad bloom, a little tribe, holding fast to another and, as some think, nobler cult, was fitting itself for its great vocation—to enunciate and expound that other principle, not antagonistic but co-ordinate with mythology—the principle of monotheism, the folk philosophy of the Hebrew; the religion, not of the adjectives of Nature, but of the Noun—the religion of the great Name.

How closely the mythologists approached allegorical perfection in the imagery of their pantheon, only those who have compared Homer with modern science, can thoroughly appreciate.

From Chaos sprang Gaia—the Earth—and Hell, earth's consequence. Love—Eros—like the word that we are told was God—was in the beginning; but while Theology has made Earth the offspring of Heaven, mythology reversed the process and Gaia became the mother of Ouranus.

But the Hebrew discarded entirely, all and singular, the pagan tales of the world's progress. If his doctrine (fulfilled in law and letter as well as in spirit in the person of the man Jesus), was to the Greek, foolishness, the ancient myths of the sage, Hellenes, were to the Christians an abomination. St. Paul, the intellectual apostle, found on the hill of Mars in Athens an altar to the god of the Agnostics, and said to the people, "whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

Whatever illustrates truth is truth, for "a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

In approaching the consideration of the myth, we should be very cautious lest we confound this word with certain others that, from habit, some of us have learned to consider nearly, if not quite, synonymous.

It is as important here, as in considering the elements of any science, that we define accurately the meaning of the words we use—those axioms of logic without which in their pure and perfect sense all reasoning becomes (as it has been in matters of religion) quite futile.

A legend is a tale either more or less truthful, or generally more or less fictitious, which may or may not illustrate truth.

A fable is a tale, always purely fictitious, told in illustration of some phase of moral truth.

A parable is a fiction told to illustrate spiritual truth.

Moral truth is the entire body of proper conduct—the etiquette of a country or an age.

Spiritual truth is that kind of truth, which, while it may be coincident with moral truth, has no necessary connection therewith.

Moral truth is a code of action; spiritual truth a condition of being.

As the word spiritual is sometimes used—as a vehicle for an idea of anything supernatural—it is of course absurd. But as an expression for the spirit of a matter it is a word of simple and proper significance.

Moral truth—the facts of ethics—may be compared to the etiquette of society; one may be master of the routine demanded in what is called good society, and yet be a boor.

But civility, the native consideration of one human being for another, while it may be coincident with rules, is, in spirit, independent of rules. The politeness of a coal-heaver is better than the veneer of a so-called gentleman.

Mythology employed the fable exclusively—Christianity the parable.

I use the word Christianity here with a purpose, knowing well that the word expresses to some only the offences that have been perpetrated in its name, but being yet sure that it is the best one existent to set over against the paganism not only of the past, but of the present. I say that Christianity is the antithesis of theology, because theology is only the old mythology with a new name, whereas the Christianity taught by the Nazarene is a philosophy needing only to be understood to be accepted. I mean, not the spurious fabulous Christianity of the Councils and Synods—the commandments of men—but the Christianity of Christ.

In order to comprehend the value and import of the teaching of Jesus, it is first necessary to fix thoroughly in the mind, the broad, general distinction, that I have pointed out between the myths of mythology, which come to us from the Greeks, and the myths of theology, which come to us from the Hebrews—the one an intellectual qualitative analysis, the other a quantitative of the facts of the universe as they were perceived by either people. The one was a deification of the adjectives, the other of the noun—in both an effort, and in some respects a very accurate one, toward the true ideals.

The stories of Moses and the burning bush and Europa and the bull, Jonah and the whale, and Leda with the swan, as stories illustrative of phases of truth, are well enough; as literal narratives they are of course nonsense. Indeed it requires no lens for the enlightened reason to perceive that under favoring conditions the story of Beauty and the Beast might have become part of the inspired word, and Cinderella a parable of divine significance. These imaginative tales do not differ at all in kind from those commonly called "sacred," which point morals, mortal in their origin, "divine" only in that their application is universal.

At the time Siddartha Gautama appeared, the myth worship of

the Brahmins dominated the people's minds in India as effectually as the Hebrew myths, with their rigorous ceremonials and powerful ecclesiastical system, dominated those of the Jews in Palestine. A comparison of the tales of the Vedas with those of the Bible, would show almost as striking points of similarity as the life works of the two great reformers show of their strange and exalted personalities.

Yet Buddha lacked one thing which in Jesus was found pre-eminent: he taught the truth of conduct, Jesus taught the truth of principle. Nirvana (not, as some think, annihilation, but the extinction of all desire) was the theme of the Buddhist; Heaven, the perpetuity and glorification of the noblest desire, was the teaching of the Christ.

The Buddhist doctrine was the religion of the result; the Christian, the religion of the motive; while that of the Greeks was neither of result nor of motive, but of the facts.

It is because of this subordination of opinion to experience, this adhesion to facts as they are rather than to hopes or surmises as they may seem to be, that I find the Greek mythology a far more literal allegory—to employ a paradox—than the account commonly called “Mosaic.”

In our interpretations of the ancient chronicles we may adopt either of three methods of enquiry: The “orthodox,” the pragmatic or the philosophic. At the present day, the first of these methods may be considered as ably represented by the Pattons, Talmages and Moodys; the second, by our radical atheists or materialists—in a state of total denial—or by persons, like Lyman Abbott and his kind, who hold fast to their faith in the supernatural, and yet claim that the function of the human reason—their own reason—is sufficiently discerning to discriminate between miracles, and to pick probabilities, like plums out of pudding, from the very word of God.

The third method, neither denying nor rejecting probabilities, neither seeking plausible hypotheses nor forming baseless opinions, founding its sole reasoning upon fact and its sole argument upon principle, is the philosophic, the only one certain to give results alike consoling to the heart and satisfactory to the mind.

It is willing to tell fables, saying at the same time—These are

fables. It employs parables, avowing them to be parables. It emulates the chemist in the patience of its investigations, and mathematics in the exactitude of its processes. It is not afraid of its results because it is sure of its premises. It knows that there is no kind of truth but *true* truth, and that there is a moral *ought*, as surely as there is a mathematical necessity.

Undoubtedly, when the apostles set forth to convert the world, they found their simple story discredited and belittled by a populace so used to priestcraft as to be unable to appreciate or understand simplicity. Gods and marvels were abundant, and, to compete in that market, the good salvationists were compelled, not only to laud their own wares, but to garnish them with new wonders, even more wonderful than the old.

So, at the cry of the new name, they toppled over the old gods and sent them reeling to the dim twilight of Eld, setting up another, not, as Jesus taught, of a wholly different kind, but bedecked with gewgaws of fancy, and blazoned with the same old tawdry tinsel of credulity.

We are not that which is physical. The life is more than the meat that we call body, as the body is more than the clothes that bedeck it.

We are in fact our character. And this character, strange as it appears, is all dead; we die daily, hourly, momentarily.

We achieve, and the action of achievement we call life; but it is not life, for the reality is not in the action, but in the conclusion; not in the process but in the result—the result in ever accompanying motive and final development.

We are not reaching out after, or going toward, either indifferent to or preparing for any other world; "now is the accepted time," because we are already in the spirit world; we are even now immersed in immortality.

Of the actual life of Jesus, the records of those brief pamphlets called the gospels, are all the data we have. Three of these, usually called the synoptic gospels, while differing in some matters, are yet, on the whole, sufficiently in accord to convey the distinct impression of having been the work of scribes who, long after the events transpired, from hearsay and tradition wrote what they believed to be

true. These accounts are known as those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

That they were the writings of sincere men I think there is little question. That these men were deluded is equally certain. The age was an age of marvels. Not far from the glowing East with its gnomes and genii, it doubtless seemed to those rude, uncultured men, that a little embellishment to a plain story was essential to the credit of their incarnate deity.

But, beside these, was that other gospel—the gospel of John—dissimilar to the others in many points of vital significance, and yet, if we regard them all by the light of a higher reason and of logic, not inconsistent. The first three gospels were as practical as men in that age could be, but John was an enthusiast of imagery and a dreamer. It was he who became responsible to all the world for that doctrine of “salvation by faith,” which from time to time has lighted the fires of inquisition, and set itself single-, yes *savage*-handed against all light and reason, all goodness and virtue, all that was peaceful, all that was happy, all that was true, annulling wherever it came the true meaning of the revelation of the Nazarene, exalting the gloom-myth of the Son of God at the expense of the glad certainty of the son of man.

Jesus made no attempt to found a church, but counselled comprehension of the meaning of that already existing. He formulated no new commandments, but declared the ten already given sufficient, if only they loved one another. He made no attempt to reform the then existent polygamous system of marriage, but exhorted the people to remain faithful to the customs of sex relations as they were. He denounced the drunkard and the inordinate use of wine, but never discountenanced—he rather commended—the use of wine as a beverage. He upheld the civil authority, even of Cæsar, and yet proclaimed a civic policy inevitably destined in the end to overthrow all rule and all authority and power, save that of right, truth and justice.

He uttered no opinions as to the “soul.” He found the word empty and he left it “for us men and for our salvation” from folly, full to the brim with meaning. He said that he that saveth his life

shall lose it; but his teaching was that the duty of love to our fellow-man consisted in the love of duty to ourselves; that mankind was only our greater self.

The philosophy of Jesus was above all expression, beyond all example or precedent. He who said to the poor in spirit, "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," might with equal force have said to the proud and princely, Come unto me all ye who are idle and very slothful and I will give you work.

The various great religions of the world have crystallized around some central vital dogma, which must have been true to have been perpetuated, or at least have had within it the elements and seed of truth.

A legend has lately been discovered that, during his early youth, Jesus was in India and imbibed some of the wisdom that comes from a thorough comprehension and devout following of the eight-fold path of the Buddha.

Whether this be so or not, he certainly taught doctrines not antagonistic, but altogether in sympathy with those sublime precepts; and more than all, as it appears, with a distinct understanding of the meaning of the "Karma," the unreality of the "Atman," and the true meaning of the soul of man, and man's sonship to the eternal and the infinite.

It is this claim of sonship—which would be arrogant if it were not made with so great humility—which has been grossly perverted by the church, and has given rise to all the evils of the ecclesiastical system.

It is this and this alone, which has appealed to the ignorance and prejudice and inertia of mankind, by substituting a new paganism for the old, and the mystery of a hypothetical power for the majesty of the godliness inherent in the race.

Those infidels who are satisfied with their negations, are no more assured than I of the absurdity of the theological claim. If there were any such God as that adored by the church, then indeed, a Christ made after the church's pattern would be most heartily welcome. If Calvinism were a substantial reality instead of (as it is) an

image of an imminent actuality—if the God of the church were indeed a person instead of a personification, then might we rejoice to know that somewhere in the remote past, flickered one faint hope for man—the hope of deliverance from a deity so inherently devilish as, one would think, to do away with all demand for a continuance of that other superstition—of the “ Evil One.”

And yet there does exist this power which we call evil, and which to the evil is evil, as to the pure all things are pure.

To the distorted vision the beautiful becomes hideous, to the inharmonic ear all music becomes discordant. To the man of one language the speech of other dialects is only meaningless jargon. The fire that warms, consumes; the water that nourishes, drowns; the light that illumines, dazzles and blinds.

So it is that the human philosophy of Jesus by one portion of mankind has been degraded to the level of the cheap charlatan's necromancy, and by another portion not only ignored, but derided, as a revelation.

But I find in the teachings of Jesus a true revelation, a philosophy so exalted, a faith so pure, a science so perfect, that if only I am able to discard my own foolish imaginings; if only I dismiss the prejudices which cumber me; if only I seek the heavenly truth (as he taught) within, and not without; if only I “ come and see,” then shall I know as I am known, and so rise to the height of his great argument and find God's ways to men justified in Jesus.

HUDOR GENONE.

“ Birth and death should be destroyed,
And how man hath no fate except past deeds,
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.”

“ Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the Way.”

—Sir Edwin Arnold in “ *The Light of Asia*.”

MAZDAISM AND "BEING."

THE IRANIAN DUALISM AND FIRE WORSHIP.

(XXII.)

Our first philosophical generalizations naturally lead to a Dualism. Mind and Matter, the Subjective and the Objective, the *I* and the *Not I*, are perceived, and observation confirms the philosophy. In nature we find the masculine and the feminine, the organic and inorganic. In mythology we find the Great Gods double-natured, and everywhere Opposites seem to condition life. Children, bigots and religious crafts do not advance beyond this point. The mind growing philosophically, sooner or later leaves all dualistic cobwebs behind and attains freedom in Monism, in the fundamental concept that Being is the true and only solution of all thought problems.

Dualism holds that the universe was created and is preserved by the concurrence of two equally necessary, eternal and independent principles. The ancient Parsees were Dualists; Socrates and Plato, Cartesius and Malebranche also philosophized by that method. The old Chinese wisdom and all Theology rest upon a dualistic standpoint.

Monism is the theory of the unity of all being; the name of that philosophy which begins and ends with Being.

"All is indeed one life, one being, one thought; but a life, a being, a thought, which only exists as it opposes itself within itself, sets itself apart from itself, projects its meaning and relations outwards and upwards, and yet retains and carries out the power of reuniting itself. The Absolute may be called One; but it is also the All; it is a One which makes and overcomes difference; it is, and it essentially is, in the antithesis of Nature and Spirit, Object and Subject, Matter and Mind; but under and over the antithesis it is fundamental and completed unity. Monism, literally understood, is absurd—for it ignores, what cannot be ignored, the many; and Dualism, which is offered sometimes as a competitive scheme, is not much better; unless we understand the Dualism to be no fixed bisection, but an ever-appearing and ever-superseded antithesis which is the witness to the power and the freedom of the One—which is not alone, but One and All, One in All, and All in One." *

* William Wallace: *Prolegomena to the study of Hegel's Philosophy*. Oxford, 1894, page 193.

Three phases of Monism are known. The purely idealistic posits Mind as the fundamental factor and holds that Mind embraces Matter; viz., that the so-called material phenomena are only phases of consciousness. Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel are prominent among this class of monists. Some idealistic monists, like Lotze, accord matter a place of parallelism with Mind, yet without becoming dualists. Fechner has put the whole question in a nutshell by declaring: "That which from an internal point of view seems to be spirit, from an external point of view seems to be only the bodily substratum of spirit." To put it in another way, when we stand inside of a hollow sphere we see concavity; if we stand outside the same sphere, we see convexity and yet it is the same sphere and the same surface.

The second phase of Monism is Materialism.* According to this form of Monism, matter is thought to embrace mind and beget ideas. Consciousness becomes a result of material movements. Herbart, Comte, Mill, Spencer and most modern scientists profess this form of philosophy.

A third form of Monism is Pantheism. It posits the identity of the two existences of consciousness, the subjective and the objective. Spinoza is the most consistent pantheist among moderns. The Vedanta is pantheistic.

All of these three forms are defective. Being to them is only a logical experiment. The One whom they posit is an abstraction and empty. Philosophy to these monistic disciples is an intellectualism, but not Wisdom. Metaphysics to them is simply thought pushed beyond the physical that returns like a lie, as ashes on the tongue. It does not return heavily laden with Divinity. Metaphysics as known to-day among the bearers of the New Life is neither idealistic, nor materialistic, nor pantheistic; it is simply Metaphysics, without any adjective to characterize it. The only adjective that could be applied, and which I for the present purpose will apply, is monistic. But modern metaphysics is not monistic in the sense of being antago-

* I am now speaking of philosophical materialism—matterism—which affirms that there is but one substance in the universe and that that substance is what it calls matter. This philosophy is quite distinct from those brutal notions, which reject immortality and indulge the senses for lust's sake.

nistic either to dualism or any other ism. It is not antagonistic to anything for it embraces all forms of truth.

I cannot believe that the ancient Mazdaism was dualistic in a crude sense. Whatever limitations may have attached to Mazdaen theology on account of a priestly bias, the fact that Mazdaism in its philosophy was not dualism seems clear enough. I shall try to show this.

The ancient Iranian theology taught that two antagonistic personalities, Ahura-Mazda and Anglo-Mainyus, ruled existence, and, from eternity to eternity were engaged in a perpetual contest, each seeking to injure and destroy the other. They are described as real persons, possessing will, intelligence, power and consciousness. According to the learned, Ahura means living, and is used for "living being." Some would translate it by spirit, only that we must not regard absolute immateriality as implied in it. Maz is an intensitive and means "much." Da, or dao, may mean either giving or knowing. "Ahura-Mazda" would thus mean "the much knowing spirit" or "the much giving spirit." According to the same savants, Anglo means black or dark. Mainyus means mind, or intelligence. "Angro Mainyus" would thus mean "black or dark intelligence."

Ahura-Mazda was supposed to be "the creator of all life, earthly and spiritual." He was "good and holy," "the essence of truth," etc. Anglo-Mainyus, on the other hand, had always been the corrupter and the ruin of the works of Ahura-Mazda. From him came everything evil, earthly and spiritual.

Ahura-Mazda could not control Anglo-Mainyus; at most he could hold his own against his rival. The two divided the world between them. It is to be noted that this is the original and theological system of the Iranians. Later it was modified under philosophical influence and Ahura-Mazda became "the great god" who at the end of time shall fully and finally vanquish Anglo-Mainyus.

This, then, is the theological dualism of Mazdaism and substantially the same as it is found in all other theological systems. But the philosophical mind cannot rest in a dualism. The human mind is at bottom too rational and monistic for that. The philosopher among the Iranians protested and we find that in later writings he

triumphed over the theologian. His metaphysics has provided for the current theology a mediating principle: Zeruane Akerena—eternal duration; boundless time. In Mazdaen philosophy this word then stands for Being. It remains for us to show what it means and how it represents Being. In Mazdaen theology Ahura-Mazda stands for Being. But both become, as they essentially are, united in the conception Light, or the Good.

“Boundless time” is a self-contradictory term. We may know at the outset that the philosophers who coined it, simply used it as a term by which they meant to express that Great All which we call Being, and especially Being in those forms of existence which we call Life; viz., the evolving, the becoming manifest.

Though it be self-contradictory to common reason, we need not take offence at the term “Boundless Time.” In the highest matters we constantly meet these self-contradictory terms. The reason is that we constantly employ terms drawn from *below* for that which is *above*. In the nature of things we cannot do otherwise. The key to the Mazdaen dualism and to the monism enclosed in it, is readily seen when we examine a tree; e. g., a tree is self-polarized in top and root; the same organism is divided into two activities, and it centres in two poles, each living its own life and acting on different principles, yet both are of one kind and living the *one life*. If we did not employ the terms top, and root, to designate the two poles, we might call them by one term, this being either top or root, and then say upper-top or lower-top. When we speak of “infinite time,” we employ such a method. Helplessness has dictated it. The Infinite is not revealed except by the finite. In one moment we use time and space as terms of relation; in the next we use them as terms wherewith to express, not a relation between, but a condition suggested by them—a condition lying beyond them, yet interiorly connected with or corresponding to them. Bearing this in mind, the reader will have no difficulty in understanding Boundless Time, etc.

Nature is an organic realm developing by action and reaction within herself, and this activity we see. But we do not see the *anima mundi*—the spirit of the movement; neither do we see Time. In Nature, as in Mind, the most typical phenomenon is an original

heterogeneity, duplicity, or difference, which, however, points back to a still more fundamental homogeneity, unity, or identity. This primary unity, which we call Being and which the Iranian called Zeruane Akerena, or Time, this ground of unification, does not indeed appear to sight. The soul of nature, the *anima mundi*, as William Wallace points out,* nowhere presents itself as such in its undivided simplicity, but only as the perpetually recurring re-union of what has been divided. But though inapparent, the absolute identity is the necessary presupposition of all life and existence, as of all knowledge and action. It is the link or "copula" which perpetually reduces antithesis to unity, and the heterogeneity to monogeneity and the different to redintegration. Such is Being. Such is Time. Is not Time the great master that harmonizes opposites as none else? Time is a better comforter than reflection and alone able to blunt the keen edge of affliction; it sheds softness over the tracks of fate. Time by being transient, evanescent and uncertain is, to be sure, most paradoxical. But why will mortals never listen to Cassandra? If they did, they would find that Time is a judge exempt from all blame. Mutability is the herald of truth. Time finds out everything and is the wisest of all. Though time, as Sir Thomas Browne said, "antiquates antiquities and hath an art to make dust of all things," it does not destroy but is always an "isthmus between two eternities." It is the "grand discloser yet itself undisclosed." To be sure Time flies, always, but overcomes all by flight. Who can deny it? How profound the wisdom of the old Iranian! Mazdaism is the philosophy of Being, as he understood it, and his expression for it is Time.

The notion of Time is even more

"universal than that of space, for while we exempt from occupying space the energies of mind, we are unable to conceive these as not occupying time. Thus we think everything mental and material, as in Time, and out of Time we can think nothing. But, if we attempt to comprehend Time, either in whole or in part, we find that thought is hedged in between two incomprehensibles."†

Time as an absolute whole is inconceivable. "Goad the imagination to the utmost, it still sinks paralyzed within the bounds of Time and Time survives as the condition of the thought itself in which we

* Prolegomena to the study of Hegel's Philosophy. Oxford, 1894.

† Sir William Hamilton: Lect. on Metaphysics. Boston, 1859, page 528.

annihilate the universe." Time as an infinite regress or as an infinite progress is also inconceivable. We cannot conceive of a *moment*. The infinitely *small* time is as contradictory as the infinitely *great*. Ultimate indivisibility and endless divisibility are self-contradictions. Time lies outside our conception and is the inconceivable—Being at self-rest.

It is certainly a mistake to regard Time as an agent in the same way as we talk of human media; but if we use the term as a compendious expression for all those causes which operate slowly and imperceptibly, we are stirred very powerfully in the emotions. Then, we find, that this, in a way, unknown factor is wrought into our very life. Time has no beginning nor end, but everything we do is in Time. As Schopenhauer says, Time and fifty-six other analogues or correspondences are "imprinted in ineffaceable characters on the secret tablets of the mind." We have a sense of "infinite time"; Zeruane Akerena; Being. The Substance of Boundless Time is wrought into us. By realizing that we *share* in the Nature of Things we shall *know* the Nature of Things. How well it would be for those who claim that they can go "into the silence," to realize that they have this sense.

Time is an avenue which, perhaps even more than space, brings infinity home to us. Push the imagination as far back as we may, there is possible a still more remote time; the same experience will be ours if we think forward. This movement suggests that our thinking is wrong. May it not be that our thought is not even successive, that succession is all imagination? Is it not true that there is only an eternal Now? Time to the ordinary mind seems to be only a symbol. Nothing really happens; all must *be*, and eternally *is*. Thinking is only a movement within the mind. Thought returns to where it started. So does the Sun—the great time-keeper. Light and darkness merge into each other. Time is like a ship that never anchors—it is always in motion.

Though Time is itself immeasurable, it is the measurer of all things. We therefore rightly worship Time and its symbol the Sun. Time really is the stuff life is made of,* for as Laplace said "Time is

* This saying is attributed to both R. Whately and B. Franklin.

to us the *impression* left on the memory " ; and what is *this* life but a series of impressions; a segment cut out of that which we call the Eternal Now?

We should expect to find that a people who worshipped Time in that way and which valued the moment, would be a people of profound ethical character. And so the old Iranians were. They were ever restlessly evoking water for the dry earth, fertilizing the earth and sowing seed, " rendering to all their rights." These were axioms among them:

" Give to the fire and the earth their natural nourishment."

" Deal justly with the tree, the bull, and the horse."

" Be not ungrateful to the dog, and take care that the cow does not low against thee."

" Be pure to be strong. Be strong to be creative."

" He who sows with purity fulfils all the law."

Everywhere in the Avesta we find the Iranian code to be work! work! Nowhere Hindu effeminacy or idleness. The Iranian husbandman is the saviour of mankind. His faith elevates man from time to Time. By throwing himself into the never ceasing strife between light and darkness, he is lifted beyond the limitations of the strife and into Eternal Duration; Zeruane Akerena; Being.

Here is much for us to learn. The Iranian and the Saxon are akin. Both are tireless workers. We enter the Great All by self-assertion, not by denials of human worth. For all, the Zoroastrian formulae for life will answer.

Homuté, Purity of Thought.

Hookté, Purity of Speech.

Virusté, Purity of Action.

But we have given up the glorious sun and have been compelled to follow Moses, whose ancestors owed all their purity and consequently their call to be " the chosen people " to the training they received in the sun temples of the East, yet the same Moses ordered the destruction of the Sun's temples (Deut. xii.).

Baal-bee, Thou city of the sun,
Why art Thou silent, mighty one?

In later Mazdaism we find the Minokhirea saying: "the things of the world are moved by Destiny in the regular course of that which is self-created—Time, the ruler of the long ages." In Time, then, the dualistic conflict is reconciled. Time becomes an expression for Being; the Sovereign without bounds, which rules and is the All and the Everything.

The scientific form in which the cultus of Time formulated itself was Star-gazing, Star-worship. "The heavenly legions on their ordered march through boundless time and space—those undying fires man fails to reach, yet never fails to behold; those gods of all ages, obedient to a mysterious Order beyond themselves—might well seem to bind past, present, and future into one all-determining Fate." *

The old Iranian understood our limitations; he saw that the human mind or thought is conditioned; that it moves between two poles or extremes each of which is *un*-conditioned. Both are Being. Theologically he called these two extremes Ahura-Mazda and Angromainyus, the good and the evil spirit. Philosophically he thought of them as Day and Night, Light and Darkness; their point of neutralization is Zeruane Akerena. Theologically he symbolized the good spirit by the Sun and the evil one by the "creeping things of the earth"—snakes, reptiles, etc. He does not see the logical contradiction of his position. Theology never does. He therefore believes that finally Good shall triumph over Evil. Philosophically he is keenly aware of his theological blunder and defines himself by emphasizing the perpetual warfare between the two extremes. By so doing he removes the conflict beyond contradiction. In Time—Zeruane Akerena—he finds the symbol of Being in the *perpetual*, the endless movement between the two extremes. The theologian and the philosopher are both reconciled in *the actual*—in life conflicts, in agriculture, in being honest and upright and revering the four elements. And what is *the actual* but a symbol of time, nay Time? How consistent! How beautiful!

The Inner and the Outer are always in me, yet they do not exist, till I actualize them. Space has no limits or boundaries, but all limits are in space. In my activity I pass over the eternal boundaries, I go

* Samuel Johnson: Oriental Religions, Persia; page 100.

from the one world to the other. I am not obstructed by any fence. When I actualize my will, I formulate the material for a percept, and when my percept is transformed to a concept, I take possession of the whole world; for my concept, in virtue of the Infinite within me, contains the whole world. Hence the necessity for work. The ascetic does not take hold of a real world. There is no magic in an idle thought. Magic means transformation; but transformation means an activity like that of the old Iranian. It was in "happy Bactra," in "Bactra of the lofty banns," that Magism arose.

The eternal war between Ahura-Mazda and Angro-Mainyus is the ceaseless activity of nature; the swing of Being between Life and Death; Being evolving and then arresting and limiting itself. It is the thesis and antithesis of moral life, the moral conflict to Zoroaster. Life and Time are actions of waste and supply, a never ceasing action of consumption and renovation, determined by the primordial vitalizing impulse of Being.

Schelling calls this fact "polarity" and says: *

"It is impossible to construe the main physical phenomena without such a conflict of opposite principles. But this conflict only exists at the instant of the phenomenon itself. Each natural force awakens its opposites. But that force has no independent existence: it only exists in this contest, and it is only this contest which gives it for the moment a separate existence. As soon as this contest ceases, the force vanishes by retreating into the sphere of homogeneous forces."

Polarity is the general law of the cosmos. It is seen in crystals and in wave motions, in the human will as well as in the chemical elements. "Polarity" is the clue to the construction of the world and can readily be perceived in society, in moral life, in art, in politics, in sex, and in the evolution of life. The law of opposites affects both the natural and spiritual life of man. To the ignorant and wilful they are injurious, but to the wise and obedient they are beneficial. Without opposites, life would simply be transfluent. It is our reaction or activity that brings out true human worth. "Polarity" is the redeemer of nature-bound man. "Without me, ye can do nothing." Only in conflict with self do we become free.

The trouble with the majority of people is that they wish to avoid

* Werke, I. Ser., II. 409.

the antinomy of existence. The law of polarity as defined by Schelling is to them an evil. They do not see that they have only come upon this platform of life on account of the process of differentiation; and they fail to see that their right and claim to life depends entirely upon their conscious and voluntary interaction with the perpetual rhythm of the natural universe.

The old Iranian was alive to his duty, being neither blind to the law nor unwilling to obey it. He bought his right to live, by activity; by a free conscious endeavor. He saw the three stages of the process of life, viz., (1) the mechanical or material stage, (2) the physical universe, and (3) the organic powers. In the first he labored as a farmer; in the second he adored fire; and in the third he revered all living beings. In all three spheres he became an Ideal-Realist. By devotion, by duty, and complying with the laws of the fugitive Becoming he was resolved, together with it, into the stable Being, from whence he and it had come.

The Iranian saw how all things are riveted together in one colossal mould. He is not lost in the haste of the movement of "the onward"; the multitudinousness of existence and the ever surging waves of the great ocean in its ebb and tide do not overwhelm him. He soars above the movement in an all-comprehensible contemplation. His contemplation is not intellectual, but moral. Passions mutually annihilate one another. The symbolism of this truth is found in the boundaries which he erects. Fences are his own self-limitations and the Parsee subjection of subjective desires under the compulsion of objective truth, finds expression in the numerous paragraphs of the Avesta which inculcate veracity and the duty of cultivating the soil. Theoretically, he expects the Good to triumph over the Evil; but practically, he recognizes the fluidity of all individual entities and their place in the flow of the Whole. He presses on and in incessant struggle recognizes an indispensable means of deepening life, while the necessity of contradiction enhances life. To him, as to the Saxon of to-day, struggle is not decay but perfection. His holy books summon him to put forth his highest efforts; to dig canals; to till the soil; to purify all uncleanness and to give the seed to the earth which has a right to it. Out of all this labor arises true

inwardness. His labor, his "activity" reconciles all contrarieties and in that reconciliation he becomes one with the Universe; with Being. Ahura-Mazda, "the much-giving spirit," will receive him. Under the influence of "the much-knowing spirit" he readily crosses the dangerous bridge Chinvat, narrow as a hair's breadth, and enters Heaven.

O men, if you but cling to the precepts Mazda has given,
Precepts, which to the bad are a torment, but joy to the righteous,
Then shall you one day find yourselves victorious through them.*

So much for the first or general stage of life. In the second stage, the physical universe, he adored fire, especially "the heroic runner, who never dies—the Sun,"

—beyond expression bright
Compared with aught on earth—
The orb that, with surprising glory crowned,
Looks from his sole dominion like a God
Of that new world, at whose sight all the stars
Veil their diminished heads.

In Yaçna LXI. we read the following prayer to fire; the son; the first born; and the image of Ahura-Mazda:

"Offering and praise I vow to Thee, O Fire, son of Ahura! Be Thou honored in the dwellings of men! Blessed the man who constantly brings fuel and the implements of service to Thee!"

"Mayest Thou burn evermore in this house, through the long time, to the resurrection day! Give me swift brightness, food, and means of life! Give me wisdom and prosperity, and readiness of speech! Give my soul sense and understanding ever growing; courage, the ready foot, and swift to move! Give vigilance, abundant prosperity, pure and able to bless my house, my clan, my province, my country! Give me knowledge of the better world, of the shining abode! May I reach good reward, and good name, and my soul's bliss!"

A prayer like this clearly enough proves what the Avesta elsewhere declares: "From the sun are all things sought that man can desire." The sun is the great fire to whom all pyrolaters turn. The later Iranian rituals abound in names for this fire symbol, attributing to the sun all degrees of life and power, personal as well as impersonal.

* Yaçna, 30.

How fully modern science has indorsed the Parsee's belief! The sun is the source of all terrestrial life and probably much more.

It was but natural that any object which had the shape of or suggested the flame should be a symbol of fire and appear in the later forms of Mazdaism. Among such objects the pine-tree, particularly the cypress, would naturally take a foremost rank, especially as the tree in itself contained a repetition of its own flame-like form; the cone.*

The old Iranian was, as I said above, an Ideal-Realist. His world embraced all existences. We shall therefore expect that under the third stage of the process of life he includes all organic powers, from the tiniest insect to the highest hierarchies. And so he does. It is his duty everywhere to promote life and render it fruitful and keep it gladsome. Everything that is alive is held in reverence as being the Good. Everything that lives he considers as belonging to light, or, which is the same, to the light-world of Ahura-Mazda. In all this there is something positive. His Hindu brother in India is only passively related to life; he will not destroy it. The universe to him is a living being having one substance and one soul.

But no one can read the Avesta and not readily see that it is no book of metaphysics, but a law code; a collection of rules for practical men, and remnants of priestly rituals. Therefore everything I have said above must be seen from such a point of view. The Parsee saw that Nature moved in Opposites, but he himself was a man of one idea. His worship was not limited to seasons and days; his entire life was a worship. Being, under the form of Light—Ahura-Mazda, lifted him into a world of light. Being, under the form of Zeruane Akerena—Boundless Time, expanded his existence. In that expansion he touched upon self-determinate existence. Under the influence of these two forms of Being, Light and Time, he perceived the Divine Presence everywhere.

But it was not only in his ontological reasonings that the Bactrian was a monist. His psychology proves the identity of the inner and the outer. It will appear from the following story, drawn from the Khordah-Avesta.

* Of this see my essay: Fire Philosophy and "Being."

Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda: "When a pure man dies, where does his soul dwell during the night?" He is told that the soul sits at the head, etc., and then

"When the third night, lapsing, turns itself to light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward, re-collecting itself. . . . A wind blows to meet it from the mid-day region; a sweet-scented one, more sweet-scented than the other winds.

"Then it goes forward, the soul of the pure man, receiving the wind in the nose, saying: 'Whence blows this wind, the sweetest scented which I ever have smelled with the nose?'

"In that wind, there comes to meet him his own law in the figure of a maiden, one beautiful, shining, with shining arms; one powerful, well-grown, slender, with large breasts, praiseworthy body; one noble, with brilliant face; one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures.

"Then to her speaks the soul of the pure man, asking: 'What maiden art thou whom I have seen here as the fairest of maidens in body?'

"Then replies to him his own law: 'I am, O Youth, thy good thoughts, words, and works, thy good law, the own law of thine own body, which would be in reference to thee like in greatness, goodness, and beauty, sweet-smelling, victorious, harmless, as thou appearest to me.'

"'Thou art like me, O well-speaking, well-thinking, well-acting youth, devoted to the good law, so in greatness, goodness, and beauty as I appear to thee.'"

Then the good deeds are enumerated and the soul led into paradise.

Firdusi tells us that Zoroaster advised Gushtasp "to learn the rites and doctrines of the religion of excellence, for without religion there cannot be any worth in a king." I may well close this paper by advising the reader to learn the meaning and ultimate bearing of the Mazdaen dualism, for without the monism in it, no philosophy of nature or life has any worth.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

"So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyâna, first step of the path."

—*Sir Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia."*

BHAGAVAD GITA.

SONGS OF THE MASTER.

I.

One of the prettiest passages in the history of Oriental Studies, is that in which Sir William Jones relates how first dawned in his mind the idea of the Asiatic Society, founded in Calcutta, a hundred and thirteen years ago.

In April, 1783, this father of Eastern studies had left England, on the frigate "Crocodile," bound for the East, whence he was destined never to return. Reviewing the most important incident of his voyage, he wrote thus:

"When I was at sea last August, on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that India lay before us, and Persia on our left, whilst a breeze from Arabia blew nearly on our stern.

"A situation so pleasing in itself, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections, in a mind which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventful histories and agreeable fictions of this Eastern world.

"It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so noble an amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia, which has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men.

"I could not help remarking how important and extensive a field was yet unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved; and when I considered, with pain, that in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life such improvements could only be made by the united efforts of many who are not easily brought—without some pressing inducement, or strong impulse—to converge in a common point, I consoled myself with a hope, founded on opinions which it might have the appearance of flattery to mention, that, if in any country or community such an union could be effected, it would be among my countrymen in *Bengal*, with some of whom I already had, and with most was desirous of having, the pleasure of being intimately acquainted."

We cannot too much admire the delicate tact and sensibility, altogether characteristic of the eighteenth century, which so visibly prompted the feelings of Sir William Jones, on the august occasion he describes; and we must regard, as equally felicitous, his expression of those feelings.

Sir William Jones was not a great man; he was not destined to produce anything of real and lasting value, either as a scholar, or as an original writer. Yet we cannot doubt that his superficial and flowery talents, and the credit he already possessed as a student of Eastern lore, graceful and popular rather than profound, fitted him eminently for the task, which he successfully accomplished in the following January, of bringing together the best endowed of the English residents in Bengal, to found the original Asiatic Society of Calcutta.

Among the founders of this Society, only two ever became famous for scholarship: Sir William Jones himself, and Charles Wilkins, of whom we shall now have to speak, more at length. Charles Wilkins had the reputation, in those days, of knowing Sanskrit better than any other Englishman in India, and we cannot but believe this fame well founded. When he was twenty-one, he went to India, arriving there in 1770, thirteen years after the battle of Plassey had made the East India Company practically lords and rulers of Bengal.

Calcutta, in those days, was not the City of Palaces it has now become; nor was the Garden Reach adorned with the rare palmyras and golden cocoa-nut palms which now wave their plumes in the sun-flooded air. Then, as now, the porpoises plunged and turned summersaults in the eddies of the Ganges; the kites circled in the air, shrilly crying to each other, high up in the blue. Then, as now, the banks of the river swarmed with dusky bathers—men and women come to wash away their sins in the sacred tide. And the great shrine of Kali, dark goddess of cruelty and death, was filled with crowds of pious fanatics, garrulous and fantastic, full of devotion and dreams—childish ignorance, and a strange unworldliness, as of second childhood, and the advancing shadow of oblivion.

In remote corners of the city—if that could be called a city where houses were mere huts, one story high, and roofed with reeds and

palm-leaves—in by-lanes, beside the sacred tanks, were a few Brahman teachers with their pupils, their lips still repeating the holy lore, whose echo in their hearts had long been growing dim. Among them lingered mighty memories, rather than mighty powers or mighty wisdom; they looked ever backward, fascinated with the past; not inward and upward, to the ever present, and the eternal.

These two qualities, multiplied a thousand-fold, the new-comer to India found, a century and a quarter ago, much as they are found to-day; much, perhaps, as they will be found a century to come. The myriads of people; weak and dazed with the mass of their colored superstitions, with little hold on the actual, none at all on the real, bound and fettered, as with triple chains of brass, by bonds of dream and fancy; dreams that were not even their own, but dreamed by others in dim, past times; and now but echoing in the void, losing even such coherence as belongs to a fresh-remembered dream.

Utterly enchained and entranced, these hundreds of millions of human souls; tricked by mere sprites of fancy into the corridors of the inane, which they take for life; cowering, evasive, unsubstantial, apologetic in birth, suppliant in life, cast forth and forgotten in death. Souls of men, from whom the very light of soul, and the valor of manhood seem to have fallen utterly away; to leave them gibbering in a lurid trance fantastic, which they call their popular religion.

These poor ghost-ridden millions on the one hand; and, on the other, their not less spell-bound priests. Men who rest, not on their manhood but on a past, dim memory that they once were useful to the sons of men; teachers of divine things, who rest not on ever-living divinity within their souls, but on a thousand crafts and wiles of tradition, arts that enthrall the greed and fear of ghost-ridden millions; claims of supernatural power, not to illumine and exalt, but to pinch and torment; assuming divine privileges, while forgetting that only one privilege is divine: the privilege to lead others to the glad beneficence of real life, of light, of liberation. Yet, with all this folly and more than folly, nourishing one dear memory in their hearts, one true and sacred shrine kept clean and bright, one treasure, the worth of which is great enough to cause all futilities that these priests

had heaped together for ages to be forgotten and forgiven for that single gift.

These and other insights into India were dimly caught, a century and a quarter back, by that first pioneer of Sanskrit studies in Bengal. The whispers of a mighty past, of fragments treasured from it, still to testify to past magnificence, began to reach his ears, and awaken echoes in his heart—already ripe to love the best and truest that India had to give. And from that first whisper came the desire to know; the determination to see whether India had any real treasure, and what these treasures were.

He sought and found, among the Brahmans by the sacred tanks, a few, able and willing to teach him their long treasured, and jealously guarded tongue; in the cool early hour of dawn, and after the red sun had set and left the parched earth to darkness, they came to him and taught him the sacred syllables, and words, and sentences. Laboriously, and with infinite patience, he began to master a system of grammar rather designed to perfect the weapons of a rhetorician, than to open, for those of other tongues, the treasures of an ancient literature. His teachers held that what they had to give, demanded a life's devotion; that a man should humble himself before a book, and put away all other aims and thoughts, for the sake of those dim, written pages; not that the book should serve the man, who can never fitly use it, unless he already stands upright, as a living soul.

The books these Brahman teachers brought to him were many; and in the grateful garrulousness of children whose toy has been praised, they told him strange old tales, and legends; queer, half-forgotten ceremonies and rites; sentences whose sounds were kept, though their words were meaningless; and much more that they kept, for its glitter, for its age, and because it was theirs; not because they had any true knowledge of its worth. Old folk-tales, too, they taught him: stories of the mouse's friendship for the dove; the jackal's craft, the goodness of the elephant; the loves, and wars, and diplomacies of the birds; what the peacock said, as he flitted his fan tail in the sunlight; what the lotus whispered at midnight to the moon.

Into that charmed land he entered, as others enter still, with a keen and growing delight, from the very threshold; a delight that changed to awe when the sacred groves brooded over by the mystic gloom of ages were found; the awe changing to reverence, when he came to some holy shrine within the groves of gloom; a shrine far different from those of the foolish multitude with their dreams; or those where priestly greed almost defeats, by its very effrontery, the schemes of priestly ambition. Those quiet sanctuaries, almost deserted, are shrines of Truth—a wisdom first caught from the lips of the gods, and handed down by men, whose very possession of it had made them godlike. Shrines of Truth only, the quiet heart of life; deep well-springs of Being, coming forth from the eternal Peace. Whoever enters, even a little way, into that sacred land, will carry with him its glamour of golden light—a haunting presence that will outlast life itself; and, if Indian wisdom speaks truly, will lead him back and back to the same fountains of joy, through coming lives until the end.

It is to the honor of the scholar whom we have named, that he, first entering the sacred land of Indian wisdom, brought back some articulate testimony of its riches; something that others could test and try, in the light of knowledge, and the light of life. This he did, by translating, and publishing, in the sixteenth year of his residence in India, the BHAGAVAD GITA—the Master's Songs. Though no rendering in another tongue can ever convey the full depth of inspiration, of many-sided wisdom, that fills these songs, yet his version has a truth and faithfulness greatly to be praised; and, if any one scholar has been able to bring this point or that closer to the great original, it is largely because he already possessed this pioneer's great and learned work.

The Upanishads had once been translated into Persian, by a Mahomedan prince, whose love of wisdom, older and loftier than the Koran's, made his life a forfeit to bigotry and bitter zeal. Another work, the fables which Wilkins also rendered into English, had passed through Persian, Arabic and Hebrew, to the chief tongues of the Western world. Yet other parts of the epics, legends and histories had been turned into one or another modern Indian tongue. But,

so far as my knowledge goes, it was at Wilkins's hands that the Bhagavad Gita first emerged from its long seclusion in the sacred speech—the language of the gods. To him, therefore, this lasting meed of praise belongs, and his will outlast the fame of men and scholars now far more familiar to the ears of all.

We have spoken of the BHAGAVAD GITA as the Songs of the Master; and, translated quite literally, such is the meaning of the title of this famous and holy book. Without entering into questions of times and epochs still altogether undecided, and perhaps never to be decided along the lines of thought our scholars take, we may give some popular understanding of who the Master was, and why his figure loomed so great in the hearts and thoughts of the millions who had sought wisdom in this book of Songs.

We shall speak of the Master as those Brahmins, from whom Wilkins first learned the story, would have spoken of him; counting it of more importance to give such a color to the tale as will bring the reader's thought and mind into sympathy with the Indian teacher's message, than to make a show of analysis, and of solving questions which, in that way, are never likely to be solved. For the Songs of the Master do truly bear a message; and that message is a true one, no matter how the facts which are the pretext, rather than the source of its teaching, may have happened; the message is none the less true, even if they never happened.

The teachers from whom this book came to us more than a hundred years ago, would have told the story in the following manner, and would have had the hoary traditions of their country to support the telling of it. These people believed the tradition because they had heard it thus from their fathers, and their fathers' fathers: Long ago, far back in the dim past ages of India's life, a great struggle for a kingdom was fought out on the plain of Kurukshetra, near where Delhi stands to-day. The leaders on one side were five brothers, among whom Arjuna was most valorous, and most skilled in the great art of war. Their opponents were not invaders from a foreign land, or hostile princes from some other region of India's valleys or distant hills. They were bound to the five brothers by ties of kinship, old affection and early life in common toils and sports.

And on one side or the other were gathered all the nobles of northern India, princes unnumbered, leaders of warriors innumerable. Such a bitterness of civil strife, internecine contest of brother with brother, father with son, and friend with friend, the land had never known, and was not destined for ages to know again.

Fate was relentless in bringing together on the sunlit plains all that was noblest in India; not for union, but for strife; not for the common good of the motherland, but for her most palpable injury and wrong; not to ward off some foreign danger, but rather to kindle great and intolerable evil in the very heart and home of the land that had borne them all.

And Arjuna, noblest of the great five brethren, was downcast, and bitterly dismayed, and his heart sank within him in fear and trembling; seeing fate's tyrannous decree of mutual harm, he would have fled from it, if any chance had presented itself. But there was none. And thus in shame and grief unspeakable, his heart had died within him, when wisdom and high counsel spoke to him through the lips of his friend, prince Krishna, the mighty warrior, great Vasudeva's greater son.

Krishna's high fame for valor and resolution was spread abroad through all India; it remained for him to make a name for wisdom, knowledge of real life, and eternal law.

Every tradition has a heart of truth; and, if we are to believe this tradition, we shall be ready to accredit to prince Krishna a wisdom and insight beyond the wisdom of men; we shall be prepared to believe that many times his teaching seemed to those who heard it, the teaching of the divine Word, speaking through his lips. But it is on this occasion, above all others, that, tradition tells us, he summed up all his wisdom of life and death; giving it willingly to Arjuna's need—and we cannot conceive of any necessity or human sorrow, full of more imperative misery, more eloquently calling to the gods for help, than that of Arjuna, as he stood between the two armies.

That war, terrible, relentless, menacing, should call forth deepest thoughts of life and death, is, and always has been, inevitable; that the spirit after facing the worst that can befall a man, should soar

above earthly calamity and sorrow, and even gain a deep, exultant peace, our knowledge of life may well lead us to believe.

There is, therefore, no discord, but rather the utmost justice and propriety of feeling, in using this occasion, rather than any other, to call forth Krishna's deepest teachings; and, perhaps, we shall not greatly err if we assent to the universal belief of India, and affirm, that it was at that very time—on the eve of the mighty war, on Kurukshetra's field—that Krishna's wisest words were spoken; words carried down through the ages, and now come to us in the BHAGAVAD GITA, the "Master's Songs."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S.

ESOTERIC PURITANISM.

"Many are the wand-bearers but few are the mystics."

Perhaps nothing so well illustrates the popular conception of the puritan character as the homage that has been paid to the memory of the landing at Plymouth. So enshrined is this circumstance in the heart of the masses, and he would be foolhardy indeed, who should venture to ask why, with three thousand miles of sea-coast and twelve months of the year to choose from, it would not have been wiser to select some other spot and season.

It might be shown, indeed, that the act which posterity so respects, was by the puritans themselves, considered a misfortune, though with characteristic common-sense they made the best of it. And they would have smiled to think that Plymouth Rock, in the popular heart, should come to assume almost the importance of the Long Parliament and the Covenant; that its name would be perpetuated in churches, steamboats and barn-yard fowls; and that much of the romance connected with their advent in the New World, would never have flowered had they landed in New Jersey, in June.

To the Puritan himself, Plymouth Rock was an added cross. For puritanism was not born in the starved and chilling rock borders of the earth. It is a child of the sun, and was reared and matured

amid the splendid efflorescence of the East, in that age of which we have no record save the mystic tradition, which relates how God, himself, walked with man in gardens radiant with immortal bloom.

From that time we see its heavenly flame lighting, here and there, the shifting shadows of history. We may trace its course through the valley of the Euphrates to the Indus; along the sands of Egypt; by the fountains of Greece; in the catacombs of Rome; vanishing always when its light revealed purity obscured by dogma, and faith degraded to ceremonial. Later it reappears in the mystical societies of the Middle Ages, flashes before the rapt visions of the followers of the Grail, and illumines the cell of the encloistered monk. Finally it is revealed to the world at large, and receives the name by which it has been since known. Wherever found it preserves two distinct characteristics—which are never absent—its separateness from the world, and its entirely spiritual function. Wherever we find these two lights paling before the grosser flames of materialism, we see puritanism fleeing, like the lost vision of the Grail, from the field of its would-be followers.

In England its first feeble spark was fanned by the hopes of Colet and Erasmus, to a flickering beam which flamed later into the signal fires of a new faith. It is significant that this light, which burned only in the holy of holies of ancient culture, should have filtered through the transcendent intellectuality of the sixteenth century, to find its chosen shrine in the hearts of the English middle classes. The reason is not far to seek. The trend of puritanism has always been away from materialism; and the intellectuality of the Elizabethan Age as well as its other ambitions and accomplishments was entirely material. Even its religious questions, which split the nation into two hostile camps, were those of dogma and creed only. Those mighty minds which gave to England its culture, its wealth and its political position, had little in common with that mysticism, which is the aura of puritanism; with that passion for spirituality which counts all the evanescent glory of this world as less substantial than the baseless fabric of dreams.

Puritanism unfolded its mission to the modern world on the battlefields of the Low Counties during that conflict which merited,

if ever conflict might, the title of the Holy war; visibly a struggle of creed with creed, it was invisibly the revelation of the divine light to the laity. Hitherto the laity had been priest-led, for ancient puritanism was eminently sacerdotal in character. It embodied the ancient knowledge, and to it we owe, amid the wreck of nations and disintegration of races, the preservation of learning, and the development of morals. But it was always esoteric and almost unknown to the masses. Even the great revelation of Jesus left his followers so bound by Jewish traditions that they could not escape from priestly shackles, and wove into the new faith a mass of ceremonial observances as fruitless, wearisome, and unspiritual as those of the Talmud. No Pentecostal fires could transmute the baser metal into the pure gold, and it remained for the Christian religion to develop a sacerdotal system more complex and tyrannical than any known to the ancient world. The revelation of the sixteenth century showed that puritanism had forever left the shadows of the sanctuary and cloister, and had come to dwell among men.

This invisible power which brought the political supremacy of Spain to an end, defied Rome, and won to its support an England wholly given to material prosperity, was a force hitherto unknown in national affairs. The illumination of the laity was an event unprecedented in the history of the world. The acceptance by a whole people, of the psychic influence and its subsequent bearing upon political conditions, was a state of things that had hitherto existed only in the dreams of philosopher or poet. It was at this moment that the soul of the race became free, that its spirit received the chrism of the inner light, so that it looked up and saw God.

Nothing so well illustrates the significance of this revelation as the multiplicity of beliefs which were its immediate product. Creed gave place to vision. Each man saw the new apocalypse in the colors of his own soul, and the holy Spirit once more descended from above to find its abiding resting place in the human heart. The comprehension of the truth that God himself is his only revelation to man, that his light reaches the soul only through the absence of intervening media, and that it is this light which transfuses human relationship wherever it penetrates, was instantaneous with the rec-

ognition of its place in the conduct of civil life, so that all the great principles of the higher humanity as applied to national government have blossomed since that day, and may be traced to this root.

In Europe the great political events following the revelation—which spiritually was complete in itself—were in a measure unfinished. In England the commonwealth lapsed into monarchy in the space of twenty-five years. With all that great material prosperity affected by the genius of Cromwell, puritanism had nothing to do. The glory of national achievement which made England supreme in naval affairs and transferred the commerce of the world to her ports, was due to the old Bersek blood raging into new channels.

Very different was the ambition of the true followers of the heavenly call, and the lights which burned divinely at Naseby paled slowly to earthly dimness and went out at last in the pestilential damps of the Restoration. But the revelation was complete. Henceforth it was the race, not the initiated only, which was to press forward toward the prize of the high calling.

From the old world the wave receded to the new, and to the virgin forests in whose shadowy aisles the morning dews of creation seemed still to linger, came the little band around whose brows shone unseen the mystic aureole of the Chosen. Grave of face, stern of mien, ascetic in habit, the puritan of the new world was soul-brother to the recluse of the Middle Ages. Like him, his face was set immovably toward the eternal city; like him, the passion of life had become the passion for holiness; like him, he bore in his heart the beatific vision before which all earthly beauty paled to nothingness.

It may be said that in spite of the limitations of his personality, perhaps because of them, the puritan remained faithful to his trust. It is idle to speculate as to what this country might have become without his influence, and it is just as idle to claim for him a glory he would have despised. There is no doubt that had the puritan never sought the new world our country would still have been a great country, as Russia is great, as Germany is great, as England herself is great. Dutch sagacity secured for New York the commerce of the globe. French *savoir faire* solved the Indian problem, still in-

soluble to those of Saxon blood, and if left uninterrupted would have infused a fresh vein of strength into the body politic. The South built up a great aristocracy resembling in wealth and power the institutions of the days of chivalry. Virginia emigrants crossed the Alleghanies on Indian trails and laid the foundations of the Southwest. German emigrants fifty years later repeated the experiment and opened the great middle West, which became so important that its quota of troops, foreign born, and native born of foreign parents, threw the weight of numbers on the side of the North in the great struggle of the civil war. Swedish thrift made model settlements in the middle colonies, and Quaker piety gave to the savage heart and mind the example of an ideal commonwealth founded upon principles of justice and honor.

It was not, however, in a material or even an intellectual sense that the puritan was to set his mark ineffaceably upon the race. His achievement in a material sense pointed rather to an orderly arrangement of life and a devotion to its best uses, the upbuilding of character, and the fine serenity of soul which comes from knowledge of the art of noble living. Intellectually his best achievement is found in the epic of Milton, the immortal dream of Bunyan, the spiritual intellectuality of Emerson and the intellectual spirituality of Channing. The world could lose these and still be rich in intellectual treasures. But it could not lose without mortal hurt that golden essence of spirit which works upward through puritanism and without which all national achievement resembles in degree the spiritual darkness of savage power, or the unmeaning civilization of China.

This silent, upward force was felt from the beginning in the upbuilding of the new country. While the South was founding an aristocracy and the middle colonies supporting an order of patroons and landed gentry resembling the feudal system, puritanism was quietly preparing the way for the establishment of the republic. For thirty years after its founding, the Plymouth colony was a pure democracy and afterward a republic under charter from the crown. For one hundred and fifty years after the landing at Plymouth the best effort of puritanism was not outward toward materiality but an inward spiritual growth which became so much a part of the fibre of New England

blood and brain, that whatever it touched it transfused with its own vital force.

The intellectual movement to which we owe the origin and development of American letters was but one expression of this larger life. Much more vital were those altar fires of spirituality which burned in many a simple home and from which were lighted the flames that illumined the whole nation in its hour of greatest darkness. Gradually the hidden energy rounded to its sphere and embodied the idea of the ages—the idea of the self-government of the nations.

In the struggle with the mother country the leaders at first but dimly understood the spiritual meaning which lay hidden beneath the strife and tumult of war. It was this psychic influence which transformed the army that offered a crown to Washington into an army of citizens, which moulded the popular will into the conception of the grandeur of the will of the people, and which pledged aristocrat and plebeian alike, brothers self-devoted to the cause of popular government. The southern and middle colonies with their traditions of aristocratic and feudal governments could never have evolved this idea. Independence—of England—they might well have achieved, but it is extremely probable that had the element of puritanism been absent the new government would have taken the form of a limited monarchy or a modified oligarchy. The extreme reluctance of more than one of the most important colonies to pledge themselves to the constitutional government which followed the treaty of Ghent well illustrates this idea.

A yet more striking example of the force of esoteric puritanism is seen in the slow but steady growth of the belief in the liberty of the individual. An essentially modern doctrine, it was destined to be the point around which should rage the fiercest life struggle that popular government ever experienced. It was the lifting of the race soul one plane higher in the ascent toward God, but it was to be accomplished only through deadly battle with the old materialism which had ever been its mortal foe. So greatly was this accomplished, so high above earth did the battle at last wage, that to conquered and conqueror alike the victory seemed but one of those

divine, inscrutable movements of destiny in which humanity works but as a blind instrument.

Humanity stood dumb before this mighty spiritual flood, which swept onward in tidal force and left the race clean of its most ancient stain. Who would have ventured to predict in the face of such material accomplishment—an accomplishment that included the acquisition of the Louisiana purchase, the union of California with the great southwest, the discovery of gold, the invention of the telegraph, the perfection of ocean travel and the increase of commerce in geometrical ratio—to predict such a result? Never was more apparent the presence of that power which worketh for righteousness in nations as in individuals, than in this contest between puritanism and the materialism of North and South alike during the epoch of the Civil War.

Throughout the ages the hopes of man have centred around these three principles of righteous national life—Liberty, whose root is knowledge; Equality, whose root is justice; Fraternity, whose root is love. In our political system the third number of this holy trinity remains yet unaccomplished. The liberty of our forefathers was a liberty of popular rights. The equality of the emancipation was an equality of individual rights; the fraternity of the future must be a fraternity of social rights; and, however diverse the conception of the work, it is certain that it can be wrought out in this one only way, the way of puritanism, the separation from the world and the following of the inner light.

Whether this land, which received in its youth the accolade of this holy knighthood, will go forward and achieve the quest no one can tell. Puritanism has always chosen the *via crucis*, and not unmeaningly has the cross become one of its most sacred symbols. Whether the stupendous, the overwhelming materialism of the day will ever find its Calvary no one can predict. History has taught us that the divine light must be fed and cherished if it steal not secretly away.

The problem remains whether the children of the temple will still guard the holy of holies or be found wandering at last in the outer darkness. The divine origin of the great revelation has been shown by its descent into that round of daily life which is the limitation of

the children of humanity. When this spiritual force shall have become the informing principle of every phase of human interest the revelation will have accomplished its work.

So far, other nations seem to have approached more nearly the lines of social equality than our own. Germany has taught us the practicability of the nationalization of the railroad, telegraph, and banking interests. Australia has shown us how to preserve the purity of the ballot, and to take our orphans and make of them children of the republic instead of juvenile paupers. England still remains our model in the preservation of the integrity of an unsalaried representation of its voters in the national government. But if nowhere exists more unequal conditions than here, nowhere is greater effort to equalize those conditions. It is only thirty years since the multimillionaire became a power and already there is organized effort to lessen the probability of his increase. If the entire wealth of over 65,000,000 is less than that of 100,000 private citizens, it is also true that to the 65,000,000 has been clearly revealed the danger to the commonwealth that lies in such abnormal conditions.

In the darkest retreats of our many-shadowed civilization may be seen the torch-bearers of the higher humanity working with unfaltering will toward the realization of the greater Republic. And in the lesson of history it seems possible that the light they bear may become the guiding star of this land. It does not seem too daring to think that the psychic impulse of the individual may become the psychic impulse of the nation, and that the sparks which have mounted upward through immemorial centuries may melt and burn at last one flame, that these spirit waves may beat at last in uninterrupted and perfect rhythm with the pulse of the Eternal Will. Yet this remains but a desire. It is still uncertain whether the light shall blaze to steadiness or fade utterly away. It is still a problem whether we, the inheritors of a glorious birthright, "shall nobly save, or meanly lose this last best hope of earth."

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

LEAVES FROM A METAPHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

July 25.—In the glorious noon of this perfect summer day, after a morning virtuously spent in study, I took the privilege of a vacation, wandered in the country and threw myself in the midst of a daisy field under the trees of this lofty mountain plateau. The air is so quiet as to be almost entirely free from disturbance which might cause vibrations, and although "mine inn" is located in the centre of this archaic New England village, the inhabitants are so wrapped in thoughts of business or pleasure that except for an occasional gentle footfall on the pleasant moist path which does duty as a sidewalk, I and my mind are quite alone.

Free from the calls of disordered and unhappy patients, I wonder at the mystery of thought, health, and that which men call disease. The very air of this beautiful, elevated valley is brimming over with happiness. There is health and joy written on that long chain of blue mountains, picturesquely indented and clothed with gracefully rounded tree tops, as green as the richest velvet and suggesting vigorous youth and perennial health and beauty. The clouds above are silvery masses of floating loveliness with the gold of the sunshine added to give them the glow of perfect and assured vitality. The turf spread about me is firm, close, and strong. This bit of soil which farmers call poor, because it does not yield the products which bring them financial returns, is wholesome and good for my slender little white friends, the daisies. Life, health, bounty, good cheer everywhere.

Yonder line through the meadows shows the path of a small river whose bed is paved with clean pebbles and whose waters are clear, sweet, and abundant—again typical of health, good cheer, and happiness. Snug farm-houses are dotted about among the hills. The hand of violence has never entered those dwellings. The ants running up and down these daisy stems are sound and whole. The cattle on the hills, the sheep whose distant bleating one may hear if his ears be trained to it, the chickens like dots in the grass, the birds in the trees—not an invalid among them all, I venture to say.

Peace and happiness and health abound here. But look in the farm-houses. I have no patience with these men and women who ought to be in perfect health, or at least in a far better condition than they are. Who could be healthy in the thought-atmosphere which they themselves create and in which they seem to delight to live? No amount of preaching can destroy the path which their thoughts take as persistently and regularly as their feet choose the road to the village church. With everything in nature to lead them up and out, away from grovelling cares and malign thoughts, what evil genius of mankind holds them to the old thought-atmosphere of disease and death?

Yesterday, of all supremely blessed summer days in the year, with the mountains speaking peace, comfort, and well being, I rambled down the brook-side to find what story the little spring at its mouth had to tell me, and stopped to beg a dinner at a small but thrifty farm-house. The impression has gone abroad among these people that I am an irregular physician of some sort—and most of them, I fancy, incline to the belief that I am a clairvoyant and amuse myself with daily trances. The mistress of the farm-house, a rosy young woman of thirty, with two pretty but delicate children clinging to her skirts, had a grist of news to tell about a poor neighbor, "dying of quick consumption," according to the determined verdict of the neighbors. Our rosy lady had gathered a number of interesting particulars as to the progress of the disease, and the latest symptoms, the details of which she related with an unction that would have befitted the Master of the Inquisition describing the death agonies of an heretical victim. The young children dropped their toys to hear the gruesome tale, some parts of which, at least, they could understand perfectly; the husband listened with eager delight in all the repulsive particulars and the old grandmother dropped her knitting and her eyes actually sparkled with her keen interest in the story.

At table they entertained me with recitals of various fevers, burns, cuts, frights, epidemics and general human miseries which had fallen to their lot, and despite my efforts to turn the conversation into more favoring channels, their tongues held me fast. I was happy to leave a roof so hospitable but, alas, so deadly in its atmosphere.

I walked over to the house of the consumptive in order to send, if possible, a fresh thought leaping through his arteries, but, ye gods! he was so absorbed in his symptoms, so actually proud of the pitiful distinction of being the third of his line to yield to the disease which was consuming him, that he simply would have none of my glad thought. The entire household, usually considered a humble one in the community, feels itself exalted on an enviable pinnacle of distinction. Every passer-by stops to inquire, in kindly curious fashion, for the health of the invalid; while he, poor soul, feebly sits up among his pillows to listen as they talk of him and takes the discouraging comments in excellent spirit. Never before has the family been so prominent. A doctor comes twice a week and every word and every glance of that venerable man is commented upon by each member of the family for days thereafter. The farmer comes in from the distant field, making no account of the toilsome walk in the hot sun, in order to hear the latest opinion concerning the progress of the disease; not so much because he is solicitous concerning the *victim* but because he longs for a new story and new "particulars" (as they call these accessories, up here), to deliver to the passers-by as the latest news from "Kiah's case." At least, after considerable study of the subject, this was my conclusion; and if ever there was a case illustrating the expression, "enjoying poor health," this is one.

July 26.—Half way up the picturesque hillside, an incline so steep that one must look well to his steps or he will go backward, is a farm-house which is one of my favorite haunts, because its inmates, quite unwittingly, are living and choice illustrations of the best theories of a metaphysician. The man's name is James, but the old wife always calls him "father" and he in turn tenderly calls her "mother," though years have now elapsed since the little company of nine children left them, some to distant homes of their own, some to lay their young bodies in the churchyard. "Father" was never a rich or even a "well-to-do" farmer, in the favorite expression of the town. But the old couple declare that "they always have had enough and something to spare for a poor neighbor." Goodness and health shine on those two dear faces whose expression will always be in my memory as the look of friends. They are absolutely content,

not because they have all they wish, or because they are ignorant of what good things are served to many in the great world that lies beyond the mountains. The farmer was born and bred in town. He came to the country when lack of health prevented the pursuit of his chosen profession—and here he married, not caring to return to the busy town. The two are content because they realize and accept their place in God's great world. They read the great family Bible, not perfunctorily, but with calm joy, and not always at stated seasons but as they have need. They never speak of failing powers, or of infirmities to be expected at their time of life as do their neighbors; and, as a happy result, they appear younger and fresher than any one of their age in this locality. They drink in the beauties of the surrounding scenes with keen delight. If, by chance, one of them has a pain or if an accident deprives one of vigor for a season, they waste no time in dwelling on the thought, and are considered especially "queer" by the neighbors because they never have "particulars" to give on such an occasion and are not curious to learn "particulars" in the case of other peoples' illnesses or disasters.

Now, had my rosy housewife experienced anything so interesting as a fall down the cellar stairs, resulting in a fractured arm, which circumstance lately happened to "father" in the red farm-house, life would have been brighter to her for weeks because of the interesting story she would have had with which to enrich her calls with the neighbors. And every "particular" concerning the shape and direction of those stairs, the jars and baskets on the shelves, the progress of domestic events for at least twenty-four hours preceding the accident and the exact relative position of each member of the household at the time of the occurrence would have been doled out. Not a detail of the surgical operation or the physical appearance of the wounded member but would have been rehearsed over and over again, as often as a caller gave the opportunity.

My nice old people in the red farm-house, unlike most old people that I have known, live in the present. This is more remarkable because their greater personal interests have necessarily been in the past; that is, the interests which would connect them most firmly with their kind. Their happy way of considering themselves as useful

factors in the life of this community is an excellent example to others. "Mother" has lost the use of one eye and the other is none too well adapted to her needs, but she and "father" together contrive to find out all that is in the weekly city paper which one of the children sends. It is rarely interesting to see them get out the old atlas and determine the boundaries of Cuba and Spain, as they discuss the probabilities of war; or refer to a file of last year's papers for a political speech which some senator is using for his purpose. Many a dweller in cities has less definite knowledge of the events of the world than have these old people, and would display far less intelligence in discussing them. The interesting couple save time wasted by their neighbors in gossiping of unimportant events, and use it for reading the best things that are happening in the great world, and in plans for present and future usefulness. So with the bees, the birds, the flowers, the trees, and all living things in their little domain, they share the Great Boundless Healing Life of the eternal, and are happy in consequence.

July 28.—A curious case has recently been brought to my knowledge and I am endeavoring to act the good Samaritan to one family who, were they conscious of my active mental intervention in their affairs, would probably despise, or at least discredit my statement of belief and manner of working, and prefer death to relief by such (to them) unhallowed means. I chanced upon the case in the following way: Climbing up the steep but beautiful roadway leading from the centre of the town to a dozen outlying farms but terminating nowhere in particular, all under bewildering avenues of rich maples and stately elms, I came upon a farmer engaged in the field, loading hay on a great wagon with a pair of stout oxen. The midday sun was severe, the great beasts somewhat restive and the farmer a man in middle life pretty well known in this vicinity for his irascible temper, though a good hearted and kind neighbor. The hay field lay at the border of a remarkably steep hill (at least, so it seemed to me), but the people hereabouts are so accustomed to living on the edge of a precipice, and to climbing up or holding back as they go up or down, that I have never heard this particular descent characterized as dangerous or even remarkable in any way. Every one will tell you

that the hill over by Sam Granger's is steep, but every man, woman, and child of them disclaim that characteristic in connection with any other incline in the place. Needless to say that "Sam Granger's hill" resembles nothing so much as the side of the meeting house, the comparison beginning with the steeple top.

As I strolled along gathering ferns and some fascinating clematis vines, idly admiring first the flying leaps of a remarkably agile red squirrel and then the superb muscular strength of the farmer's arms, the latter accidentally prodded his oxen with the hay fork. The great brutes were already restive, as I have said, and plainly annoyed by the heat, inquisitive flies, and, no doubt, the irritating tongue and language with which their driver was relieving his disturbed feelings. At the prick of the steel prong, with one consent and as if by preconcerted arrangement, the two sprang forward as rapidly as their clumsy limbs would permit, and gaining the steep roadway, clattered down the hill with a speed that was a decided novelty to me. Great masses of hay fell from the load; the farmer shouted and screamed but the oxen only ran the faster. Rarely had even the farmer himself beheld such a sight, but the novelty gave him no pleasure. His face grew purple with rage and his hands clutched the pitchfork as if he would wreak vengeance on the first living thing that came in his way. He ran down the hill shouting and fuming with anger, and so frenzied was his face that I quite expected to see him fall to the ground exhausted. What happened when he finally overtook his clumsy runaways I did not care to see, but I said to myself, "When the doctor is called a few days hence, how little will he understand the cause of the man's trouble."

In just two days, my landlady informed me at breakfast that Mr. Angry Farmer was suffering from a violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism. "His wife, poor soul, will have a sorry time of it," she added, "for Mr. Farmer is irritable enough when in health but in sickness—Heaven help her!"

I retraced my steps up the steep hillside. The hay was still in the field and the farmer in his bed was howling with sharp pain.

The errand which gave me admission to his house was sufficient to warrant a brief visit. The expression of relief which stole over

the face of the farmer's wife as my silent treatment brought a pleasant sleep to the tumultuous patient, was delightful compensation for any inconvenience on my part.

Having the cause of the illness thrown at my feet, in a way, it was sufficiently easy to follow out and in a short time to remove all traces of it from the mind of the patient. I learned, not long afterward, that Dr. Squibs had performed a remarkable cure in the case of Mr. A. Farmer and that within two days from the time he was taken all inflammation had disappeared and he was able to return to his usual tasks. I wondered what the good old allopathic doctor thought of that rapid recovery and whether I had not deprived him of needed income. But there was the farmer's wife whom I *had* relieved.

July 30.—This season of mowing and reaping and gathering in the food for horses and kine is one of peculiar interest. To lie under a friendly apple-tree quietly busy in perfecting its fruit after a season of splendor in pink and white blossoms, and watch the magical mower as it lays low the stately slender growth of grains and grasses, leaving behind the devouring instrument a lovely mass of verdure whose sweetness exudes in fragrant breath as it expires—or to watch the strong men as they toss great bales of hay on the heavily loaded wain, while the sun, whose rays first coaxed the tiny seedlet from the earth, then gently fostered its growth and matured its seed, looks down with glorious benediction, since the grain has subserved the end of its existence—while noonday birds fly lazily to and fro, and the sky is warm and still, the breeze sweeter than roses, and the brook on the hillside making a glad murmur as it glides over the pebbles and darts under dark stones where fish love to gather for noonday discussion—this is quite enough to fill the heart of a loungee with supreme happiness, for he sees that not one of all these is idle, that life to each means Motion and growth. The Infinite is over the swift-darting bird no less than over that life which we call Man.

Thus a season in these hills brings far more than the happiness induced by bright skies and pleasant fields. A beautiful, forceful analogy lies hidden underneath the surface of each day's circumstance. The Life of all is one Activity.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

OCCULTISM.

"The stone becomes a plant; the plant a beast;
 The beast a man; the man becomes a god;"
 Strange words that hold the mystery of life;
 That point the path which none may leave untrod.

"The stone becomes a plant." But whence the stone?
 From spirit first, whence all things have their birth;
 Through lower orders then, to man unknown;
 Till, very stone, it lies on lap of earth.

All that we see hath life, and ever grows,
 Through endless kalpas, upward toward the light.
 The humblest clod, unconscious of its powers,
 Yet feels an impulse, growing still more bright;

Till lo! expanding life hath rent the veil;
 The struggling monad finds a higher sphere;
 A plant that breathes, that grows; no more a mate
 For that dull clay that lies about it here.

"The plant becomes a beast." Another step.
 The spirit's ray is not put forth in vain.
 A fuller, freer life is come; new hopes,
 New fears, new instincts, fill the wak'ning brain.

"The beast becomes a man;" for mind awakes.
 The untamed instincts own a master's sway.
 Look up and forward! Lower states are past.
 Higher and brighter gleams the onward way.

From beast to man; a long and devious path,
 Which no man living but hath passed along;
 No stone, nor plant, nor beast, but hath to tread;
 By law which may nor work nor suffer wrong.

"The man becomes a god." The lofty goal
 Is ours, but only at a mighty price;
 No moment's zeal prevails, no vague desire,
 No deity that plays with loaded dice.

Think ye that death hath power to change the soul?
 That yon fierce ruffian, lurking for his prey,
 May throw the gates of Heaven ope for one
 Whose feet have barely touched the "narrow way"?

Through many lives we learn; for Karma rules
 The mighty law that ever governs well.
 As we have sown, we reap; our ev'ry deed
 Contributes to make life a heaven or hell.

Seek not to palter with eternal right.
 The rougher path leads quicker to the goal.
 The intermediate steps must needs be trod,
 E'en to completion, by the struggling soul.

Fear not the law! It glows with heavenly light,
 For him who treads the path by duty set;
 He grows from day to day, from life to life,
 Nor fears to pay great Karma's fullest debt.

For him is life divine; he knows the truth,
 And knowing, follows, fearing not the end.
 Him trials only bless; in all his ways,
 The law men curse is still to him a friend.

Be this our aim; for "what we learn to do,
 We learn by doing." O wise Stagyrte!
 Our deeds must have their harvest, soon or late;
 Work on, ere day hath faded into night.

Life-giver to the universe and us,
 Raise from the true sun's face its gleaming veil;
 While to thy sacred seat we journey, grant
 Of duty fully done we may not fail.

In him who knows that with the central soul
 All spiritual beings are in kind
 The same, what room for empty sorrow more?
 What new delusion can the spirit bind?

For truth is truth, and justifies itself;
 Look thou within for guidance, and obey.
 Do thy next duty; in it thou shalt find
 A higher, nobler task. Behold the way!

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

INTELLIGENCE.

With this number "Intelligence" makes its appearance upon the stage of modern thought with a confident appeal for recognition. As a continuation of The Metaphysical Magazine it is not unmindful of the broad field of research previously outlined, or of the really important work necessary in order to develop fully the original Ideal.

"Intelligence" comes before an appreciative public with confidence in the understanding and capacity of spiritual man and with faith in the wisdom of an Infinite Creator, of Spiritual Consciousness. Through the activities of these spiritual entities the greatest possibilities are anticipated.

This name has been chosen to succeed the original because it is a thoroughly sound term representing the highest spiritual faculties, and in its various adaptations it covers the entire range of action involved in the work which we have undertaken, in a manner more comprehensible to many who have just begun to seek advanced thought.

The word Intelligence bears three direct meanings: Mind, Capacity, and News. As Mind, it is Understanding; Consciousness; Conception; The state of knowing; and is necessarily spiritual, subjective, metaphysical. It signifies an Intelligent Being; or Pure Spirit as a Created Intelligence. As Capacity it represents Wisdom; comprehension; discernment; judgment; and the capacity to know. As News it signifies "Information communicated."

Metaphysics means, primarily, The Science of Being; and, from the inception of The Metaphysical Magazine, it has been our special mission to develop the intelligence of the "Mind" in all its phases. The "Capacity" of the individual, in a strictly spiritual sense, is equally as valuable a

field of Metaphysical investigation as Being itself; and in each of these channels the particular office of "Intelligence" will always be to communicate information in all the varied aspects of Scientific, Philosophical, and Metaphysical research and investigation.

The typographical character and appearance of the Magazine have been improved in every way that experience suggests, regardless of the necessarily increased expense. At the same time the price has been reduced, to bring it within the convenient reach of all classes, in order that none may be debarred from receiving the *best* teaching during their *earliest* investigations. There is not a periodical in the world, of equal size, quality and character, and devoted to advanced thought in its higher phases, issued at so low a price as this one. It has been placed at this figure solely to extend the scope and increase its usefulness.

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Friends of the movement may render valuable assistance in developing the usefulness of this important periodical in many ways:

a. By calling the attention of friends to "Intelligence" as, at once, the best and lowest priced Magazine of advanced literature.

b. By subscribing at once and sending another dollar for some one not able to subscribe. It will do more good than any dollar ever expended for a like purpose.

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d. By sending the names of twelve interested people and \$1.00 to pay for twelve sample copies, which we will mail for that price.

e. By forming clubs, thus obtaining subscriptions free and making money at the same time.

These will prove valuable aids in the work to which we are devoting both time and money unselfishly, in an earnest endeavor toward a more extended knowledge of real things.

"Intelligence" comes to the world of thoughtful people, full of life, courage, and energy; and with confidence in the eventual supremacy of the higher nature of Man in all things pertaining to his being—spiritual, mental, and physical. It modestly expects to be able to throw some light on these important subjects, and gives assurance of its most faithful efforts in the elucidation of permanent principles and real laws of human life.

Its publishers look to the support of every free and progressive individual regardless of nationality, creed, occupation, or surrounding influences. The Eternal Energy of Truth overcomes all seeming obstacles and invariably reaches its goal.

FRONTISPIECE.

We propose to increase the attractiveness of "Intelligence," by producing each month, a fine half-tone portrait of some one of the prominent workers in Occult and Metaphysical directions. This feature will be valuable, as well as unique; and we think it will have an important educational influence in bringing the minds of our readers more in conscious touch with those who are developing thought, and establishing methods, to increase understanding in advanced lines.

We begin the series in this number, with an excellent portrait of the Founder of The Metaphysical Magazine. This will be followed by one of equal interest each month throughout the year.

The new librarian of the Astor Library, who also is to be librarian of the associated Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries, is Prof. C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Mr. Bjerregaard, in addition to being an encyclopedia in regard to books, is looked upon by the mysticists as their leading exponent in this country. He has lecture engagements, we are informed, already determined for the coming summer season, in Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Boston, Greenacre, and Glen Echo.

EXPERIENCES IN THOUGHT COMMUNICATION.*

A few years since while visiting a distant city I made myself receptive at five o'clock on a given day, when a member of the family at home was to communicate with me mentally. The appointment had been made several days before with no intimation of what the subject was to be, but I was to take note of whatever came into my mind and report immediately by letter. I distinctly heard or perceived the words, "Well, W—— how do you like N——?" After that I could distinguish nothing definite. Our letters crossed on the way and I learned that my friend began the communication with the precise words given above, but then thought of so many things that no single idea was given sufficient prominence for me to perceive it.

Again, on September 3d, 1890, I boarded a steamer at Liverpool bound for New York, incidentally noting that it was exactly 2 p.m. and quite naturally directed my thought toward my friends at home but without any attempt to communicate definitely. No one at home knew at what day, or hour, or by what steamer I was to sail, as the letter announcing my departure was still in mid-ocean. At about 9.30 on the above day, M—— suddenly said to another member of the family: "W—— has just boarded the steamer at Liverpool." The experience was so marked that M—— took careful note of day and hour. In a few days the letter came announcing the time of my departure which, allowing for difference of time, corresponded exactly with that above given.

At another time I had made an appointment to call at an artist's studio at 3 p.m. to see a certain picture. At 10.30 a.m. on the same day I had a strong impression to go at once to the studio; concluding to obey it, I arrived there at eleven o'clock. I was received as if I came by appointment, and learned that the artist had sent a note at 10.30 asking me to come at 11 instead of 3 p.m. When I came at the hour of this second appointment he took it for granted that I had received his note and greeted me accordingly. But I had left the house several hours before, and at the

* This communication comes from a thoroughly reliable source, and the experiences are closely in line with many with which we are personally acquainted. The writer's name and address are on file in our office, though by request withheld from publication, for obvious reasons.—ED.

time he wrote the note I was out walking. As nearly as we could determine I had received his thought at the precise moment when he sat down to write the note announcing the change of appointment.

Again, while sitting in a room at the rear of the house where I was then living, I heard the door-bell ring and as nearly as I could determine, several persons entered the parlor, although the doors were shut and I could hear nothing that was said. Instantly the name of the caller came into my mind, "Mrs. S——" a name I had never heard. I afterward learned that a lady of that name called and entered the parlor at about the time the words came into my mind.

The following experience was one of several which occurred during a summer in Europe in 1888 when, at a great distance from friends and oftentimes from the mail and telegraph, the conditions were particularly favorable for the development of psychic powers. It was my habit each day to enter into mental communication with my friends at home, and, at least, endeavor to assure myself of their welfare, if not to convey definite thought. The experience in question is chosen because it illustrates so many aspects of the communion of mind with mind.

Early in August I left the heat of northern Italy for the high mountain regions of Switzerland. On August 12 I was taken suddenly and severely ill in the little town of Poschiavo, where I had stopped for Sunday, previous to a long tramp over the mountains. Relying wholly on mental methods of cure in times of sickness and being at that time unable to help myself, I directed my thought to Mrs. A——, a friend in Vermont, who possesses the ability to help people mentally. I did not attempt to describe my symptoms, but tried to make it known that I needed immediate help, without any further effort to convey definite thought. It was then 3 a.m. Mrs. A——, as I afterward learned, was suddenly awakened from a sound sleep at about the hour which, allowing for difference in time, would make the awakening correspond to the day and hour of my summons. She knew immediately who had awakened her, for she had long been familiar—through frequent communications with my mental atmosphere—with that peculiarity of any given individual which, from the point of view of those who are psychically developed, distinguishes one person from another. She also knew my exact physical condition, which she described to friends the next morning, also detailing the other facts of the experience,

afterward accurately described to me, on my return to America five weeks later. Feeling that my condition was serious, she kept me in mind continuously, helping me for two hours, until she felt confident that the condition was mastered. I soon became conscious of relief and was confident that my message had been received and answered by the person to whom it was directed; for I, in turn, recognized the peculiar mental influence which revealed Mrs. A——'s personality, and also experienced that characteristic sensation so well known to all who have received help by the mental method. I immediately wrote an account of the experience, taking note of day and hour, and of my changes in feeling and mailed the letter to Vermont. In due time the facts were corroborated from the other side of the Atlantic, and I learned that the experience had been vivid and noteworthy in every detail, sufficiently so to warrant the full description which was given to friends on the following day.

It has often been argued that thought communication is less valuable when taking place between those in close sympathy, as such ones are likely to know—perchance by coincidence—of the feelings and thoughts of their friends. Yet is it not because the mentality of a friend is known and recognized that one is able to single out the thought influences that are constantly coming to us and to tell where they are from, just as a friend's voice is recognized in a confused assemblage of sounds and voices? Friendship evidently establishes the bond of sympathy which makes telepathy possible in its most interesting aspects. But however it may be explained, the fact remains that in the instance above related Mrs. A—— was awakened on a day and hour corresponding to my own conscious effort to make myself felt, that she recognized my influence, knew that I was ill, and knew when she had brought me relief. •

The human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purport.—
Immanuel Kant.

He who in dubious circumstances aids in deeds when deeds are necessary, is the true friend.—*Plautus.*

We are fellow-laborers with a common end—reverent to the lowest for its possibilities, emulous of the highest for its sublime perfections.—
Alexander Wilder, M.D.

REALITY AND APPEARANCE.

A child looked into a mirror and saw a smiling face. He wondered whose face it could be, and fancied that it must be looking at him from behind the mirror. This false idea held him strongly and he tried to catch at the face at the back of the mirror.

To his infinite surprise his repeated attempts failed to give him even a touch of his shadow. In disgust the child threw down the mirror, which fell with a crash, and alarmed the mother, whose body was in the adjoining room, but whose mind was with the child. She came hurriedly to her child and was partly satisfied, that the greater of two evils had been avoided; for her child was unhurt, although the glass plate in the mirror was broken in two. "Naughty child," she exclaimed, showing him the broken mirror, "see what you have done!"

Indeed he had performed a miracle! The child mistook the rebuke for a compliment, and in his bewilderment questioned his mother, how in place of one face there now appeared two faces.

The mother smiled as she heard and answered the questions of her child. But he would have none of her answers. With natural impertinence, as some would interpret this demand of a child to satisfy his infant reason, he refused to have anything short of catching the faces in the mirror. The mother with her wider experience readily solved the peculiar problem. She directed her child to look steadily at the mirror, and putting her finger on his cheek, exclaimed, "Lo! I have caught the faces."

The child was not yet perfectly satisfied. But the superior knowledge of his mother quite overpowered him, and he was prepared to accept the fact that the faces in the mirror were but images and not real faces: and that although there could be but one real face, there might be several images, which at best were but appearances.

If we closely watch the progress of human science and philosophy, at every stage we shall find man to be the same naughty child trying to look behind the scene and struggling with his reason to catch at a reality. But in every instance, he strikes at some appearance, and is to be satisfied with the statements of a superior intelligence and a wider experience.

We began with the phenomena of images. Let us come to science and philosophy and see what improvements they have made on the theory of images.

Our Optical Science has found out the laws of reflection and those of refraction; and has established from those laws that the image of the same thing may be presented to our eyes in an infinite number of ways. You need not disturb at all the real object, to find an image of it erect or inverted, reduced or magnified, normal or distorted, distinct or blurred, at any distance and in any color. With a mathematical precision, you can, under the laws, make such intermediate arrangements as would make an image appear just where and how you may require it to appear. The science has proceeded a step further and found a distinction between real and virtual images. The definition is, that those images that can be held on a screen are real, while those that cannot be so held are virtual. Real images are made by the actual intersection of the light rays, whereas virtual images are the result of their apparent intersection. Optics seem to be satisfied with the distinction between reality and appearance, as far as the images are concerned. But the question still remains, how any image can be a reality and not an appearance. The demarcation between the two kinds of images, virtual and real, is no doubt very clearly established by Optics; but the process by which man sees an image and imputes to it shape and color depends so much on the nature of media, the power of the eye, the means of observation and so forth, that it is quite reasonable to hold that even the so-called real image is not what it appears to be. The philosopher has proceeded a step further, and has proved by positive experiments that our thoughts of images are as much realities as the so-called real images themselves. There are persons who can see an image thought of, as clearly as they can see real material objects before them. These thought-images, they say, can be projected in space, and they have actually been fixed in photographs as the real images themselves. This is a case where phenomena may be supposed to have emanated not from matter directly, but from thought. But there is no disputing that the phenomena of images are appearances of realities, whether they be of matter or of thought.

Thus we see that there is a higher and higher series of appearances. One thing is common to all of them, that they indicate the presence of

something real, which may be called substance, from which the phenomena may be said to proceed. The virtual image shows that there is some real object of which the image is a seeming representation. The real image shows that the rays have actually proceeded from a real object and they have built a representation of the object, in space, which is devoid of every other property of the object excepting its shape and color.

Lastly the thought-image has also for its basis a real object of which the mind thinks. It does not matter whether the real object in this case is of matter or of thought.

Whenever there is a phenomenon, therefore, we cannot but admit that it is emanating from something real and in existence.

Conversely again, given a thing really in existence, phenomena must proceed therefrom whether the same be recognized or not. The images will be produced all the same, under the same circumstances, whether they come to a blind man's eye, or to the observer's eye. The only difference is that the blind man will not catch certain phenomena, and for him some properties of the object, such as shape and color, will be absent. But there will be left a host of other phenomena of touch, sound, heat, electricity, etc., which will make the blind man as much aware of the reality of the object as the man with open eyes. Practised observers have been quite taken by surprise at Roentgen's late discovery of the visible dark rays. But the rays, and the images to be seen have always existed; the means whereby they could be brought under observation, alone, being absent.

One who ponders well over these facts will be forced to admit that there is an infinite number of phenomena proceeding from a thing real and existent, and a person is destined to catch only a given number of them according to the nature and number of the means at his disposal. It stands to reason, therefore, that anything that comes under one's cognition is purely phenomenal, and as such it is an appearance and not a reality. There must be a substratum of reality beneath all these appearances, but that is more to be realized than merely apprehended.

A philosopher may characterize such a course of thought as this as only objective; and, as a matter of fact, much can doubtless be said on the subjective side of the same question. In any case, however, the position is unassailable that "things are not what they seem."—*H. D. C.*, in "*The Dawn*," *Calcutta*.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN THE ROCKIES.

"How tired I feel! Lost too! Not very warm either!" With these exclamations I sank down to rest at the root of a large oak.

Three of us had been hunting for several days among the mountains in Colorado. We had a snug camp in the shelter of a canyon which we had left in the morning, each going his own way, to return at night with the spoils of his day's hunt.

Winter was not far advanced, but it was already very cold in that high altitude; the night before, a heavy snow had fallen, and all day long the north wind had grown steadily colder.

I had tramped since early morning with little luck. The trails of the few animals which ventured forth were soon covered by the drifting snow. Early in the evening I had started to return to our cabin, but soon discovered that I had completely lost my bearings. I had been feeling very cold, but seemed to be perfectly comfortable when I sank down behind the tree to rest, before again trying to reach camp.

A strange drowsy sensation crept over me as I leaned back comfortably and stretched my legs out in the snow. I thought nothing of it, however, until a few minutes later when I tried to put my hand to my face and found it too stiff to move. Then the thought came to me that I might be freezing, but it was a lazy thought, such as comes to a drowsy man in a warm bed telling him it is time to rise.

"Pshaw!" I said, "I'm not very cold if my hand is numb," and opened my heavy eyelids just long enough to dreamily see that the snow-flakes were again sifting silently through the limbs of the barren forest about me.

Then my eyes closed again. Once or twice, a little later, I tried to rise, but failing each time, I sank back, perfectly contented with my resting place.

Soon the world seemed slowly fading away. I could hear thousands of the merriest silver bells ringing away off in the forest. Nearer and nearer they came until they were all around me ringing in the strangest, wildest way. Then I began to rise and without feeling the least surprise glanced downward and saw my body sitting by the tree. I felt perfectly

content and considered the circumstance a matter of course. Then suddenly and without effort I saw my companions two miles away hunting for me—and could hear them talking. Neither did this seem in the least strange; I was conscious of them without any special effort. I watched them—or thought of them rather—until they found my body, and heard one fellow say, “He is frozen.” They rubbed and worked desperately with my body for some time. Then the other said—“It’s too late, I fear, but let’s get him to the camp.” They lifted their burden and started homeward. I seemed to follow, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left but always above and several feet away from the body. When we neared camp, one man took the heavy weight on his shoulder, telling the other to run on and prepare for me. It seemed that I could see one friend at work in the cabin a quarter of a mile away, just as distinctly as I could see the other with my body on his shoulder.

I was placed on the bed. Again I heard one of them say: “He’s dead.” “I hope not,” replied his companion; “maybe we can bring him to.” They piled snow all around me, built up a large fire and continued to rub my hands and face. After a little they forced my mouth open and poured some brandy down my throat. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning, followed by a moment of keen pain; then I knew no more. About three hours later I became conscious of being on a very wet bed, with two scared men still pulling and hauling at me.

The boys cared for me well. In a few days I recovered sufficiently to start for home. I said nothing however of my strange experience. In fact this is the first time I have ever told anyone—for I knew it would be discredited. But it is true; and as vivid in my mind as any other occurrence of my life.

WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

Why should we cling to this perishable body? In the eyes of the wise, the only thing it is good for is to benefit one’s fellow-creatures.
—*Buddha.*

He who now gives in charity
Shall surely reap where he has given;
For whosoever piously bestows a little water,
Shall receive return like the great ocean.

—*Buddha.*

ODORS OF FLOWERS IN THE ORIENT.

M. Eugene Mesnard, of the High School of Science at Rouen, says:

"Light, and not oxygen, is the chief cause of the transformations and destruction of perfumes; but in many cases both of these agents seem to unite their efforts. The action of light makes itself felt in two different manners: on one hand, it acts as a chemical force capable of furnishing energy to all the transformations through which odorous products pass, from their elaboration to their total resinification; on the other hand, it exerts a mechanical action that plays an important part in the general biology of the plants. In fact, this property explains the manner of emission of perfume by flowers.

The intensity of the perfume of a flower depends on the equilibrium that is established at every hour in the day between the pressure of the water in the cells, which tends to expel, outward, the perfumes contained in the plant skin, and the action of light, which opposes this effort. M. Mesnard says, the whole physiology of odoriferous plants depends on this principle. Thus we may also understand why trees, shrubs, fruits and even pods here are sometimes full of odorous products more or less resinified; and why, finally, the general vegetation is thorny and skeletal. For in the Orient there is too much light and too little water."—*The Dawn, Calcutta.*

COUNTING THE ATOMS IN THE MOLECULE.

"There are means of physical investigation known, whereby we may ascertain how many atoms there are in the molecule of a solid substance dissolved in a liquid. This is to find out how much a given quantity of the substance dissolved raises the boiling point of the solvent liquid. This alteration in the boiling point depends on the number of molecules dissolved; and the number of molecules depends, of course, on the number of atoms in the molecule. Orndorff and Terrasse, applying this method, have found that sulphur dissolved in boiling bisulphide of carbon, or benzol, or toluol, has nine atoms in its molecule; while in boiling carbolic acid or naphthalene it has eight. In boiling monochloride of sulphur it has only two."—*Progressive Age.*

PRESERVED SUNSHINE.

Bottle up the sunshine, my dears,
 And lay it safe away,
 Hammer the cork in good and tight,
 Keep for a rainy day.
 For clouds will come and showers fall,
 And earth and sky look sad,
 Then fling the cheery rays about
 And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
 Sweet temper lay away;
 Carry through life a smiling face,
 And let your heart be gay.
 There's sorrow plenty in the world,
 And strife and bitter pain.
 So line the clouds with golden beams
 And sing a glad refrain.

—*Exchange.*

THE ETERNAL.

We cannot properly delineate the eternal world. We may cognize it and be preconscious of it; but we are not able to comprehend it fully. It is above and beyond us, and yet is present with us—like the heaven which transcends, and at the same time contains the earth within it. It is spiritual and divine; but to give its altitude, profoundness and extent is beyond our ken. We may not, however, for such reasons, circumscribe our thought and imagination within the limits of daily observation and experience. To withhold our eyes from the vision of the immutable and everlasting would be a suffocation of our higher nature. Nor would it be innocent or blameless to be willing thus to remain "of the earth earthy" when our nobler selfhood is from heaven.—ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

The man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return him the protection of my ungrudging love: the more the evil that comes from him, the more the good that shall go from me.—*Buddha.*

REVIEWS.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHT. Translated by S. W. Dyde, M.A., D.Sc. London, Geo. Bell & Sons; New York, The Macmillan Co. Cloth, 365 pp., \$1.90 Net.

This work is an exhaustive treatise to be judged and understood from the stand-point of logic. It deals with rights, ethical observances and the State. The author justly remarks, "Philosophy cannot teach the State what it should be, but only how it—the ethical universe—is to be known. . . . To apprehend what is, is the task of philosophy, because what is, is reason."

"The philosophic Science of Right has as its object the idea of right, i.e., the conception of right and the realization of the conception. The conception and its existence are two sides, distinct yet united, like soul and body." "The science of right is a part of philosophy, hence it must develop the idea, which is the reason of an object out of the conception."

"When we speak of right we mean not only civil right, which is the usual significance of the word, but also morality, ethical observance, and world-history. These belong to this realm because the conception taking them in their truth brings them all together."

The author divides his work into three parts—Abstract Right, Morality, and Ethical Observance. In Part I. the First Section touches Property—(a) Possession; (b) Use; (c) Relinquishment.

Then Transition from Property to Contract is explained.

The Second Section treats of Contract.

The Third Section deals with Wrong—(a) Unpremeditated or Civil; (b) Fraud; (c) Violence and Crime, ending with Transition from Right to Morality.

Part II. treats of Purpose and Responsibility, Intention and Well-being. The Good and Conscience, Moral Forms of Evil, Hypocrisy, Probability, Good Intention, Conviction, Irony, followed by Transition from Morality to the Ethical System.

Part III. is planned in three sections, dealing exhaustively with such subjects as, The Family—(a) Marriage, (b) Family Means, (c) Education of Children, The Civic Community, Administration of Justice, Police and The Corporation, The State Constitution, Foreign Policy, etc.

The work is prepared with a Translator's Preface, Author's Preface, and an exhaustive Introduction, treating of the Conception of the Philosophy of Right, Conception of the Will, Freedom, and of Right. It also has an Index of Words, and an Index of Subjects carefully noted, covering thirteen pages. Considered as a whole, it is the most philosophical as well as the most complete and comprehensive work on this subject that we have seen, and it possesses almost inestimable value for the library.

HYPNOTISM AND ITS APPLICATION TO PRACTICAL MEDICINE.

By Otto Georg Wetterstrand, M.D. Authorized Translation from the German by Henrik C. Petersen, M.D. Cloth, 166 pp., \$2.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The nature of the modern physician's work makes it imperative that he should study psychological causes and effects. The aim of this book is to call attention

to the use of hypnotism in the treatment of disease, and the facts speak for themselves.

Five different degrees which Liébeault distinguishes in hypnotic sleep are briefly outlined as follows: The First Degree is characterized by a certain sleepiness and heaviness, the patient remains quiet, hears and comprehends all that is going on.

The Second Degree shows a deeper effect. The patient cannot open his eyes or move a limb. The most characteristic feature is the catalepsy which Bernheim has shown to be of a purely psychic nature.

The Third Degree demonstrates automatic movements of the subject. He cannot stop a commenced rotary movement of the hands unless told to do so.

The Fourth Degree places the hypnotized *en rapport* with the hypnotizer exclusively, whose voice alone he hears, and he remembers nothing except what the hypnotizer has told him.

The Fifth Degree represents the somnambulistic state, and here we distinguish between a superficial and a deeper one. The phenomenon is exclusively of a subjective nature.

The author concludes his work with these words based upon his own experience and that of others: "The hypnotic treatment is in many cases of great and important value. The method is based on a thorough psychic treatment, and its often observed effects are just so many proofs that our thoughts possess a great power over our bodies, when the will, in a certain degree, is limited and inactive. It is difficult for the medical profession of to-day to acknowledge this; as Bernheim says, they believe themselves to be able to explain all the secrets of life by mechanical, physical, and chemical laws, without taking into consideration that the mind also has something to do with the human organism, and that there exists a psycho-therapy as surely as a psycho-biology."

"The history of science contains many pages of obstinate antagonism, but also of final victories, and I will remind the antagonists of hypnotism of the words with which Dumontpallier finished his welcome speech to the First Hypnotic Congress:—'Let us advance and not care for the indifference and scepticism of those who will neither learn, see, nor hear.'"

Many interesting cases are cited.

The work ends with a series of Medical Letters on Hypno-suggestion by the translator.

A TEXT-BOOK IN PSYCHOLOGY. By Johann Friedrich Herbart. Translated from the original German by Margaret K. Smith. Cloth, 12mo, 200 pp., \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This work is the XVIII. volume in the International Education Series. It is an attempt to found the Science of Psychology on Experience, Metaphysics and Mathematics. Herbart's philosophical writings have given a great impulse to scientific study and experiment in education. The author, for a quarter of a century, filled the chair previously occupied by the celebrated Kant at the University of Königsberg. It is also interesting to note that Herbart's successor at Königsberg was Carl Rosenkranz, also eminent in the philosophy of pedagogy.

The Herbartian pedagogics lifts the new education from its first stage to a second step, where it retains all that was valuable in the new education, at the same time uniting with it the permanent good that remained in the old education.

"It is not what we see and hear and feel, but what we inwardly digest or assimilate that really adds to our knowledge."

In this work the author indicates the mathematical application that may be made in psychology.

Three important mathematical formulæ are treated—(1) "Of two concepts no matter how unequal their respective strength, the one can never quite obscure or arrest the other, but of three or more concepts it may happen that one is so weak as to be entirely arrested by the other two." (2) "While the arrested portion of the concept sinks, the sinking portion is at every moment proportional to the part not arrested." The third statement concerns the assistance which one idea gives another to recall it into consciousness. Both the differential and integral equation are given.

The work is profound and scholarly throughout, and the translation is admirably rendered.

BROWNING'S PARACELSUS and other essays. By J. D. Buck. Cloth extra, 16mo, \$1.00. The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.

This little volume contains Browning's Paracelsus, a portrait of Paracelsus, and essays on Genius; The Music of the Spheres; and Idols and Ideals. Progress is the law of life. The Human Mind is reaching out in every direction; is looking inward and questioning the soul; upward and questioning the stars; backward and questioning the ages.

It was even so in the fifteenth century in the time of Paracelsus and Martin Luther. The same problems face us now as then though in somewhat different form. In the last analysis these problems all merge into one, viz., the higher evolution of Man, or the regeneration of the human race.

These pages offer a strong and healthy contrast to the sensational and emotional methods of certain popular authors of the day. The book is handsomely printed and bound.

PLEASURE AND PAIN: An Essay on Practical Occultism. By Mabel Collins, Author of "Light on the Path." Cloth, 16mo, 34 pp., 75 cents. Isis Pub. Co., London.

A handsome volume, delightfully written in much the same vein as *Light on the Path*—a work widely known and admired among Western readers of Occult literature. It aims to show both the uses and abuses of these two emotions which are almost universally misunderstood, as well as to show their limitation and the real ways in which servitude to them may be overcome and avoided.

The philosophical treatment of this difficult subject shows a deep appreciation as well as a clear understanding of the Occult principles of real existence.

The tendency of writers on this and kindred subjects, seems to be to emphasize somewhat the element which it is desirable to avoid in life; this is usually a mistake because quite contrary to the laws of mental action. To describe an action even, for negative purposes is to picture it in mind. The mind naturally holds this picture and in time its operation becomes established in habit and it takes external form in act.

Aside from this tendency to make Pain and kindred conditions a reality of existence and a necessary part of the process of gaining knowledge, even for the Occultist, this work admirably serves its purpose and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

VEGETARIAN ESSAYS. By A. F. Hills. 138 pp. Cloth. The Ideal Publishing Union, Limited, London.

The subject of Vegetarianism is as interesting now as when Plutarch wrote his "Essay on Flesh-Eating." Many of the ancient writers were advocates of a vege-

tarian diet as at once conducive to purity of thought and life. Their arguments went deep down to the wellspring of human welfare and conduct.

This little book, which forms a part of a series of classics to be called a "Vegetarian Jubilee Library," is written with a lofty conception of universal Law—the law of Love, which the author calls "The first principle of Vegetarianism." A valuable lesson is to be learned in these pages, and the effort to place the "science of eating and drinking" upon a more rational foundation, is one that must appeal to the nobler side of human nature.

THE LUTE OF APOLLO, An Essay on Music. By Clifford Harrison. Cloth, gilt top, 172 pp., \$1.25. A. D. Innes & Co., London.

The author of this charming little volume writes with a soulful enthusiasm and a deep thought worthy of the subject.

The student and lover of Music will peruse it with a keen delight; he will find the theme treated with a genuine love and a scientific knowledge, while a broad field including all the phases of life is covered. It is a happy idea of the author which connects "The thought of Music with a title which may associate it with the natural sunshine of the world, and the supreme centre of Life which that sunshine shadows and reveals in its Light."

To quote again, "The song which the Morning Stars sang together, the song of a universe in which our sun is but an invisible and imponderable atom, seems as natural and probable a harmony, as the carol of next year's thrush, or the call of the cuckoo that will greet the spring in the year 2000."

These, and similar exquisite thoughts, gleam like jewels throughout the pages of this most fascinating work, and we cordially recommend it to every lover of Music, Poetry, and Art.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BAB-ED-DIN. The Law of True Religion. By Ibrahim G. Kheiralla, D.D. Paper, 25 cents. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

HOW SHOULD WE BREATHE? A Physiological Study. By G. H. Patchen, M.D. Paper. The Improved Movement Cure Institute, New York.

PERPETUAL HEALTH. By M. J. Clarkson. Paper. The New Thought Pub. Co., Melrose, Mass.

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LEAFLETS, reprinted from the Herald of the Golden Age:

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- LONG LIFE.** Review of an Investigation of the Causes of Old Age and Organic Death, with a Design to their Alleviation and Removal. By C. A. Stephens, M.A., M.D. Vol. II. Cloth, 218 pp. The Laboratory, Norway Lake, Me.
- ETHICS OF LITERATURE.** By John A. Kersey. Cloth, 572 pp. E. L. Goldthwait & Co., Printers, Marion, Ind.
- THE UPANISHADS.** Vol. I. of "The Theosophy of the Vedas," by G. R. S. Mead and J. C. Chattopadhyaya. 137 pp. Paper, 6d. Published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, London, W. C., England.
- DIVINE JUDGMENT, JUSTICE, AND MERCY.** By A. G. Hollister. 48 pp. Paper, 5 cents. Published by the author, Mount Lebanon, N. Y.
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- A RIDE FOR LIFE AT GETTYSBURG.** By R. S. Walter. Paper, 101 pp. King, Schaarmann and Company, publishers, Front Royal, Va.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

- THE DAWN.** A Monthly Magazine. Devoted to Religion, Philosophy, and Science. The April number contains:
- I. Object or Policy.
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 - III. The Sacred Books of the East.
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- MIND.** A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy. Edited by G. F. Stout, with the co-operation of Prof. H. Sidgwick, Prof. W. Wallace, Dr. Venn, Dr. Ward, and Prof. E. B. Titchener. New Series, No. 21, January, 1897. The January number contains:
- I. The Relation of Sociology to Philosophy. B. Bosanquet.
 - II. On the Interpretation of Plato's Parmenides (III.). A. E. Taylor.
 - III. The Religious Instinct. Henry Rutgers Marshall.
 - IV. An Attempt at a Psychology of Instinct. Alice Julia Hamlin.
 - V. Variety of Extent, Degree, and Unity of Self-Consciousness. Sophie Bryant.
 - VI. Discussions.—Ethics from a purely Practical Standpoint. J. H. Muirhead.
 - VII. Critical Notices by Fr. Paulhan, Th. Ribot, Louis Conturat.
- Price, 3s. a number. Williams & Norgate, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

THE PALMIST AND CHIROLOGICAL REVIEW. Edited by K. St. Hill and C. F. Rideal. The April number contains: Data of the Chirological Society; Types of Hands; Methods of taking Impressions and Casts; Charts of Hands; and varied information on the subject of Palmistry. Annual subscription, 6s.; single copies, 7d. Published by Roxburghe Press, Limited, London.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for May contains besides the usual extensive variety of popular material, and a large collection of Illustrations, an exceedingly interesting article on Great Business Operations—The Collection of News, by T. B. Connery, in which the extensive system of operations of the United Associated Presses of New York has been conducted. The Illustrations consist of the principal operating rooms, and portraits of the principal men concerned in its management, beginning with Horace Greeley. Other portraits are those of Charles A. Dana, President; Walter P. Phillips, General Manager; and Mr. Frederic N. Bassett, Eastern Manager; * also the managers of the various offices throughout the country.

The article is exceedingly instructive in its suggestions as regards the enormous business enterprise necessary in the conduct of a large news organization.

MODERN ASTROLOGY for May contains articles on: Horary Astrology; Simple Instruction; The Zodiac Symbolized; A Monthly Calendar; The Theoretical Basis of Astrology, together with Reviews, Answers to Questions, and Letters to the Editor.

It presents the usual amount of interesting reading matter on this subject. It is the official organ of the Astrological Society.

Price one shilling. 1 and 2 Bouverie Street, London.

LUCIFER for April, comes as usual, in the cleanest and brightest of magazine dress. Its pages are clearly printed, on nice paper, being easy to read as well as attractive in appearance. But this is not all: the pages are filled with the most choice, philosophical, and mystic teachings. Among the subjects treated in this number we take occasion to mention: Re-incarnation, by Mrs. Besant. The Sankhya Philosophy, by Keightley. Our Relation to Children, by C. W. Leadbeater. The Phaedo of Plato, by Ward. On Some Remarkable Passages in the New Testament, by Bowring. All admirably written and exceedingly instructive. The book reviews are lucid and comprehensive, and considered in all ways, *Lucifer* is one of the best of the Theosophical publications.

Annual subscription, 17s., 6d.

Theosophical Publishing Society, London; 65 Fifth Ave., New York.

* We take occasion to note here that the services of Mr. Bassett have now been secured as General Manager of the Metaphysical Publishing Company.

INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1897.

No. 2.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

During the long night of the Dark Ages, when to think was crime and to doubt meant death, Christianity was a wild conglomeration of uncivilized dogmas, priestly prerogatives, and marvellous miracles. It was the age of Credulity. The more wild and inconceivable these miracles the better. There was little credit in believing a very ordinary occurrence, but faith, which was a synonym for credulity, was vastly exercised in accepting as facts the most obvious violations of nature's laws.

Thus Tertullian avers: "I declare that the Son of God died; well, that is wholly credible because it is monstrously absurd. I maintain that after being buried he rose again; and that I take to be absolutely true because it is manifestly impossible."

What was alleged to be Christ's tooth was preserved at the monastery of St. Medard. Innumerable clothes of the Virgin Mary, a finger of the Holy Ghost, are a few of the items in an exhaustless catalogue of fetishes to which were attributed superhuman powers. To recount the many marvels wrought by the various heads of John the Baptist, possessed by different abbeys, would consume more time than those ridiculous legends deserve. It seems scarcely conceivable that all these stories were received with unwavering faith by the Christians of the time. Reason had run mad; it was the age of credulity. But Christendom awoke from that wild nightmare illumined by the horrible holocausts of Death, and slowly and gradually has dawned the day of incredulity and doubt.

If the ages of the church triumphant believed too much, there is a tendency in the modern era, the age of the laboratory and the crucible, to believe too little. The scientist with his molecules and gases invaded the sanctum of the Gods and he made a scourge of the truths of scientific verity and drove the dealers in legerdemain and magic out of the temple of truth. Having dethroned the dogmatic spirit of Theology, he has now proceeded to the coronation of an equally dictatorial autocrat who declares with a dogmatism worthy of the mediæval church: "I cannot find your God in my crucible; begone with your wild dreams of a supersensual world. Science alone is King and the five senses are his only emissaries."

Even in the church vague unformed doubts have arisen in the minds of the devout; the self-confident assertions of pedantic scepticism have shaken the very citadel of Faith. The doubting multitude wander to the churches and to the great revival meetings with an eager, yearning interest; much as one awakes from a lovelit dream of home to find the chilly snow wrapping him in the cold embrace of death, and murmurs "Do not wake me—waking would be pain—let me dream again." When the minister and the evangelist shout their loudest the people derive therefrom a certain comfort. Though they would scarce admit it to themselves, they have vague fears that even their ecstatic exhorter shares their doubts, and is like the scared schoolboy who whistles his loudest in the dark to keep up his courage.

Despite his protests, the scientific sceptic dares not dispute his faith in a vast unseen world, that has never been surveyed by mortal eye, that has never been weighed in his balance, nor analyzed in his laboratory. The whole structure of modern science rests upon elusory substances which can neither be felt nor seen. One of the axioms of the most exact science, Mathematics, is, "A line is length without breadth." Did anyone ever see or feel such a strange non-entity? Can anyone conceive of such a thing as length without breadth? And yet with peculiar scientific faith a whole science rests confidently upon the acceptance of that axiom.

One of the fundamental principles of modern investigation is a belief that all matter is composed of minute particles—molecules or

atoms—and upon this belief many theories of physical science rest. Lord Kelvin informs us that each of the ultimate atoms is at most a fifty-millionth part of an inch in diameter. With our most delicate apparatus at present we can perceive lines ruled on glass which are a ninety-thousandth part of an inch apart. We are a long way from seeing or feeling an atom.

Sir John Lubbock says: "Sound is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear; when they are few the sound is deep, as they increase it becomes shriller; but when these vibrations are less than fifteen (15) or more than forty thousand (40,000) in a second we cannot hear them. Light is the effect produced when waves of light strike the eye; when four hundred millions of millions strike the retina in a second they produce red, and as the number increases the color passes into orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. But between forty thousand vibrations in a second and four hundred millions of millions we have no organ of sense capable of recognizing the impression. Animals have complex organs of sense richly supplied with nerves which we cannot explain; they, probably, with more sensitive ears, hear delicate music inaudible to us; they see colors as different as red from green of which we have no conception; they may perceive almost endless sensations impossible to us."

Rays of light could not reach us from the sun unless there were something to vibrate. "Ether," says the scientist; but no one has either seen or felt Ether. The whole structure of Science is founded upon Faith in an unseen though real world.

Pascal remarked, that "all we see of the world is an imperceptible scratch in the vast range of nature." It becomes science to be humble in its declarations about the limits of the possible—as religion, perforce, has learned to be.

"Where is your Omnipresent Eternal God?" sneers the sceptic, "Who hath heard the music of your invisible angelic choirs? Who hath ever photographed your much-vaunted soul?"

Yet that same interrogator unblushingly believes that all material things are finally reducible to something which he calls Energy—*unseen, impalpable, omnipresent* energy. He tells us we are sur-

rounded by triumphal orchestras and invisible choirs of nature; that we are in intimate contact with inconceivable panoramas of color; things which neither he nor any other mortal has ever seen or heard.

Not only is the scientist a believer in the Unseen world but, moreover, "molecules change and pass away, energy alone lasteth for aye."—"The things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal."

Should we begrudge science our belief in the miraculous, if it opens up such stupendous mysteries of God's Universe to our view; if it seeks to gain our faith in unexplored worlds and undreamed of beauties lying around us like a cloud?

How near the choirs invisible may be, how close we may be to the Beauty of the Lord, and yet neither see nor hear, Science is busy demonstrating to us. Says Sir Edwin Arnold: "A turn, a change as slight as when the light pebble lying on the thin ice feels it melt and falls to the bottom, may be all that is necessary to lift the curtain of another and utterly transformed universe which is yet really not another, but this same which we see imperfectly with present eyes and think of timidly with present thoughts."

When Science has done its little all it has scarce touched the fringe of the Great Mystery of Existence, and it has taught us unbounded faith in the unfelt and the unseen. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Some of our sceptical friends seem to be possessed of an alarming modicum of the aforementioned dangerous thing. They are so fond of quoting Huxley we sometimes wonder if they know that it was he who said: "When the materialists stray beyond the borders of their path and begin to talk about there being nothing in the universe but matter and force and necessary laws, I decline to follow them. Matter and force are, so far as we know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness. Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world and our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body."

Do our doubting sceptics ever consider that it was their pet philosopher, John Stuart Mill, who affirmed: "Feeling and thought are much more real than anything else; they are the only things

which we directly know to be real " ? Yet again, he declares: " Experience furnishes us with no example of any series of states of consciousness without a material brain, but it is as easy to imagine such a series of states without, as with, this accompaniment. And we know of no reason in the nature of things against such a possibility. We may suppose that the same thoughts, volitions, emotions, and even sensations which we have here may persist or recommence under other conditions."

Let the disciple of the tangible, " drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," and he will learn that the dictum of even his favorite authors and scientists is concisely stated in the words of Mr. Tyndall: " Thus having exhausted science and reached its very rim the real mystery of existence still looms around us." Even the Sauls of Science are also among the prophets. Man's ineffable longings, his soul-stirring aspirations, his divine visions, those things unseen yet eternal even sordid science is teaching us are of inestimably more importance than his gases, his telegraphs, and his vaunted material triumphs.

Defend thy castle of faith, O faltering Christian! The very cohorts of scepticism are filling thy magazines with irresistible powder and placing in thy hands the weapons of victory. In every blade of grass, in every grain of sand, there are unseen potentialities that whisper of God; but only the trained spiritual ear can hear the murmurings of the message from that world which wraps us around.

Now and again we touch the psychic chords which communicate with the Infinite. Once in a while, when our ears are peculiarly sensitive, when our spiritual perceptions are especially keen, we can catch the refrain of those Invisible choirs resounding through the sanctuaries of our souls. Time and again we decipher through the mist, the flutter of those white wings of ecstatic dreams that waft the dreamer's soul to God.

Who hath heard the music to which Lubbock refers? Who hath seen the divine pictures spread before the keener eyes of our animal friends? Who hath not stood by the death-bed of a loved one and seen the quiver of emotion as the spiritual faculties awoke, the spiritual ears were opened,—as they listened in rapture to the music of

the spheres and gazed with clear vision upon the Beauty of the Divine, shrouded from mortal observation?

The portcullis of the Borderland has been raised and a flood of celestial light has beamed upon those rapturous dying eyes, and with a whispered "Beautiful" upon their lips, they slipped away to the realm of those unseen things which are eternal.

Vexed mortal stay thy tears, and learn 'twas God who

" Fired that deathless altar coal,
The yearnings of the human soul."

ANDREW W. CROSS.

OURSELVES, CRITICALLY CONSIDERED.

During the winter of 1804-5 Fichte lectured in Berlin on "The Characteristics of the Present Age." He described "the great whole of life" as "spread out into ages, sometimes crossing, sometimes running parallel"; and these ages he marked out for convenience in discussion under five heads:

- 1st. The Epoch of the unlimited dominion of Reason as Instinct.
- 2d. The Epoch in which Reason as Instinct is changed into an external ruling authority; the Age of positive Systems.
- 3d. The Epoch of Liberation—*directly* from the External ruling Authority, *indirectly* from the power of Reason as Instinct, and *generally* from Reason in any form.
- 4th. The Epoch of Reason as Science; that is, of Reason disciplined and enlightened.
- 5th. The Epoch of Reason as Art; that is, I suppose, of Reason disciplined and enlightened, and become the absolute ruler of Conduct.

We belong, he says, to the third age; the Epoch of Liberation. We are being emancipated from the authority of positive manufactured systems; we are coming under the authority of disciplined and enlightened reason.

The great difference in principle between the present age and that which is to follow is, according to Fichte, that the present—the

age of liberation—is one of freedom feeling its way, so to speak; its meaning and possibilities as yet imperfectly disclosed; an age for which, as he said, “there is nothing except what it comprehends”; whereas, the coming age—the age of disciplined and enlightened reason—will perceive clearly what is now dimly foreshadowed, and will fulfil itself in “striving always to comprehend what *is*.”

In this Age of Liberation we are entering upon the possession of new intellectual riches. “Riches,” says Bishop Wilson, “are almost always abused without a very extraordinary grace;” and of intellectual riches this is, I suppose, as true as it is of any other kind. Sometimes, doubtless, we bear well the glory of our wealth; more frequently we do not. Sometimes we go with due humility to what *is* that we may learn of it, but often it seems that there is for us only what we comprehend; and, like Mr. Saunders in the “New Republic,” we sum up all things under a pocket formula. “In their last analysis,” says Mr. Saunders, “a pig and a martyr, a prayer and a beefsteak, are just the same—atoms and atomic movement.” That is his pocket formula. It may, perhaps, be useful to discuss him and it more fully.

Mr. Saunders bears his intellectual wealth badly indeed. Like ill-gotten fairy gold it turns in his unworthy hands to slate and dead leaves. The pig-and-martyr statement is expressive of his way of seeing things; a last analysis is for his mind an ultimate explanation. He is a representative of modern Jacobinism and provincialism—the morbid product of a somewhat anarchical Interregnum between two ages of authority. He degrades the past, he magnifies the present; he seems almost wanting in the sense of continuity or of proportion. It is a comfort to know that the members of the class to which he belongs are no sooner conspicuous than out of date, because “in their last analysis,” as he would say, they are inflexible bigots.

Human nature does not change, it only finds new ways of expressing itself; and Mr. Saunders, who knows little of the past besides its physics, who says it is only in the present century that the world has acquired the power of passing a reasonable judgment, who has a faith in social and political machinery which might be touching

if it were less militant—Mr. Saunders, who expounds the universe in a course of lectures, is the old narrow-minded bigot, and is an anachronism almost as soon as his world has had time to discover his talent. Things and men refuse to submit their secrets to a mind like his; pigs and martyrs cannot be successfully dealt with on the same principle; and neither a prayer nor a beefsteak is *explained* when some of its phenomena are described in terms of atoms and atomic movement. The man's powers and opportunities may be great, but his method, admirable as it is, fruitful as it should be, is badly applied, and his attitude makes it impossible for him to see things as they are. He does not apply his method—the scientific method—widely enough, nor does he know the limits of its applicability in depth. He ignores inconvenient facts—picks his cases, as we say—and he never seems to find out that in the nature of things a method which has for its sole legitimate aim and result a *description* of changes, cannot, however accurate and valuable that description may be, in any way supply an *explanation* of those changes. He treats every description as a final explanation; and he brings his method (of which, we should remember, no praise can be too high) into unmerited discredit. That he pays himself with words and comes at last to confusion is not to be regretted, but the way in which he disgraces the name of science is a matter for sorrow and indignation. The mental attitude of the man is wrong; his intellectual conscience is callous, he is wanting in intellectual humility and sincerity, and he has not the right faith in reason. It is lack of sincerity and faith in reason which leads him to ignore some of the facts—to pick his cases; it is his lack of humility which makes him so ugly in his fierce irreverence, so ridiculously dogmatic, so Philistine and provincial.

You may say that Mr. Saunders is a caricature; that is true, but only in so far as his salient deformities are exaggerated. The makings of that man may be seen any day: he writes popular works on Science, and popular articles in the Review,—he is a Lecturer, a Teacher, or a Student; sometimes indeed he is a woman. Anyway, we may consider him for our good if he only makes us bear in mind that in our Epoch of Liberation and with our new riches, we need intellectual sincerity and faith in reason, intellectual humility and

reverence, and a sensitive intellectual conscience, and that two of the dangers which for some of us are greatest, are, the danger of passing over inconvenient facts, and the danger of thinking that a description is the same thing as an explanation or can ever supply its place. If we make last analyses let us keep clear of false abstractions; let us take the *whole* pig and the *whole* martyr, not bits of them; and when we have described them let us keep clear of the dangerous delusion that we have *explained* them and that they have no deeper significance.

But our wealth brings other dangers and may call for other precautions than these. At times it seems too heavy for us to bear, and then we need courage—sometimes to take it and keep it, sometimes to leave it, or part of it, untouched, often to do anything with it when we have it. There is a sterility of talent, even of mediocrity, as well as a sterility of genius; there is bewilderment by overmuch knowledge as well as dissipation in overmuch thought; there is a self-conscious dread of criticism by others as well as an excess in criticism by ourselves. We may need to gain much in courage and simplicity if we are not to bury our talents instead of putting them out at interest; we may need to put on one side our fear of making mistakes, or rather of other people knowing we make them, as well as our own fastidious looking for perfection.

Then again our knowledge may be hardly ours at all; it may be stuck loosely about us like the pebbles and sticks on a caddis instead of being built up into an organized structure. In that state—the caddis state—we are able to maintain, with a sense of duty fulfilled, two mutually destructive propositions, and to believe or disbelieve (which is the same thing) any absurdity from force of habit.

Our friends say our minds are built in 'water-tight compartments; we regard ourselves as the sober element in a giddy world; we think ourselves consistent because we never grow; stable because our opinions never change; steadfast because no new knowledge makes any difference to the conclusions we draw out of the old, no new facts compel us to re-arrange those we had before. Results much the same may come of our being, not chaotic, but crystallized; we may present a rigid, impenetrable front to new knowledge—a re-

pellent surface and an inflexible form. In either case we miss the great end of our intellectual life—the drawing nearer to seeing things as they are, toward a knowledge of the universal order, that we may enter into right relation with it, and fruitfully endeavor (as Matthew Arnold says) “to make it prevail.”

At the bottom of many of our mistakes of another kind, and most of what we are pleased to call our successes, lies the fact that, to quote Matthew Arnold again, “Energy is our strong point rather than intelligence.” We English people would rather do than think, and as long as we can do we are inclined to look upon what we may think as unimportant. We like to see results, and to see them quickly; we distrust ideas because their connection with results is seldom seen easily and is by many of us never seen at all. And so we mistake means for ends on a scale the mere bigness of which helps to hide from us our errors. “Ever remember, my dear Dan, that you should look forward to being some day manager of that concern,” said Mrs. Gooch to Sir Daniel when her motherly solicitude impelled her to set before him the true end of his being. Ever let us remember, we say to ourselves, that success means an income of so many figures, or a name in Art, or Science, or Politics, or something equally incidental; and that freedom means the power of saying what we like and doing what we like; and that happiness means getting all possible pleasure out of life and having the good word of everybody who in our eyes is *anybody*; and that all these—success and freedom and happiness—are worthy ends for us to seek, and seek in such ways, spending ourselves without stopping to consider whether right ideas underlie our practice, or whether practice is likely to be right if it is based on wrong ideas, or on none at all worth speaking of. And when anyone tells us that we must “die to live,” or that “to obey is liberty,” and to renounce self is to realize it, or any other of those deep and simple truths which are paradoxical only because we make them so, we think him out of place in a world where the race is so plainly to the swift and the battle to the strong—so far has our practice led us from the power even to grasp the meaning of the ideas which should have underlain it.

But we may as well beat rocks with our naked hands as set our-

selves against these things: though the whole course of our life is a protest to the contrary it remains true that we must die to live; that to obey is liberty, and that if we do not renounce self we never realize it; and in the long run it is what remains true that wins. We have too low an opinion of ourselves—that is one of our mistakes—we do not know what splendid creatures we are; and we never shall know until we have learnt that a thing can be understood only in the light of what it may be and should be, not in the light of what it seems to be. It is the future that interprets, not the present; the possible, not the actual. If we felt this we should treat ourselves with more reverence; we should not dare to set up means as ends; and we should look at things about us with a sort of awe, because through them we may realize ourselves—through them we may *come to be*.

The Age of Liberation is an age of irreverence,—an age when man thinks at once too little and too much of himself. The immediate swallows him up, and because he interprets himself through it his opinion of himself is both a source of self-conceit, and a cause of self-neglect and degradation. Paradox again, you may say,—but think of what a Man *is* in the ideal, and then think of him looking forward to realizing himself as “manager of that concern.” Think too of the self-conceit and the degradation which must come to him when he has attained complete success, when the end of his being is thus fulfilled.

And in the light of this idea, look at another of our mistakes, another and yet the same: the mistake of excessive specializing; of a concentration of energy destructive of intellectual wholeness; a limitation of purpose fatal to harmonious growth. Therein lies a great danger of bringing on atrophy of our neglected powers; the danger that when that leisure time comes which we have perhaps promised to ourselves and set apart for what we are now neglecting, we shall find no powers to use, no tastes to gratify, no emotions to be aroused. Nature will not be trifled with; if we cut ourselves off from the influences with which she surrounds us, if we shut ourselves up from human sympathy and intercourse, from Art and Letters and the joys of Imagination, Nature will be avenged. We have defied her; she will trample upon us. We have chosen to act as if we were machines

and not men; machines made to grind out a certain product (whether that product be valuable or worthless to the world and to us is, so far as our neglected powers are concerned, of no consequence to Nature); and we may go on grinding, for Nature has seen to it that we are fit for nothing else. Whether it be Darwin, giving to the world what the world wonders it could ever have done without, or you or I, diligently failing to get sunbeams out of cucumbers, it is all the same; if we do not or will not develop harmoniously in obedience to the laws of our being, there comes a time when we cannot; if we *will* grow out in one direction we may become monstrosities—useful or not as the case may be, but always monstrosities—not beautiful, strong, free, intelligent, human creatures. And just as Nature refuses, in respect of that which we leave unemployed, to take into consideration the value of the product we grind out, so she declines to be diverted from her course by any feeling for the quality of motive or the kind of aim which actuates us. We may have a low aim or a high one, a good motive or a bad one, but if we distrust reason, reason forsakes us; if we shut our eyes to facts we become the prey of fancies; if we fear the sight of truth we never find it. Just as surely as fire burns and water drowns alike the hero and the criminal, and pestilence kills the sinner and the saint, the time comes for the disobedient man with the high aim and the good motive, as for the disobedient man with the low aim and the bad motive; when facts lose their meaning and reason its power, and when in place of truth there stands a deluding idol.

To draw nearer to seeing things as they are, to know more of the universal order, and then to enter into right relation with it, this alone is to use well and faithfully the intellectual riches we have gained; and if we are to fulfil this duty we must have more than good intentions—we must have faith in reason, we must be intellectually humble and sincere, we must have courage and we must *earn* our freedom through obedience, and not make the vain effort to seize it by force. There are many things against us, both within and without, and it is hard not to give way. "Riches are almost always abused without a very extraordinary grace;" and indeed an extraordinary grace that must be which in the midst of our dangers and in

spite of our weaknesses, keeps us through our Age of Liberation brave and faithful, humble and sincere, sensitive and reverent in our intellectual life. It is surely no wonder that at one time or another in the life of almost every one of us there should be some abuse of our wealth. Perhaps we turn cowardly and dare not use it; we fall into that disastrous infidelity, a distrust of reason; our heads are turned and we mistake description for explanation and means for ends; we become possessed with prejudice and foregone conclusions and reject facts which do not square with them; we delude ourselves into carelessness or hardness of intellectual conscience; we try to force from the Universe its lessons and its secrets without yielding obedience to its laws, and without paying reverence to ourselves and that through which we may realize ourselves.

It is so easy—that we should do it is no wonder; but that we recover from what comes of such mistakes and that there are among us some few who never make them—there surely is the wonder, and there is “the extraordinary grace.”

DR. DOWSON,*

(London, England).

THE RATIONALE OF ASTROLOGY.

No science has been so misunderstood, or more persistently maligned, than that which deals with the magnetic and psychic phases of planetary law. So sublime in its concepts that the trivial mind cannot appreciate the concinnity of its beauties, nor comprehend the intrinsic value of its fundamental truths, it has reaped the arrogant prejudice of class and sect through ages of stolid materialism. But man as a self-conceited animal has ever been prone to denounce that which did not appeal promptly to his restricted senses. Copernicus was characterized as an “upstart astrologer,” while Galileo not only incurred ridicule, but suffered martyrdom as well, for daring to entertain opinions not in strict consonance with the accepted notions and the narrow bigotry of his time.

That the practice of Astrology should at one time have degen-

* Dr. Dowson is one of England's leading woman physicians.

erated to so unreliable a state, was far from being the fault of the science itself. When one considers the fact that in the Middle Ages the instruments for astronomical observation were so imperfectly constructed, and astral mathematics had consequently sunken to so faulty a standard that a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn could not be calculated within a week of the correct time, is it any wonder that Astrology, depending upon the correctness of these computations, should occasionally have erred? The astrolabes and the clepsydras of the ancients gave more accurate results than did the instruments of these self-same contemnners who so industriously derided the claims of this mother science. Perhaps they had done better to heed the aphorism of Cardan, for that philosopher wrote: "He that goes about to destroy Art is far worse than he that is unskilled in it, for his mind is full of malice and idleness as well as ignorance." To the persistent rejection of that which cannot be easily understood or assimilated, is due the unsolved problems of the Universe. One should not forget that in the Divine Economy every atom fulfils an allotted function; that there is no purposeless gearing in the mechanism of nature, no partiality evinced in the outworking of its principles. Whilst George III., the beneficiary of a nation's highest hereditament, degenerated into imbecility, Thomas Paine, a child of the masses, attained to a mental apex to which the bigoted many could not aspire. No inhibitive power other than that from whence it came, could have retarded or assisted either of these ultimations, which to the student of Astrology lay plainly revealed in their respective nativities. There may be an apparent inequality manifested here. But one need only remember that arbitrary principles cannot obtain in natural law; and to postulate truth and reality to the primordial economy, is to acknowledge the sovereignty of universal justice.

Astrology claims to furnish the solution to these problems of the soul, for the adept in astral physics confidently asserts that the ego, in its incarnation into matter, can only be attracted by those influences in the *primum mobile* which are operating in correspondence with its spiritual requirements. Hence, the chart at birth is not only an index of that soul's advancement, but the aspects or configurations which are subsequently formed by the progression of the planets

from their radical places will indicate also its *possibilities* of unfoldment. This in no measure implies fatalism or predestination, as the unthinking have so inconsistently maintained. In their ignorance of the power of spirit, they fail to recognize the fact that the human will is limitless in its potentiality when intelligently directed. Paracelsus says:

"Man's soul is made up of the same elements as the stars; but as the wisdom of the Supreme guides the motions of the stars, so the reason of man rules the influences which rotate and circulate in his soul. . . . The essences in man's sidereal body are intimately related to the essences of the stars; *but man is the master of his own soul, and he can permit those attractions to take place in an irregular manner, or he may control his passions and repulse influences not desired.*"

Thus, man, by a foreknowledge and clear understanding of the astral forces which surround him, can so create an environment that he may to a great extent successfully cope with adverse planetary conditions; while to drift blindly with the tide he will, by a natural attraction, gravitate to the conditions which the celestial arbiters provide for him. As Ptolemy in his *Centiloquy* puts it: "A skilful person, acquainted with the nature of the stars, is enabled to avert many of their effects, and to prepare himself for those effects when they arise."

Diodorus says: "The Chaldeans in Babylon, being colonies of the Egyptians, became famous for astrology, having learned it from the priests of Egypt." Josephus, the Jewish historian, is authority for the statement that the approach of the deluge was foreshadowed by Seth from the stellar aspects, and that in order to preserve the elements of the science for the use of future ages, he caused astrological characters to be engraved on pillars of stone. Josephus supports his statement by the assertion that he himself had examined these antediluvian relics in Syria. Newton, in his *Chronology*, maintains that "Astrology was invented in Egypt by Nichepsos, one of the Kings of Lower Egypt, and Petosiris his priest, a little before the days of Sabacon (747 B.C.), and propagated thence into Chaldea, where Zoroaster, the legislator of the Magi, met with it." Its origin, however, is lost in the mazes of a remoter antiquity; and it is safe to assume that a science which deals with the metaphysical principles of creation, based upon a primal law which operates so strangely, yet

so accurately, in accordance with those principles, must of necessity owe its inception to the original thinking processes of the primitive mind. The soul in man has ever looked upward, seeking the revelations of a higher destiny; and what more natural than that its vision, with an unknown quantity for a starting point, should centre upon the general outworking of Nature itself, with its correspondential truths as a basis on which to rest the fabric of its faith? The Sabæistic doctrine of the Chaldeans and Persians afforded the clearest exposition of these divine principles; and to the astronomical priesthood of these remote peoples is due the invention of those sublime allegories from which arose the superstructure of every theological system.

The symbology used in the interpretation of these sacred mysteries, is highly ideographic, and the symbols carry a meaning of pure metaphysical import. The Cross (+) and the Crucified are symbols which come down to us from prehistoric ages, and are found depicted on the ruined monuments and sarcophagi of all nations—Coptic, Ethiopian, Hindu, Mexican, Tartarian, etc. In esoteric astrology it is indicative of Matter, or the Body. The Circle (○), from which all the planetary symbols have their origin, denotes Perfection, or Spirit; whilst the Crescent (☾) is emblematical of Perception, or the Soul. Different combinations of these hieroglyphics are used to represent the deific principles of that divine cosmology of which as individuals we are such infinitesimal parts. The composite or variable character of Mercury, for instance, is aptly designated thus (☿). In all Hermetic writings Mercury is significant of intellect—the restless reaching out for the unattainable. It represents the unfoldment of the Soul's aspirations, as indicated symbolically in the subordination of the material influence, or gross matter, to that of Spirit, or intelligence, with Perception, symbolized by the crescent, as its directing power. Again, in the symbol for Venus (♀)—in mythology the goddess of Love—we find significance of the higher forces dominant over the lower. It was through the process of inversion that a descent into matter (+) was effected; herein we find represented the crucifixion of the soul, illustrated in the Mars symbol (♂), the material surmounting the spiritual. This is a problem which for 1900 years has blinded the sectarian mind to the ex-

clusion of that god-like perceptive faculty which belongs to it by inherent right.

But through the gradual recovery of a knowledge of metaphysical law, a change of order is now taking place, and the base metal of materialism is by degrees being transformed into the pure gold of our inner natures. Thus, it will be perceived that Astrology does not deal with arbitrary principles, but that there is a deep spiritual meaning underlying all its precepts; and that instead of being solely a media to be juggled with by the charlatan and the fortune-teller, it is the alchemical basis of all that is true and exact in Nature's grand laboratory,—the fundamental stepping-stone which leads from out the labyrinth of an intangible materialism into the stellar light of the Real, which shines across the portals of the Inner Temple.

Candid investigation is to-day clearing away the *débris* inherited through the vandalism of the Alexandrian Library, and Intelligence, phoenix-like, is once again lifting her dignified head high above the ashes. A contemplation of that monstrous crime, committed through motives of ecclesiastical aggrandizement, makes it easily understood why sacred history, so-called, is rapidly becoming too profane to be assimilated by philosophical minds. In Grecian mythology Pallas is represented as the goddess of wisdom, while her place in astronomy is given to one of the asteroids which revolve between the orbits of Jupiter and Mars. Was it purely coincidence that this astrological symbol of wisdom should have been besieged between Jupiter, the Church, and Mars, the destructive principle?

It is as a predictive science that Astrology has been the most rigorously anathematized. To pull aside the Shekinah of the All-Powerful has been regarded by the theological mind as a liberty bordering dangerously upon sacrilege. The dogmatist in his turn punctuates his opinion by simply denying the possibility of prevision. The inductive principles of true logic are unknown processes to his mind, whilst the power of intuition, which under guidance of the spiritual faculty becomes prescience, in no way appeals to his mentality as a factor in divination.

But negation, though perhaps a convenient method of dispensing with troublesome problems, seldom accords with the instincts

of the individual whose guiding principle in life is the interrogation point.

In an article on "Astrology and Alchemy" in an old number of the *Quarterly Review*, we find the following *apropos* of this part of the subject: "All events are but the consummation of preceding causes, clearly felt, but not distinctly apprehended. When the strain is sounded, the most untutored listener can tell that it will end with the key-note, though he cannot explain why each successive bar must at last lead to the concluding chord." Though it be not within the scope of this paper to attempt an explication of those principles which constitute the *upahdi* or material basis of this sacred science, there are none who have directed their attention to a study of the magnetic susceptibles of the human organism, together with the relationship existing between the operations of the planets and their observed correspondence with human destiny, but have been forced to acknowledge its verity. Dr. Mead, in his "Influence of the Sun and Moon upon Human Bodies," has said: "The fact of these allegations might be so easily ascertained, that it is surprising they should still be pronounced incredible, and denied rather than contradicted," while the great Kepler asserts: "A most unfailing experience of the excitement of sublunary natures by conjunctions and aspects of the planets, has instructed and compelled my unwilling belief."

The facility of the astrologer in traversing the mystic highway from the domain of transcendent cause to the world of seeming effect, has been logically as well as cumulatively demonstrated in the world's passing history. The numerous examples of vaticination cited to the credit of the Egyptian priests, the Persian Magi, the Arabian seers, and the later practitioners of the art, would seem sufficient to establish credence, if not awaken interest, in its claims. In the reign of Darius, King of the Persians, 520 B.C., there flourished a celebrated astrologer named Gjamasp, being the sixth of "ten doctors of such consummate wisdom as the whole world could not boast the like," who promulgated a treatise called *Judicia Gjamaspis*, containing a judgment on the planetary conjunctions. He gave many curious predictions therein, including the coming of the Messiah. Albu-mazar, a professor of judicial astrology at Bagdad, made a similar

prediction, viz.: "In the sphere of Persia, saith Aben Ezra, there ariseth upon the face of the sign Virgo a beautiful maiden, she holding two ears of corn in her hand, and a child in her arm; she feedeth him and giveth him suck. This maiden we call Adrenedefa, the pure Virgin. She bringeth up a child in a place which is called Abrie (the Hebrew land), and the child's name is called Eisi (Jesus)." This prophecy regarding the biblical Jesus is also referred to in St. Matthew, Chap. II.: "They came from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." In fact, the pages of the Holy Bible teem with references to the usage and utility of the science. This ecumenical authority is not usually considered from an astrological stand-point; therefore, it may be of interest to know that its very title is suggestive of a meaning, the key to which might furnish a solution to much that is now a source of doubtful interpretation. The word "holy" on the authority of the Rev. Robert Taylor,—acknowledged one of the best linguists of his day,—is derived from the Greek *Helios*, the god who drove the chariot of the sun. He also traces its etymology to the Hebrew *el*, the sun, which, with the aspirate prefixed, gives "hel," the root of *helios*—from which he defines its title as "Sun Book," a very rational interpretation when the similarity of its allegories to those of the Sabeian or Sun religion is duly considered.

This same Book affirms that Daniel, Shadrach, Mesech, and Abednego, were taught Astrology, and became expert in it, for Daniel, Chap. i., ver. 2, declares that these astrologers were "skilled in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understood sciences, and had ability in them." Again, that "Jacob had read in the tables of Heaven what should befall his children and their posterity;" while 1st Chron. xii., 32, speaks thus: "And the sons of Issachar, who had understanding to know the times . . . and were skilled in the changes of the moon, and in fixing the lunar solemnities to the proper times; skilled also in the doctrine of the solar periods (revolutions?); astrologers in the *signs* and *stars*, that they might show Israel what to do."

These Biblical references to the science are but few of a vast

number which could be quoted for the edification of those who are dependent upon scriptural license for the formation as well as indulgence of their opinions. Ashmand, in the Preface to his translation of the *Tetrabiblos*, aptly observes: "Among a thousand persons who now treat the mention of Astrology with supercilious ridicule, there is scarcely one who knows distinctly what it is he laughs at, or on what plea his ancestors should stand excused for having, in their day, contemplated with respect the unfortunate object of modern derision." Indeed, when one considers the profound scholasticism which individualized these delvers in the storehouse of celestial knowledge, their marked attainments in all branches of philosophy and science, the wisdom and morality of their teachings, one must be impressed with, if not convinced of the truth of, a doctrine which could have enlisted the scrutiny and respect of such giant intellects; for we find amongst them such names as Aristotle, Proclus, Hippocrates, Placidus, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Cardan, Tycho Brahe, Roger Bacon, Francis Bacon, Newton, Kepler, and numerous others of like capacity, who not only avowed their advocacy of its tenets, but justified their belief by learned contributions to its bibliography.

Only through patient and candid study and investigation of the science of Astrology can one hope in any appreciable measure to apprehend the divine significance of those eternal truths of which it is the interpreter. Through a knowledge of its arcana one not only becomes more cognizant of the grand creative scheme, but an intelligent factor as well in its general outworking. He who decries it, or refuses to heed its knock, admits himself incapable of resistance against the buffetings of a capricious destiny. The starveling who scorns the proffered morsel is less to be pitied than he who turns a deaf ear to the voices of the stars, for their music will be to him as a lost chord whose vibrations cannot penetrate to the centres of his being and enlighten his soul, nor elucidate the problem of his life.

The heavens are calling you and wheel around you,
 Displaying to you their eternal beauties ;
 And still your eye is looking on the ground,
 Whence He, who all discerns, chastises you."

—Dante's "*Purgatorio*."

JOHN HAZELRIGG

CONSCIOUSNESS, CONSCIENCE, AND "BEING."

On many important subjects the expressions of language are not identical or even uniform. The use of the terms consciousness and conscience are good illustrations. The term conscience is frequently neglected and the sense that language intends to convey by it is too often included in the term consciousness, which term is given too wide a scope. I do not mean to bring the reader under "the tyranny of words"; indeed, we have had too much of that, but I want to assert the two actual sides of our personal life, and to demand for them a recognition they do not receive among modern thinkers. If the speaker is not aware of this actual dualism or wilfully disregards it, there can be no clear thought or expression. No Monism has any value if it does not recognize a metaphysical opposite. There is nothing to hinder us from agreeing to use either term—consciousness or conscience, for the whole of man's intellectual and moral life, but if we so agree, we must remember that we give the word, thus chosen, a meaning, which ordinary language does not give it.

Correctly the word consciousness means knowledge of one thing in connection or relation with another; viz., if we translate the word *conscientia* to mean "joint knowledge." The term implies simply that the mind has a knowledge of itself and of the facts of its own experience. Consciousness is the product of two factors, I and Something. How the two factors are to be reduced to one is another question and another problem. The two factors are called either person and thing, spirit and matter, subject and object, self and not-self, *ego* and *non-ego*, according to the character of the various philosophies using the terms. By *un-consciousness* we mean the suspension of all our faculties, and this proves that by consciousness we mean that state in which all our faculties are alive, awake, and active.

The character of consciousness comes out at once and very clearly when we learn, as Sir William Hamilton remarked, that "the Greek had no word for consciousness" and that "Tertullian is the only

ancient who uses the word *conscientia* in a psychological sense, corresponding with our *consciousness*." The Greek, like the Oriental, did not set himself up *against a something* as if there were a something of real value outside him. He was *one with* that which we, nowadays, call the *not-I*. Being one with it, no contrasts arose, hence no distinctions—hence no consciousness—for the character of consciousness is distinction, the illusion of differences. Consciousness means dualism.

We cannot speak about consciousness, if we by it understand the mind's recognition of its own conditions, without coming upon the question of idealism. Idealism maintains that the cognitions of consciousness are absolute and infallible and that nothing but these is Knowledge. All thinkers do not agree with Idealism in this; some declare that our knowledge, if dependent entirely upon consciousness, is only "the mirage of our divine Ego." If nothing, they say, but the Ego with its activity has true substantiality, then the entire external world is show and illusion, an empty unsubstantial play of images. The materialists, also, dispute the reliability of consciousness. Maudsley, for instance, refers to the madman's delusions as "sufficient to excite profound distrust, not only in the objective truth, but in the subjective worth, of the testimony of an individual's self-consciousness." *

The only safe use of the word consciousness is to employ it as a term for immediate knowledge, by which we express our relationship to Being, yet not defining it as a faculty. In consciousness or in "joint knowledge" we realize the Presence, Being.

It has been customary to use the term conscience for a realization of the moral law, and that is a good way to employ the term. We ought, however, not to call conscience a faculty. It is rather a state, a condition. We may with Kant call it "man's *practical reason* which does, in all circumstances, hold before him his law of duty, in order to absolve or to condemn him," but we must not make a personal god of this practical reason. We may look upon it as a reflex of our unity with Being, our personal realization of the Presence in us of It. In consciousness there is a voluntary element, but in con-

* Maudsley: *Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*. 3d ed., page 18.

science it is involuntary. Conscience is "the candle of the Lord," the illumination within, which lights every man that comes into the world. As I know myself in conscience, so I am. If our consciousness be permeated with conscience, we stand in truth; and, if our conscience be developed in the light of the eternal ideas as they appear in consciousness, we stand in the fulness of humanity. Consciousness and conscience then are two forms of Being, as manifested in man.

We can and we do ascribe consciousness to nature, but we do not ascribe conscience to her. The mystics use this term for states of existence higher or deeper than those of nature at large. They call it *synderesis* or the point of Union with God and that state is the climax of all "creaturely existence." There is much more than he knew in Addison's remark, that "a good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body." Conscience is divine or universal health, it is our presence in Being and Being's Presence in us, not a "still small voice within," but the Great Word, the divine Constitution re-echoing, speaking with a "thousand several tongues." Conscience means the Incarnate God; the self-embodiment of Being in a personal human existence.

The real background of the philosophy of consciousness and conscience is the fact that we all feel and know that there is an active principle

"In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks; the stationary rocks,
The moving waters and the invisible air,
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from link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the worlds."

This active principle, or Being, we all more or less distinctly feel as a Presence. We know we are not alone. If we cannot all rise to the Oriental recognition of *tat-tvam-asi*, or say with Walt Whitman: "I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own," we all perceive the Presence

"As a motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

In chemistry this fact, the Presence, the motion and spirit of Being, is known as the law of Catalysis, or "action by presence." If a current of hydrogen gas is directed upon a piece of polished platinum, it will take fire; viz., unite instantly with the oxygen of the atmosphere, through the influence of the metal, yet the platinum will remain unaltered. The mere presence of the metal is the cause of the phenomenon. Starch is converted into sugar and gum, at a certain temperature, by the mere presence of an acid which does not participate in the change. Germination, fermentation, the secretion of the blood, many of the most important actions of growth and decay are due to the action by presence—to Catalysis.

In social life we often hear how the presence of a great man or woman affects circumstances. Who has not heard of Czar Nicholas, Maria Therese, Sheridan, etc.? The mere presence of these heroes had a magic effect in critical moments and turned the tide of events. So-called moral epidemics are thus explained.

Ideal education is only possible through the spell of presence. It is so with woman, as Schiller nobly sings. It is her presence that fascinates man and educates the child. Great men almost invariably refer to their mother's gentle influence as the root of their success. It is not the learning of the teacher which educates; the power to convey his learning is the secret of his success and that power depends upon the spell of presence.

Living power begets living conviction and convictions move the world. No torch lights itself.

The meaning of the "magic of the Christ" is the Presence of the Divine, of Being, in the soul. The so much abused phrase "Christ within" means that the Presence controls the soul. Upon this idea hinges all Christian life, and without it there is no meaning in Christianity outside of its moral and dogmatic teachings. It was the Presence which made the hem of Christ's garment instinct with healing. It was the Presence in the very *shadow* of the apostles passing by, which shed virtue on the sick laid by the wayside. It is the Presence in the treater of to-day which imparts heavenly healing. The spontaneous effulgence in the healer carries a nameless influence far and wide. I say nameless influence, and I mean that it cannot

be defined. It is Being—that is all that can be said. Expressing Being in terms of personality, I say it is Presence that does it.

Let us cultivate sensitiveness to this form of Being. Let us walk circumspectly, for we never know where or how we may be in the Presence. We say correctly that the greatest *thing* in the world is love, but a greater *power* is Presence, for love is a result of Presence. It is not only under the starlit heavens that we, like Emanuel Kant, feel "the great imperative," the Presence; the meanest cowboy is in the Presence by means of the flowers his cattle eat. There is no more Presence in a stately cathedral than in the glens of some unknown or unvisited mountain region. The Presence sits in the judge's seat, and watches with the dying babe.

Being is everywhere and its Presence is everywhere, but, nevertheless, look for the Presence where life has not yet fallen under the regulation of *law*. When we can see no more than law in things and events, we may rest assured that that life has grown old and lost much of its interest and vitality. Let us look for Presence in the springtime of life, at dawn, in the new, in the fresh, in the original, even in that which people call the arbitrary and accidental. Nature manifests herself under a form of Being, called by Hegel, *das Zufällige*, which I translate *the contingent*, that which cannot be foreseen. I call it a form of Being and the mother of Presence, viz., I mean, that in *the contingent* we meet Being as Presence. In terms of the Tao-te-king, I say in "Non-Existence lies the primordial mystery."—"Thirty spokes unite in one nave, and by that part which is non-existent (namely the hole in its centre) it is useful for a carriage wheel. Earth is moulded into vessels, and by their hollowness they are useful as vessels. Doors and windows are cut out in order to make a house, and by its hollowness it is useful as a house. So then existence may be said to correspond to gain, but non-existence to use." *

Let us look for the Presence in Lau-tsze's "non-existence," in that which seems to the ordinary mind to have no more existence than the hollow of a vessel, or as Lau-tsze calls it "the appearance of non-appearance," the "indefinite in which are all forms."

* The speculations of "the old philosopher," Lau-tsze, tr. by John Chalmers, xi.

I use this phraseology of Lau-tsze purposely and not abstractly. His words bring before our minds, as it were, a picture of something which is not, according to the judgment of common sense: mere emptiness, which *is not*. Yet "common sense" must acknowledge that emptiness must be something, otherwise it could not be thought of. Common sense cannot cover the idea of emptiness, it cannot substitute anything which fills it. No kind of stuff put into the empty vessel would fill up its *form* of emptiness, though it filled an empty *space*.

In Nature we find large elements thus *uncovered*; we find her at times "impotent" as Hegel says; * and he also defines nature as "petrified intelligence," meaning that chance plays a large part in that economy which we call nature. Other philosophers speak of this element and praise it as "the freedom of nature," "the divinity of nature." What Hegel calls nature's wild Bacchantian traits, they speak of as her glory. Another philosopher of to-day, David G. Ritchie, has given the contingency of nature a thorough examination in the light of modern science and finds that the so-called weakness of nature corresponds to, or is the same as that variability in nature upon which rests the whole doctrine of natural selection. Darwin's theory of natural selection presupposes just such a tendency to variation in nature which Hegel calls the non-rationality of nature. Ritchie has shown that Hegel's method with nature can easily be adjusted to the new scientific theory. And a great deal will thus be gained. Metaphysics and Science can hereafter work hand in hand. Darwin's Variation, Heredity, and Struggle for Existence are particular forms of Hegel's categories—Identity and Difference, whose union and interaction produce the actually existing kinds of living beings; i.e., those determinate similarities and dissimilarities which constitute "species." † The survival of the fittest, on Darwin's theory, comes about only through the negative process of destruction, through nature's "irrationality," nature's "inconsistency."

This irrationality and inconsistency is then really the *deus ex machina*, the everlasting Presence, Being.

* In the *Encyclopædia* (§ 250) he speaks of *die Ohnmacht der Natur*—"the impotence of nature."

† Comp. David G. Ritchie: "Darwin and Hegel," page 56.

The ancients, such as Aristotle, discovered that not all matter was organized; that some of it did not respond to rational rules.

Now, this something, call it "divinity," "uncovered," "impotent," and "unorganized," reveals the Presence. Wherever nature, which like a garment covers Being, momentarily or partly pushes it aside—Presence appears. Philosophy calls those occasions moments, *momenta*. Watch the *momentum*. It is not of time, yet it is in time. It is the unexpected, the sudden, etc. In Nature a symbol is given us, which points to this form of manifestation of Being. The sudden breaking of the sun through heavy clouds, almost instantly revealing the blue sky behind, is a true symbol of such a mode of manifestation. The flashes of light that come upon us unawares and unprepared for, also show the workings of Presence. Nature, however, has nothing to do with it. She does not do it. From her point of view it is a miracle, something unaccounted for. From the standpoint, however, of the Universal Man, he who stands in Being, there is no miracle here, but a revelation of the true order of things.

"Why, who makes much of a miracle?"

As for me, I know of nothing else but miracles." *

The varying attitude to this mystery of the Presence, is called either consciousness or conscience. In the first attitude we are intellectually related to It, in the latter we are more interiorly moved and disposed to act.

Much would be gained for a philosophy of Being by using the term Presence as a substitute for consciousness and conscience. By such use we shall get away from misconceptions which adhere to Idealism and we shall escape the theological pitfalls dug for us by past ages. The Presence, Being, shall directly lead us into that peace which passeth all understanding.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

If thou be born in the poor man's hovel yet have wisdom, then wilt thou be like the lotus-flower growing out of the mire.—*Buddha*.

* Walt Whitman : Song of Myself.

MENTAL PASTURAGE.

George Eliot writes of a certain mild and patient woman whose nature it was "to seek out all the sadder and more serious elements of life and pasture her mind upon them." This gentle lady of fiction is readily recognized as typical of a large class in real life.

One of the least comprehensible of modern problems is that concerning mental diet. Household and medical journals teem with advice concerning what we shall eat. Pages and pages are written about nourishing breakfasts, wholesome lunches, the best hours for eating and drinking, and the best ways of preparing all sorts of viands. People greedily read all of these articles. They clip them from the papers and inaugurate new and presumably improved ways of living therefrom. But comparatively little attention is paid by the great world to the very much more important question of mental food and nourishment. The reason of this indifference is not far to seek. The average unthinking man regards his body as the actual *ego*, the substance of his being, the great entity on which all else in life depends. What, then, more natural than that he should bestow the greatest care on that which appears to possess the greatest intrinsic value!

Intelligent people, almost without exception, believe in the eternal reality and existence of the spiritual part—the mind of man. They believe that it knows no death, no destruction, and that some few years hence there will come to each individual a day when the physical and the spiritual will part company and the latter alone will consciously live as undying spirit; that the body will then appear in its true light, will then be estimated at its true value, and the spiritual part also will then appear in its true light as the only reality, the only part of the individual which merits absorbing attention.

But over and above the belief is spread that veil of habit which permits us to forget the real and to allow the superficial to dominate. We believe, but go our ways forgetting. Most of us catch glimpses of our own real inner-selves in happy moments and at long intervals.

Only a favored few live daily in such realization. All life, all time would be far happier if we could accustom ourselves to the thought of this reality—if each day we were to repeat in those stray moments of thought-leisure which we have, some sentence which would emphasize the incontestable truths: "I am immortal. I can never die. My spirit came from God Himself and like God Himself it must always live. This body is not my real self. These hands and feet are simply messengers to perform the bidding of my real being. My life is celestial, infinite, eternal, glorious."

Only through realization of the facts concerning our true existence can we gain a correct idea of the means which will insure the best development of that existence. The spirit, the central fact of our being, indeed Being itself, grows and gains strength and beauty from what it feeds upon. What nourishment shall we supply? How shall we cultivate this choice life-spark which no time can destroy, no power can annul?

Unquestionably the spirit is nourished by that which we call thought. As man thinketh so is he, is a truth older than Solomon, older than Moses, older than Egypt, as old as the Eternal Himself. If, then, the quality of a man's thought determines his real being, nay is really himself, is it not worth while to consider with most earnest attention the thoughts of our hearts, the pasturage, if you please, which each of us is free to provide for the nourishment of his real Being?

If any person of average intelligence were to retrace the path of his thought for a single day or even for a single hour, and write down boldly and unflinchingly all the topics on which his mind had dwelt in that time, the appearance of the list would probably astound and humiliate him. Try it, and say whether or not you are pleased with the survey. Of necessity, doubtless, the mind stays its flight longest on material things. It was said of Dr. Arnold of Rugby: "That deep consciousness of the invisible world and the power of bringing it before him in the midst and through the means of his most active engagements, constituted the moving spring of his whole life." We must live by bread, but we cannot live by bread alone. The lower leads to or may include the higher, in thought as well as

in action. The thought concerning one's vocation, the plan, the execution, the best means of rendering one's ideas useful to the neighbor-man while preserving a necessary regard for the maintenance of one's family—this thought may be carried on in homely but brightly-spiritual lines and with greater chance of material success than if it were allowed to become wholly sordid and selfish. The thought for the neighbor-man's advancement and success brightens and quickens one's spiritual powers. It leads one, unconsciously, into the realm where minds are giving out unselfish thought for others and where spiritual nourishment is received which feeds and develops the highest mental powers. The means of gaining one's daily bread must become a subject of thought; the instrument must be carefully considered. The miner's thought where he shall strike his pick with success; the merchant's thought how he shall dispose of his goods; the banker's thought for his wealth; the teacher's thought for the direction of the pupil's studies; the mother's thought for the material wants of her family—every one of these has its healthy place in the economy of nature and so, within proper limits, has useful nourishment. When the miner strikes surely and with judgment, remembering the little cabin on the hillside which he calls home, rather than a prospective hoard for wealth's sake, the thought nerves his arm, but, better still, nerves his spirit and assures vitality and a healthy atmosphere. The mother-heart gains a rich meed as her thought embraces the child in its spiritual nature. All labor becomes light and more successful when the mind moves calmly and happily on in the appointment of its physical tasks.

An opposite condition of thought readily proves this point. A man in anger soon finds his physical task going awry. When malice, envy, hatred, or uncharitableness grow rank in his mental pasture, material results soon indicate his lack of ease. The hand trembles; the heart throbs too rapidly; the breath comes quickly and the task is weakly wrought out. The mind is feeding on poisonous thought and the food is working out its legitimate effect.

The task of cleansing the mind of unpleasant, unprofitable, and baneful thought and of substituting life-giving pasturage for the old innutritious food is one of the most difficult tasks that a human

being may undertake. However, with the prospect of new health and joyous, abundant life, one may take it up cheerily. Success comes not in a day. Old habits of thought are powerful and do not readily yield to treatment, but insistence brings success. It is Shakespeare who says: "For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." If looking at a subject from one standpoint induces carping, unpleasant thought, turn it about and regard it from another point of view. The most heinous offence, that which awakens the righteous indignation of the community, need not be dwelt on at its worst. That murder which seemed so terrible, if you must think of it at all, think with pity of the deluded, unnatural, perhaps uncared for mind that guided the rash hand, and think with congratulation of the freed spirit going on to better conditions, though by such a violent way. The sorrows, the calamities, the misfortunes, the wrong-doing of the world need not occupy a large part of one's attention, unless duty lies that way. Of what use to read an account of crime simply that we may exclaim, "How terrible!" If one cannot relieve suffering in any way, is it best that he let his mind revel in unhappy details? The "new journalism" which furnishes the worst possible sort of mental pasturage to its readers, is positively criminal in its action, if not in its intent. Pages of records of scandal, crime, unhappiness, hypocrisy, bickering, discord, and whatever else arouses the worst passions in men's minds, injure body, mind, and spirit to an incalculable degree. But no one is forced to read these pages. There are clean newspapers for clean people. "The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom." The pictures presented to the mind in the pages of sensational papers leave an impress more or less powerful according to the quality of the receiving mind and so exert a baneful influence on mental and physical health. But the picture need not be photographed on *your* mind.

Other unprofitable mental pasturage naturally suggests itself to the reader, such as the recounting of a neighbor's shortcomings, the hundred suspicions of others, the needless conjectures, the doubts and fears which beset one. Subjects which do not tend to elevate tend in the opposite direction and should be avoided in one's own mind: most assuredly they should not be enumerated to the injury of others.

Change of scene, as prescribed by the physician, is well understood to mean a change of thought. And if the invalid carries with him to the new environment a determination to live in the old health-destroying thought-atmosphere his change of location will prove futile. Get the upper-hand of your thinking machinery and determine that you will be its governor, that you will be able to say to the unhealthy thought "Thus far and no farther." Two opposing thoughts cannot occupy the same place at the same time. Send in the joyous, helpful thought to rout out the wretched invader and destroyer of concord. Persist in doing this, hour after hour, day after day, even week after week, and month after month if necessary. Shut the door promptly in the face of the unwelcome visitant. In time he will learn that there is no room for him with you and will cease to annoy you.

Having learned what to avoid, what sort of mental pasture shall we offer to this wonderful, ever-active entity which we call mind?

The Universe is full to overflowing with lofty themes which are of perennial beauty and helpfulness. Nature offers the heavens glittering with stars, serene in the moon's pale light, or glorified by the rising or setting of the sun. She offers the soil under one's feet with all the wealth of geologic history; the infinitude of plant and animal life, a page which never loses its freshness, never reads the same. The virtues of our fellow-men—let us feed on them for a time, opposing them to the thought of censure so much more frequently presented. This man has failed in the world's sight, but look and see how they think of him at home. This one made free with the material possessions of another, look for the extenuating circumstance and you will surely find it.

The amount of unselfishness in the world, of tenderness, of chivalry, of long-suffering, and all the other spiritual graces, is very large if one will only take time to look for it. Each heart has some precious jewel, some treasure to be admired. The world is not all false and hollow. God *did* make man in His own image, after His own likeness, and that image has not been wholly lost in any, even the worst of mankind.

A fresh bit of mental food is always to be found in contemplation

of the mysteries and possibilities of our being and in a study of what life really is. When one considers his eternal destiny and realizes that material things are for time only, that spiritual things require spiritual discernment, and that these, not the material, must occupy his thoughts when the body passes away, then he comes to understand the value of securing for himself the choicest possible mental nourishment. The path of ease lies in the material; the spiritual is gained by effort. There is little to aid the seeker after truth in the world's path: he must set himself, as did Christian, with his face resolutely turned toward the Celestial City.

But the reward, even in a material sense, is greater than words can express. The clean mind, the pure heart, the atmosphere of peace, of good-will, of mental health, bring that delightful physical correspondence which we call good health, with which a man sees life at its best and uses it for his highest needs.

Each human being makes his own world and very largely his own conditions. If we pasture the mind on the sad and serious aspects of life we unconsciously place ourselves in the company of a vast army who are cropping the same solemn herbage. Such nourishment feeds the soul with serious, depressing tendencies. The mind gradually yields its elasticity and moves less speedily. Friends say, "He is growing dull, inert." Let us create for ourselves a happy, hopeful world, full of sunshine and flowers, of light steps, buoyant tendencies, kind and gentle thoughts. The sorrows that come by the way may bring tears, but, by refusing to consider their most painful aspect and setting over against them some gains that must have come, we preserve the mental balance and the mental elasticity. Pasture the mind on sweet, succulent food and the world, our world, becomes peaceful and inspiring, the very threshold and portal of that larger and purely spiritual existence to which the soul eagerly looks forward when the material part has served its purpose; nay, even in this state of existence, it may become the larger spiritual world itself.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

MIRAGE.

There is no word in our vocabulary which presents a broader field for conjecture than this enigmatical term, representing as it does, one of the oldest and most perplexing phenomena of nature.

That the mirage of Sahara, for instance, is produced by certain atmospheric conditions is well known, but exactly what these conditions are, and what they present to the eye, are by no means perfectly clear.

Encyclopedias are vague in the analysis of the problem: they assume that distant cities or remote oases are thus seen reflected upon the heavens. This, however, cannot always be satisfactorily sustained, because the visions observed by travellers do not conform, invariably, with topographical facts as they exist; in fact the delineations have usually been of too phantasmagorical a character to be accounted for in this way.

Metaphysical science recognizes laws which seem to solve the question more definitely and more lucidly than any hitherto adduced. It maintains that impressions of everything that transpires on the planet, are projected upon its atmosphere as impressions are cast upon the mind, and that no such impression is ever lost.

If this be true, the history of the past is written subjectively upon the Earth's environment, as indelibly as the experience of a human life is transcribed upon the tablet of mind.

By analogy, then, atmosphere is to the terrestrial orb identically what mind is to the individual ego,—a field in which it operates; a mirror in which its processes are legibly recorded. Pursuing the analogy further, we find the reflecting and refracting qualities of light repeated in the recollective faculties of mind; for example—certain mental attributes are called into action to reproduce mental data; these are the reflective and refractive qualities of the sensorium and correspond literally with those reproductive qualities of light which present a mirage upon the atmospherical sensorium of the planet.

If the past can be recalled at will, so far as it pertains to individual

experience, why may not synthetical laws—under favorable atmospheric conditions—reproduce accurate images of what has transpired on the planet?

The territory of Sahara, that arid expanse of burning sand and torrid air which sterilizes a section of otherwise luxuriant Africa, must have been at some early epoch a fruitful and highly cultivated country, inhabited by a race of cultured people who have bequeathed imperishable monuments to posterity in those colossal structures which place Egypt at the acme of architectural achievement. Magnificent cities must have marked contemporaneous history, whose phantom domes and minarets are immortalized by the vaporless reflections of that atmospheric mirror. Fertile land and shimmering water have thus survived the volcanic agitation that inundated the region with a deluge of sand, and the Sheik of to-day who rules his nomadic clan or teaches Mohammedism in the oriental mosques, is a relic of that venerable civilization which has set the seal of divinity upon occult law.

These shifting illusions of the air unroll the scroll of the past and depict such data as should lead our thoughts into profound archaic research; that flood of arid sand has drawn a veil over a prolific chapter of human events whose secrets must be discovered, if discovered at all, by such esoteric methods as can guide the mind backward through ages of crystallized facts.

PAUL AVENEL.

The aim of all genuine philosophy is to attain the over-knowledge (epistémé)—that truth which has no price in the market. It is enough for it that it is a life—a collected and finally a completed life. Truth is not this opinion or that, but an insight and intuition above them all. The wisdom of the former times we may appropriate; only, however, the experience must be our own.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

If you remove the purpose of the mind, the bodily act is but as rotten wood. Wherefore regulate the mind, and the body of itself will go right.
—*Buddha.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(II.)

The philosophy of Jesus must be considered entirely apart from any preconceived ideas of his character; whether on the one hand we have learned to revere him as, in a mystical sense, the Son of God, or on the other we believe him to have been a man inspired, as men have been before and since, with a great longing to serve mankind.

It is not what churches or infidels or agnostics have thought, not what men have said about Jesus in churches and written in creeds that we must consider, but what he thought and said about himself; not even the value of the ethics that he taught, but the scientific, comprehensible basis of the motive of his life—the philosophy he gave to the world.

The very corner-stone of all he taught is found in the declaration that he came not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. "And this is the condemnation: that light is come into the world and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil."

There is nothing mysterious, dreamy, or occult in the sense of concealment, in this, and Jesus is justified in being thankful that these deep things if they have been hidden from the wise and prudent have been revealed unto babes.

"An highway shall be there and the unclean shall not pass over it, but the wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein."

And yet so far in the history of the progress of Christianity towards the enlightenment and redemption of the race nothing is more manifest than the startling and strange fact of the warring opinions. As the gospel of the Christ is understood to be to-day it is of all things most misunderstood. Amid the babble of contending creeds, the hostile camps of sectaries, the cry continually comes, Lo! here is Christ—or there; of his person little is known; of his ethics nothing, it is said, but what was common to all religious teachers,

and of his philosophy, the real eternal basis in intellect of the religion of his glorious motive, absolutely nothing at all.

The reason for this is that men in all ages have misunderstood him. They have read of the "virtue that went out of him," and think of this virtue as a potency apart from themselves, not knowing nor heeding the certainty of the declaration of Jesus that the kingdom of heaven was within.

Do not mistake this truth: Jesus was not sent; he came. His life and the truth he taught were as natural as the blooming of a flower.

The sun does not draw up the fruits and flowers; very differently does that great power act. It illumines the air and warms it; delves down, first into the crevices of the primeval rocks, directly, or by its envoys, the rain and frost, disintegrates them and pulverizes them into soft plastic mold.

Then, for each in its own appointed time, in its own gradient of existence, each the exact, methodical product of its environment, the potency of the fiery star delved down into the depths of the mold of the valleys and the ooze and slime of the pools, heaved against the tiny rootlets, and shouted to the buds and blossoms, the flowers and foliage and fruits: I say unto you arise.

So grew all the herbs bearing seed, each after its own kind—the lichens of Labrador, the corn of the mighty midlands, the wheat of the great Dakotahs, and the mammoth redwoods of the sharp Sierras.

So, too, the beasts of the forests, the mammoth and the creeping thing, the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, and the cattle upon the thousand hills; and the sun says of the fauna as of the flora: All these are mine.

"What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him?" So asks the wondering intellect in this modern age, in the same spirit of hopeless desire that actuated Israel's tribal chief in the dim *eoene* of history. But now (as it was not of old) the sages are divided in opinion as to whether he is literally of the dust of the ground or crowned with glory and honor. They cannot understand how he can be both, for in their lexicon is no such

word. This faulty and fallacious philosophy is the direct quotient from a dividend of insufficient facts and a division of an ill adjusted focus of vision.

In order to understand how it was possible for God to come into the world it is essential to comprehend clearly the nature of God, the nature of man, the necessary relations of man and God, the path of all progress, and the meaning of that far-off divine event toward which creation moves.

The first words of Jesus, as given by Matthew, are his reply to John the Baptist, when he said, "Suffer it to be so now." Mark relates that after John was put in prison Jesus preached in Galilee, saying, "The time is fulfilled and the Kingdom of God is at hand." In Luke the first words of the child Jesus are said to have been spoken to his mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" But John says that the first words of his ministry were, "What seek ye?"

And he answers his own question by the simple declaration—Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and as to way of attainment of the glories of that Kingdom, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.

Everywhere in the gospels Jesus assumes these certain things: the existence of God, his inviolable justice and illimitable mercy, the inherent godliness of the race, and his own divinity.

What is called faith is made the very first necessity for man, but this is a reasonable faith, not demanding acquiescence in the dictation of the mysterious and unknown, but saying rather, "Come and see."

And what necessity was there for any atonement, for any Redeemer? Why should this forlorn and abject world, amid the countless multitudes of worlds in space, be deemed worthy of a visitation from God in the person of Jesus (as the gospels tell us) begotten of his Father before all worlds, not made, but of one substance with the Father by whom all things were made.

And why could not an Almighty being in making his worlds, in creating men (as it is said) in his own image, have not only made

them at the first perfect, but have kept them so that damnation would have been impossible, and redemption superfluous?

What do these things mean? Have they a vast, vague meaning that only churches and councils and synods can interpret? Or are they without meaning, as some declare? Is it all superstition?

In replying to these sensible questions it will not suffice to give the answer of an ever ready credulity, however honest.

Whatsoever things are true . . . think of these things.

The riddle of the Sphinx must be known not guessed; the problem of eternity must be solved, not approximated; the unknown quantity in life's equation must be satisfied in terms of certainty.

Yet the serene peasant of Palestine knew it all. He never doubted either God's omnipotence or the justice of his own limitations, nor the godliness inherent in man.

Surely if reason may be used at all to solve the problems of mortality the nobler the intellect, the finer attuned to harmony the ear, the keener the sight, the more sensitive the touch, the subtler the sense, the more confident may we be of the result of all honest investigation.

But prejudice and credulity conspire to thwart the best efforts of thought, refusing to acknowledge the validity of evidence on the one subject most important for man to know.

Prejudice and credulity, derelicts of destiny, float on the high seas of faith, a menace to the stanch and true craft that sail those infinite waters; floating hulks, more dangerous than the rocks of avowed atheism or the shallows of materialism; for these there are warning buoys or floating lights, but ignorance and perversity and fear neither make progress themselves nor leave the ocean highways safe.

Many years ago a British merchant left in his will a sum of money the income of which was to be devoted in perpetuity to maintaining a torch to be kept blazing from dusk to dawn at a certain dark coign in London. In the course of years the oil lamp superseded the torch, but yet (because of the law) the ancient flambeau flared, as the devise had commanded. Then an appeal was taken to Parliament and an act passed substituting for illumination the new lamp for the ancient

torch. Again time struck its tents and marched on, and for many a year the oil lamp served. And served well too till the gas jet came. Still, long after the mains and service pipes fulfilled their purpose, the oil of the northern whale glimmered in the gloom, till the trustees of the fund once more appealed to the supreme law makers, not—mark you—to do away with the illumination, but to change its manner of manifestation. To-day, at the street corner, where two hundred years ago in its iron socket the resinous wood smoked and flickered, the carburetted hydrogen burns nightly.

But—strange progression of events—the modern glow pales in the mimic morning of the electric gleam. Stranger yet there are so few to want a change for the better, so many contented with the light of the past, so ready to impede those who would again appeal to the Parliament.

The faith that Jesus taught was in the same manner progressive in its manifestation, though eternal in principle.

The result to be achieved through religion has always been conceived by theology as personal safety; peace of mind in this world and assurance of limitless joy in some hypothetical hereafter.

Jesus, knowing their necessity before they asked, realized also their ignorance in asking. He knew the necessity for peace, realizing that it must be founded upon reality.

He told his followers of a rock foundation for faith; a rock so stable that neither the winds and floods nor the wickedness and casuistry of men could overthrow it; and that even the gates of hell could not prevail against it.

That "definite historical revelation into which reason does not enter" may satisfy the heart because of the substance of its hope; but it does not satisfy the mind as evidence of things unseen and eternal. As commonly held by man Religion has none of the characteristics of the rock. Its foundation has been lost in Theology. The genius of Jesus consisted in his giving once for all the source of all judgment, the foundation of all authority as from God and not from man; in not only declaring but in demonstrating that this authority comes not from without, but from within, a revelation to the self of man of the godliness inherent in man.

He said, "the Kingdom of Heaven is within." Where the Kingdom is there must the King be, also.

This is where we must look for truth; for the final judgment; for things face to face that outwardly are perceived as through a glass darkly. There we shall find evidence of the unseen and eternal, of man's real self and the Universal All of soul and immortality—reasons for our faith.

Religion is not the art of the artizan but of the artist; it deals, not with gross material pigments, but with the immaterial and more substantial realities of form, foci, and perspective. But the artist's art lies in the picture that he paints, and this picture—on canvas or in character—must always conform to the principles of the science upon which all arts are based. Nature has a perpetual patent upon all her processes, none of which can be infringed with impunity.

It is because of this that Jesus told of the narrow way that so few find, and also because he knew there was but one truth and but one way to truth that he has said his way was the only one.

In him the will of God and the willingness of man became one; and as it was with him it may be with us all—every one.

Revelation comes as a fountain of water: the parched ground becomes a pool. It comes not from without, but from within.

Revelation comes as the flower—not planted upon the stalk, but the stalk springs from the root, and the root from the seed.

Until the advent of man all evolution was exoteric in its movement; but man came and introduced a new element into the progressive order. His intellect has replenished the earth and subdued it more and more, continually, and civilization, "broadening down from precedent to precedent," has molded the physical world and tamed forces, and changed the current of nature to his own use and benefit.

Jesus came and taught man the full and complete meaning of his being and dignity. He claimed to be the Son of God, and when the Jews would have stoned him as a blasphemer he referred to their own scriptures which gave them all credit of being gods or of godly capacity, and he only differed from them in having claimed his birth-right. He never claimed that the reforms he advocated were un-

natural, but rather that the high endeavor was of all things most natural.

Jesus never expressed "views" nor advanced "opinions"; he never drew fine distinctions, he never argued, he never advised with others as to his theology or his ethics; he never questioned the scientific foundations of his great art, but always assumed as self-evident the moral truths he represented and their basis in the ever-living facts of eternity. He did not tell the people who followed him anything new; he told them what they already knew, but of which the knowledge was dormant within them.

As Euclid revealed geometry Jesus revealed the will of God; as Copernicus revealed the heliocentric philosophy of astronomy Jesus referred all moral truths to that centre of the universe to which the heart, undiverted, ever points.

In the usually accepted meaning of the word "knowledge" Jesus did not know. "The Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" There are children to-day in the common schools who are wiser than the children of light. But with that larger knowledge, the divine (or, as we say sometimes, intuitive) perception, he was not only skilled, he was saturated. If he did not know that the earth moved in an elliptical orbit, he felt the potency of progress, not of planets alone, nor of stars and suns, but of all things along the heavenly path. If ignorant of atomic theories, he knew the universal facts of being, of the eternal brotherhood of life and the everlasting fatherhood.

There are those who cannot or do not understand how such intuitive perceptions can be. But in these very days we have many well attested examples of the development in certain individuals—sometimes called gifted—of powers uncommon to the masses. I do not refer here to talents given, not acquired, nor yet to anything in the nature of a miraculous or unnatural clairvoyance or clairaudience, second sight or prophetic vision, or aught that may be called uncanny, but rather to an unfolding of the petals of man's finer capabilities when the silent senses, dormant within each one, are roused to activity by the magic of a fit condition.

It was so blind Tom, the untutored musician, was master of an

art he knew not of; so the boy Colburn, unacquainted with even the simplest rules of arithmetic, solved in a breath long and intricate examples; so Telford, untrained in technicalities, was one of the world's greatest engineers, and it was this impulse which made Chatterton the marvel and Crichton the admirable.

The might of genius, the promethean power that differentiates godly man from all lower orders and in the very dawn gave him dominion over the fish of the sea and fowl of the air and over the cattle and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, the godliness that gives him dominion and authority over his own kind, the stronger over the weaker will, the greater thought to rule the lesser thought, the power in nature but transcending nature, that first controlling self can control all he wills to control, the sublime audacity, the immeasurable tact, the certain knowledge of an infinite possession.

It was this godliness in Jesus that rebuked his mother because she had missed him at Jerusalem: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It was this that caused the men to marvel after the great calm, saying: What manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey him? And it was this that gave Jesus his supreme confidence that his voice could summon from the infinite cantonments even "twelve legions of angels."

It is evidently true that all theologies that have been framed by the commandments of men have been, not only largely, but almost wholly matters of pure speculation concerning mysteries. Opinions, views, personal equations, personal popularity, or intense force of character of leaders of thought have diverted doctrines, destroyed them or created them, irrespective of any fixed standard, of any infallible authority such as Jesus claimed the word of God to be. As the scientist claims infallibility for the principles of his science Jesus claimed infallibility for God, and for himself as the ambassador of God. As the geometer draws his problem Jesus showed his truth. As the mathematician claims infallibility for the result of his calculations, Jesus demanded acquiescence in the consequences of the axioms of his divine logic. Divine truth exacts a divine revelation, and the conditions of human revelation of necessity imply a human revealer.

The only way provided by nature to bring life into the world is through other life; the only way to bring truth into life is through the medium of a conscious intellect. He who feels deeply has one phase of the great truth and he who knows accurately has another phase, but it is only he who both feels and knows who is really true, and he is not only true but truth incarnate—he and his Father are one.

It was this transcendent truth that Jesus knew, not alone for himself but for the whole race of mankind, for he said, Ye are gods and greater works than mine shall ye do.

There is only one way by which great truths have been made part of the common heritage of men. At first a few, generally impelled by one mind, recognizing a new and fit relation, undaunted by the weariness incident to exhaustive toil, fearless of scorn, odium, or even indifference, have enunciated it. In due time its fitness has been seen; followers arise, practical men supplant the fanatics, and early or late all acknowledge it. He who recognizes a truth has within him a spark of divinity, needing only opportunity to set the whole world ablaze with its glorious light.

As Copernicus and Galileo garnered their precious harvest from the fields that Hipparchus and the ancient Chaldeans sowed, so Jesus came, and what was before a chaotic, incoherent, and childish riddle of rites and shibboleths grew at the touch of his mighty hand into a shapely problem, vast as space, grand as the universe, yet so simple that a child could understand, and so flexible, so elastic as to adapt itself to the sagacity of the Greek or the folly of the unlettered wayfarer. His ethics answered the importunate *How?* of mankind, but his philosophy answers the unsyllabled, ignored, and feared *Why?*

Religious truth has the same solid basis as any other truth. As the art of dyeing, for instance, is based upon the science of chemistry; as the arts of navigation and of surveying are based upon mathematics: so ethics is an applied art—the science of religion, the motive of life.

Science is known truth. When therefore men claim that religion is not scientific, they distinctly proclaim that there can be a sort of truth which is not known; which must be believed, not because of its inherent truthfulness (as the axioms of geometry), but because its pre-

cepts are stated in a book, related by a priest, hallowed by time, and whose customs of thought have grown sacred from association.

Under all these influences Jesus came, not, as he himself said, to destroy the law but to fulfil it. Both the ethical basis and the intellectual foundations of things are found in the teachings of the Man of Nazareth. He was at once the humble son of man in expression and the divine son of God in his reliance—not upon his humanity, but upon the divinity of the Universal Father expressed in him. He taught that there was a Universal Intelligence—a potency of certainty inhabiting all space, citizen of all times—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and he also expounded that other Truth—the Great Heart of all things, the Dominant Moral of the world.

What the digestive apparatus is to food, the mental apparatus is to thought. The faculties of the mind unite in ways more or less understood for the digestion of ideas.

The organ of digestion is not a unit it is a federation. So of the organ of mentality; in the one the purpose is the assimilation of nutrition to the body; in the other the assimilation of nutrition to the soul. That person is healthiest, physically, who is least conscious of his processes; he does not know the meaning of dyspepsia. It is the same with the mind—he is most sane to whom doubts are unknown.

In all the universe there exists nothing unnatural. The "occult" as such is a dream; the "angelic" and the "demoniac" are both, alike, delusions; the dearest, perhaps, or the direst, but ever delusions.

No ghosts haunt the frozen green turf, white capped with marble, where good and evil rest, "each in his narrow cell forever laid."

The siren sibyls say that myriad spirits walk the earth; the charlatan, gathering his material from your own foolish fancies, builds a phantom palace of imagination and peoples it with creatures not of flesh and blood. They tell us of Mahatmas who exist superior to material obligations; and who, having found the secret of existence, shall continue to exist, if they so will, forever incarnate; and that these are they who have achieved what Ponce de Leon failed to find—youth's perpetual fountain.

But it is neither among the Floridian everglades nor Himalayan

heights such dreams materialize. Whatever truth there may be is natural truth. The tales of the black arts, like the tales of the marvels of theology and spiritisms are all equally remote from science.

The gospel of Jesus was natural, and it came to us naturally. The divinity in man is not limited to the man Jesus; we also are divine. Every man in his real being is the son of God, the one Divine Reality.

If we say we have not the divine power we deceive ourselves, because the truth is not in our external sight. First cast the beam out of our own eye—the pride of living, the lusts of the flesh, envy, hatred, and malice, and all unloveliness, then shall we see more and more clearly continuously.

To doubt our capabilities is to impede progress and balk the perfect endeavors of our latent godliness. There are powers in the human organism undreamed of in our philosophy, sounds and symphonies beyond the bass and treble, and resplendent colors beyond the red and violet.

To live is a verb whose infinitive mood is immortality and of which earthly existence is the gerund. Now is the accepted time, indeed it is the only time. The future is a vague perhaps in its possibilities, the past a frozen fruition in its failures and achievements. The present is the crest of a tossing wave upon the sea of time.

We have taken the gospels for the supreme excellence of their poesy, the artistic merit of their surpassing beauty. In the grace and grandeur of the caryatides we have ignored the real value of their structural use.

Sentiment may be the adornment of science, but never a substitute for truth. It is proper to ornament construction, but never to construct ornamentation. Accuracy is better than beauty, though beauty may be the noblest form of accuracy.

To enable us to say truthfully, "whereas I was blind now I see" we need only follow for ourselves that divine command—at the beginning and the end, the first and the last: Let there be light.

The basis in science of the confidence of the divine man, the meaning of the rock of which Jesus spoke, will be the subject of the next paper.

HUDOR GENONE.

FRUIT IN TRADITION.

Wise maxims have of old been laid down by men ; from these it is our duty to learn.—HERODOTUS (B.C. 484.)

Behold, I have given you every herb, bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed ; to you it shall be for meat.—GENESIS, i. 29.

There are some thoughts and opinions concerning the past which are outside of established historical facts, and yet, strange as it may seem, these ideas have had at all times a remarkably strong hold upon the human mind. Such an idea is found in connection with the part fruit has played in the history of humankind. Indeed, among all European and American races we find traditions, similar to the biblical legend of an Edenic period, a "Golden Age," the first period of human existence upon this planet. That remote time every one of these races regarded as its happiest period of existence; a truly Golden Age of contentment and peace; the fortunate period of innocence and ease when running streams, budding plants, delicious fruits, and the soft beams of the sun—the idol of early nature and of a vigorous race—supplied all human wants. In the language of Ovid, the æsthetic and cosmopolitan poet of the Roman Empire,

“ when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere ;
Needless was written law, where none oppress :
The law of man was written in his breast :
No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard :
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore,
And happy mortals, unconcerned for more,
Confined their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet ; nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,

Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound ;
 Nor swords were forged ; but, void of care and crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time.
 Content with food, which nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed ;
 Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
 The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reigned ;
 And western winds immortal spring maintained.
 In following years, the bearded corn ensued
 From earth unasked, nor was that earth renewed.
 From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
 And honey sweating through the pores of Oak."

—METAM. I.

But the actual significance of such traditions assumes a much greater importance when we realize that it is generally accepted among the most scientific investigators that man is a native of the tropics, where the marvellous abundance of fruits, of the most luxuriant varieties, the chief characteristic of these regions, fed and sustained our remote progenitors in comfort and in ease. This, too, remarkably corresponds with the idea that primitive man, wherever he was first cast, whether in one centre or in more, must, of necessity, have obtained his food from the plant world, since it is impossible to imagine him beginning his career learned in the arts of hunting, killing, and cooking animals.

Again, among the same races we find traditions regarding Flood and Deluge catastrophies which visited this planet at one time or another, and thus terminated their "Golden Age." This, too, remarkably corresponds with the great upheaval known in Geology under the name of the Drift, or Glacial period, the first of the three periods of the Quaternary Age and Era of Man, when a heterogeneous mixture of clay, sand, gravel, pebbles, sub-angular stones of all sizes, unsorted, unstratified, and non-fossiliferous, were transported from places commonly in higher latitudes by some agency, which (1), "could carry masses of rocks hundreds of tons in weight, and which (2), was not always dependent for motion on the slopes of the surface." * Thus the silent pages of the world's history, as recorded

* Dana, Manual of Geology, p. 527.

in imperishable characters upon the earth's crust, proclaim the validity of the traditions regarding some great desolating catastrophe. It is some disaster of this kind which must have put an end to the garden period of existence, when, under the stern yoke of necessity, our ancestors were obliged, for their own preservation, to disregard all natural habits of previous times and to utilize for their sustenance anything in the shape of organic matter, and thus adapt themselves to the new situation, willing or not; at least temporarily.

But as time rolled on, that appalling state of affairs has gradually come to a close, and we find ever since the earliest records of human thought and opinion, that the philosophers and poets of every age and clime—those inspired interpreters of Nature's Laws—have always endeavored to get the human family to return to that manner of life which they led before the period of desolation. Thus it is that "Nature never gives one lesson and philosophy another." *

An exceedingly interesting collection of precepts, views, and sentiments, culled from the writings of the philosophers, poets, and religious teachers of all ages, might be given to substantiate this fact. It is sufficient, however, to call the reader's attention to some of these. Homer, for instance, as far back as three thousand years ago, speaks, in the *Iliad*, of those who lived upon the fruit of the earth and the milk of the herbs as the most righteous of men—"renowned for justice and for length of days." Pythagoras, one of the most celebrated of Greek philosophers, about 570 B.C., declared that the first principle of practical philosophy is that of adopting a diet of fruits and herbs to the exclusion of all else; and his disciples, before their initiation into the Pythagorean School of Philosophy, had to pledge themselves, among other things, to observe this injunction regarding total abstinence from all animal foods. The Stoics, the most excellent school of philosophy of antiquity, which to this day has a stronger hold upon the world's best and greatest intellects than any other, have at all times insisted upon a most rigid adherence to a simple diet furnished by the plant world. Seneca, the prince of stoicism, reminds us that there are "so many trees bearing fruits; so many wholesome herbs, so many different sorts of food distributed

* Juv., Sat. xiv.

throughout the year, that even the slothful may find sustenance in the chance produce of the earth." * And in another place he speaks in unmistakable terms against the folly and vice of "loading one's stomach with heaps of slaughtered animals." † The Cynics, a philosophical school charged with many things of which they were not guilty, also taught that "men ought to live simply, using only plain food in moderate quantities; some of them subsisting upon nothing beyond herbs and cold water." ‡ Other philosophers and philosophical schools and poets of Greece taught and practiced the same doctrine.

Of the great Roman writers we find that Ovid, B.C. 43-A.D. 18, called upon humankind to adopt a diet consisting of fruits and budding plants,

"As in the days of old—the age which men call Golden."

So have Musonius, Plutarch, whose celebrated essay against animal food is excellent, as are all of his writings, Porphyrius, and others. The same is true of the most important religious teachers of antiquity, of many of the sects of ancient times, of the hermit fathers, and of the ascetics of both East and West.

What is the real significance of all this testimony? Is it possible that brute beasts only are endowed with the instinct that enables them unerringly to select their food, and to distinguish the wholesome from the injurious, while man alone, with all his noble qualities and an intellect that passes understanding, is unable to apprehend this matter? And if he is as fully able to do so, is it possible that the wisest and best of humankind of every age and clime have erred in their belief and practice as to the most natural food provided by our All Mother, and that those who have through all ages been led and impelled to the cultivation and use of fruits and herbs, have acted contrary to Nature's design?

If the advice of the brightest intellects of all times is sound, and the industrious work of the horticulturists in full obedience with Nature's decrees at a time in the world's progress when the sciences of

* Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, iv. v.

† Seneca, *De Consolatione ad Helviam Matrem*, x.

‡ Diogenes Laertius, *Lib. vi.*, in *Life of Menedemus*.

biology, chemistry, and national economy were hardly known, what shall we say now, when these developed sciences continually add testimony to the validity of these views and we continue to disregard the choicest food which Mother Nature provides for us in such a marvellous abundance? Let those who read these lines answer these questions according to the light of their own reasoning faculties, and, whoever will attend to this matter as well as to all other affairs in daily life, will attain a reward of good health, sound mind, and long years. For such are the priceless gifts Mother Nature bestows freely upon those who live in full obedience to her laws upon which rests the universal harmony of all things visible and invisible.

WILLIAM H. GALVANI.

JEZIRAH—THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

The story of a life may be of unquestionable verity or it may be interspersed with conditions whose reality may well be doubted; and yet, it is possible that the very vividness of some conditions are a sure warranty of actual occurrences. However this may be, that which I am about to relate contains such very strange and peculiar phases of experience that it has a strong flavor of orientalism; though, as a matter of fact, the subject of my story, an energetic man of affairs, is to-day, and has been since birth, a resident of a city within a short distance of New York.

Gerald Brinton's father was a man of sterling integrity and his mother possessed, to such a high degree, the faculty of intuitively reaching accurate conclusions that the elder Brinton invariably submitted to her the important features of his business transactions and in after life was wont to say that his success was entirely due to the wise conclusions of Mrs. Brinton. He was a man of firm convictions and quick to grasp any business possibilities; hence Gerald from his direct ancestry inherited those traits which augured for him a life of keen business ability.

While attending the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, Gerald became acquainted with some of the foreign exhibitors,

among whom was one, Pajhatta Ramsamjee, a Hindoo of great learning, who represented a house in Madras, and who, by special dispensation, had been permitted to leave India without losing caste. He was well versed in Brahmin lore, possessing a good English education as well. He was attracted by Gerald's aptitude, while, in turn, impressing Gerald because of his knowledge of what he termed the wisdom of The Briah. They soon became firm friends and constant associates.

One day during a discussion upon the economics of life, Ramsamjee asserted that his people were actuated by the thought they gathered from the mind of the world of souls, which was a superior condition of intelligence to that of even the entire mass-mind of man, because the former was the synthesis of The Briah or world of spirit. To Gerald this was a new thought, and he requested that Ramsamjee explain more fully.

"How can there be," he said, "other life upon which man can depend, or other knowledge than that which comes from individual experience, upon which we must base our actions and from which we must deduce our thoughts?"

"You do not comprehend," said Ramsamjee; "but if you will call upon me here in my temporary home I will endeavor to enlighten you and show you the way into the world of which I speak."

Accepting this invitation, Gerald presented himself at the residence of Ramsamjee. He was ushered into a room at the head of the staircase. The draperies of this room were quite unique and Gerald was particularly impressed by the fact that their color was so shaded that it was difficult to discern whether red or blue predominated, though the lights diffused over the scene a pale blue, restful effulgence, which of itself filled him with a sense of ease quite new in his experience.

The conversation of the two men, in the meantime, had been upon the subject of the importance of the Exposition as a means of bringing the various peoples of the world into closer relationship. Both had become deeply interested, when they were interrupted by the entrance of a visitor, a sombre-hued man of striking presence, to whom Gerald was presented as a very dear friend of his host.

Bhudrajee Sawb was a man of some sixty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, and possessing a countenance indicative of an even temper yet of exceeding firmness. His every movement was that of natural grace, and though his skin was of a nut-brown hue, yet the spirit of powerful activity seemed to radiate from him and impressed one with the value of his wisdom.

"Sawb," said Ramsamjee, "I have been telling my friend Mr. Brinton of the wonders comprised in The Jezirah, the world of souls, and have invited him here this evening that you might meet him and, if possible, give him a glimpse of that world. He and I have become quite interested in our conversations and I have discovered in him a mind peculiarly fitted, with a little training, to comprehend the subject: I trust it will be agreeable to you, therefore, that we retire to the studio and take up the matter in the way you deem best."

"My dear sir," said Sawb in response, "it will afford me the utmost pleasure to accede to your suggestion. Let us go into the studio and endeavor to get into harmony with The Briaiah."

Ramsamjee leading the way they advanced toward the rear of the room, and yet, while there was no door to be seen, the three passed into another apartment. This, to Gerald, was peculiar for he experienced no sensation of resistance in passing through the partition. But there was no explanation vouchsafed, nor, indeed, did it seem of sufficient importance just then to demand one, for his attention was immediately attracted to the extraordinary furniture and fittings of the apartment in which he found himself.

The room, in form, was a pentagon, every side of which was draped with what seemed to be a soft lustreless azure-blue cloth. Suspended from the centre of the ceiling was a most uniquely designed vessel from which emanated a soft, white light. It appeared to be a hollow globe of some opaque material. It was marked, however, with numerous veins, through which coursed streams of varied colors, which seemed to be pulsative, and capable of being separated by the eye; yet the light diffused in the room was of that soft white, more nearly akin to the light peculiar to dream-visions.

Upon the floor was an exquisitely designed rug, the principal figure in which was a large pentagram, or five-pointed star, every

point of which came in contact with the centre of each of the five walls. In a line with each point and with the centre of the ceiling, but about eighteen inches lower, was held in suspension, by some invisible means, five iridescent discs, the rapid scintillations of whose light-rays bewildered the vision. In the centre of the floor was a slender rod of some highly polished metal, about five feet high, and suspended from it, as from a pivot, by very fine threads, was a metal ring some twelve inches in diameter, held in a horizontal position, at least ten inches below the top of the rod. Upon the floor there was apparently described a seven-foot circle, the rod being at its centre; between this circle and each of the star-points within its outline stood a comfortably tufted chair.

"Be seated, Mr. Brinton," said Ramsamjee, pointing to a chair, while he and his friend took the two opposite ones. This placed Gerald opposite an angle of the room, with the suspended ring intercepting his vision in a direct line and dividing the intervening space between him and the two Hindoos so that he could look at but one of them at a time.

They had been seated but an instant, when Bhudrajee Sawb, addressing Gerald, said:

"You notice that there is traced upon the floor the outline of a five-pointed star. Of its importance in occult things you may doubtless gather some light when I refer you to a scene in a literary work of one of the foremost thinkers of the West.

"In the dialogue between Goethe's Faust and Mephistopheles, the latter, at the termination of his visit, asks: 'Might I be permitted this time to depart?'

"I see not why you ask: here is the window; here the door; there also is a chimney for you.'

"To confess the truth, a small obstacle prevents me from walking out—the wizard foot upon your threshold.'

"The pentagram embarrasses you? Tell me, then, thou child of hell, if that repels thee, how camest thou in? How was such a spirit entrapped?'

"Mark it well; it is not well drawn. One angle, the outward one, is, as thou seest, a little open.'

“ In the occult symbolism, the five-pointed star is a mystic symbol, through or across which the duggas, or spirit of the teachings of evil souls, cannot reach the man whose greatest desire is the gratification of his human passions. This is foolishness; the very evil to which he clings, while destroying him, prevents him from seeking after wisdom. This star before us, as you notice, is perfectly drawn and its outline is of the deepest scarlet in color. Within this outline but outside the circle, in the centre, the color is blue, while inside the circle it is violet. Outside the star you observe the color to be jet black. That is symbolic of The Aziah, the elementary world of darkness. The space within the angles of the star is symbolic of the world of souls into which man may take his elementary body; that within the circle is the symbol of the plane of mergence—the Jezirah, the world of souls, and The Briah, the world of spirit. As you notice, the violet gradually loses itself as the centre is approached until finally under the suspended ring, where one would expect to see a shadow, there is displayed the quintessence of the color of light—white. But in the entire circle there is no line of demarcation: hence the name, plane of mergence; nor, indeed, can you determine the outline of the circle, though you are mentally aware that there is a space where the blue and violet merge.

“ The suspended metal ring is symbolic of The Briah, the world of spirit, into which world man cannot take his elementary body because of its dependence upon the sustaining quality of the world of darkness, the red color-ray. But, his life being dual, it is possible for his ego to become in such accord with The Briah that from it to him will flow a stream of intelligence that will develop the intellect to a surprising degree.

“ The lamp which you see suspended from the ceiling is symbolic of The Eternal. It is, as you notice, an apparently solid vessel, through which the varied elements of life circulate. Yet the light that emanates from it produces in the world of spirit an activity which, like the circle, is without beginning or end. The Briah is not The Eternal, but an emanation from The Eternal.

“ The discs, one of which is suspended above each of our heads, are symbolic of other worlds like ours and which exercise upon us

an influence in proportion as we may become in composite harmony with their activity, and with that source from which it emanates.

"By this description of the apparatus you may understand that it is but symbolical of the true condition which we will endeavor to have you fully comprehend as we proceed. I want to add, however, that we three must get into absolute mental harmony, which is done more easily by exercising our mental force upon the suspended ring. At the moment when harmony is attained we shall see the effect of mind over matter, for the ring will rise, relieve itself of the thread supports, and remain floating in mid-air above the rod, through the force of our mental exertion. You may think that this will be but an optical illusion, superinduced by hypnotic influence, but let me assure you that the Yoghi never resorts to that when, for the purpose of enlightenment, he undertakes to demonstrate the truth of the higher life to which man may attain. Conjurors employ deception; essigneés never.

"I now want you to concentrate your thought upon the ring to which I have referred. As you see, it is suspended by five fine threads. These are raw silk and the ring itself is composed of a composition, the elements and method of mixture of which are to-day unknown. This is one of the three that are in existence, made in the dim past; so long ago, indeed, that it is but a tradition. Yet of the fact, the ring before you is an active evidence. Some power other than man's, it is said, was evoked in this ring's construction; else why does it possess the faculty of obeying the mental force, as is now occurring? For you may notice it is quivering upon the verge of equipose. Now notice that its weight is removed from the strands of silk and it is rising. Please advance and assure yourself that it is entirely unsupported by any means from either the ceiling or the floor. And be careful to note that as you advance toward the ring it will move toward you, so that you may reach it without intruding upon the plane of mergence within the circle upon the floor."

Gerald did as he was directed and was surprised that what had been predicted really occurred. He passed his hands above and below the floating ring and saw that there was nothing supporting it. He even grasped and inverted it: in which position it remained.

"If you are convinced that what I have said is true, we will proceed a step further."

To this Gerald nodded assent and resumed his seat.

"We will now endeavor to become conscious of the presence of The Jezirah. You will not see with your eyes, yet you will perceive that there is with us a being from whom we shall receive intelligence. Assume the most comfortable position, if you please, keeping your attention directed toward the ring, and await developments."

The three men relapsed into silence. Gradually there crept over Gerald the realization that he was in the presence of some life whose being was capable of impressing itself upon his consciousness with a vividness never before experienced. He could see but the two Hindoos, yet he knew that another being was present. In fact, so vivid did his mental vision become in a short time that he realized where the presence was located. He even became conscious that there were two other beings beside himself and the Hindoos, and noted clearly that they occupied the two vacant points of the star; one upon each side of him. So vivid was the impression that he turned his head to gaze upon each of the chairs, but was unable to see their occupants.

While endeavoring to comprehend the situation, Gerald was astonished to hear, as it were, a voice address him, saying:

"To find himself is the duty of man: and when he knows himself, the finding leaves him naught but dependence upon The Eternal. His will, subjective to That Will, finds the light. Behold!—"

Like a flash of lightning there opened unto Gerald's vision The World of Souls and he and it were in unison. His perception of events was awakened; he could understand the plan of human activities, and without effort grasp and link the epochs of mankind from the beginning and know that as an entity each individual performed but an integral part. He could clearly see how no one man could be complete; for the span of human life was built of all who had lived or would live. That, Then it Was, and Then it Shall Be, were the ends of the span, resting upon The Eternal: and as the span had multiplied upon itself, man had developed into the antithesis of The Eternal, though always subject to The Law of Justice and Truth which, if violated, the penalties were sure to follow quickly.

As Gerald fully comprehended his own relation to human existence, he realized to what extent he was dependent upon The Eternal Cause of material life and that those matters, formerly regarded as creatures of his own intellect, were really the inspiration of The Jezirah affecting the material conditions, using his understanding as a channel through which to make manifest the thought of mind as it emanated from The Eternal.

He noticed besides that in the transference of this thought of mind to man there was induced in the recipient a mental activity which was affected by its environments of elemental being and personal gratification; and which led the man who permitted it, to so direct his actions as to bring the thought of mind into action with the thought of man, making a synthetical activity which depended to the fullest extent upon the desire of the man to gather wisdom for its beneficial results, or folly for his utter condemnation.

This appealed to Gerald as wisdom and he knew that his visit to the Hindoo had been fraught with good. His comprehension of the reality of life had been made clear. He was exceedingly anxious to go further into the subject.

His mind was alert and he was just about to ask for the sequel of what had occurred, as well as an explanation of his perception of that presence of life, when Bhudrajee Sawb said:

"Mr. Brinton, yours is, indeed, a mind of keen perception, one that is met with very infrequently. From the aptitude with which you have perceived the thought of mind, I should say that upon the maternal side you had been blessed with a parent in whom the faculty of intuitive knowledge was very largely developed. Is such not the case?"

Gerald replied in the affirmative and recited many instances where his mother had expressed a decided opinion which was afterward found to have been accurate.

"But how," added he, "did you know that I had perceived anything during the evening?"

"Do you forget that I told you we should come into mental harmony?" said the Hindoo. "Not only did this occur, but we three were for the time being a psychological entity; that is, you, Ram-

samjee, and myself, were one intellect; not *of* one intellect, mark you, but *actually* one; and the intelligence of the thought of mind animated each consciousness to the same degree; therefore Ramsamjee and I received exactly the same intelligence as you, and in the same degree of vividness as well. Such an experience all students of the justice and truth of the power of mind ultimately attain. The consciousness of this cannot be imparted by one man to another. It is only reduced to a certainty in the individual by his own mental activity, which is real, conscious life. Therefore the real man is the Ego, the Spirit, and the Soul. The elementary or physical existence in the man made manifest to himself, is The Aziah, or world of darkness, the synthesis of the real existence, and is the Malchuth of man, or that which, because of the presence in it of the Ego, Spirit, and Soul, lives by induction. It is also three in one. This induced life is sustained by the dynamic force of the astral sun and is enlivened or depressed as that sun may shine or be obscured by clouds. It is this synthetical existence from which emanates human selfishness and which leads to the throttling of the benefits which man may derive from the thought of mind, through the activity of the Ego, Spirit, and Soul.

"I think you now understand what we mean when we say that we are governed in our course by the thought of mind as it is imparted to us from The Briah (the world of Spirit) by The Jezirah (the world of Souls). Mr. Brinton, it is necessary for man to subject himself entirely to The Will of The Eternal, which is the objective factor of all the universe. Such is all inanimate nature, as manifested by its elementary existence, from the blade of grass to the greatest orb—man alone and his subordinates being the only exceptions. But within a few decades this will have changed and man, too, will be brought to realize, as well as understand this necessity."

As Sawb concluded speaking the Hindoos and Gerald arose from their chairs as if by the same impulse and the metal ring which had been suspended in mid-air gradually settled down upon its original support on the rod. Bhudrajee Sawb then said:

"I see that we are not to continue the subject any further this evening. Let us go to the drawing-room."

Gerald was invited to remain, but as the hour was late he declined, preferring to retain the impressions already received and to ponder over them. So bidding his host and his friend adieu, he passed out of the house.

HENRY CLAY.

TRIUNITY.

THE SPHINX :

O pyramid sleeping,
Or drowsily waking
To dumb contemplation,
Unconsciously blind,
Behold in my person
Perfection of beauty,
The sibyl eternal
Serene and majestic,—
Incarnate mankind.

From the sirocco's blowing
The sand driven desert,
The winds of Sahara,
The sunburst and storm,
I rise to the greatness,
The summit of Nature,
The marvel of beauty,
And grandeur of being,
Perfection of form.

THE PYRAMID :

O sphinx of the desert,
Thou satyr of feeling,
The sport of emotion
And accident's sign,
Thy life is but fleeting,
Beyond thee, not of thee,
The gift of thy lover ;
Behold the eternal—
The life that is mine.

From the Nile overflowing,
 The field and the desert,
 The four winds of heaven,
 The sunburst and storm,
 I rise to the greatness,
 The summit of science,
 The marvel of wisdom,
 And grandeur of being,
 Perfection of form.

GOD :

O sphinx of emotion,
 O pyramid sleeping,
 I waken to action,
 I loosen or bind ;
 I am the sensation,
 The shape of expression,
 The thought and the thinker,
 The deed and the doer,—
 Incarnate mankind.

I see in the darkness,
 I hear in the silence,
 I wait in the fury,—
 The sunburst or storm ;
 I am the eternal
 Of beauty and wisdom,
 The love and the lover,
 The soul of all being,—
 Perfection of form.

WILLIAM J. ROE.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity, according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.
 —*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE METAPHYSICS OF MIND.

Thought which relates to the higher phases of human life, is, without question, assuming shape in nearly all intellectual circles. The many ways of its progression lead to different views—sometimes quite conflicting—of the nature of the thought itself and of the basis of its existence.

“Many men of many minds” express themselves in various tongues, perhaps failing to see that but *one* set of ideas rests behind the many forms of language. This, however, is quite true, and each but voices his own comprehension of the one fundamental Truth. Because of its infinite nature Truth is capable of an infinite variety of expressions, while still retaining its vital character of self-existent Reality.

Different groups of people, thinking their way through the more or less narrow channels of bigoted belief and scholastic thought, frequently come—more by circumstance than by definite intention—to work under certain heads, which differ in name more than in nature; and some seem to hold the opinion that the particular name is of importance, even that the work cannot be performed or the truth comprehended save through adherence to the one particular name thus adopted. These, it would seem, forget that such a course savors of the same scholasticism and tends strongly toward the same old bigotry that all are striving to leave behind in the journey toward higher vantage ground in life.

This tendency seems so ingrained with our methods of thinking, that all would do well to remember that the Infinity of any Truth necessitates an infinite variety, as well as an infinite number, of expressions; and that the Reality always is essentially within the *Thing itself* rather than in any one of its manifestations. Especially should it be borne in mind that it

cannot be found in any one form to the exclusion of others, as all Truth is One Reality, and none of it can be excluded from anything real without endangering the very foundation of all things. The understanding of the deluded thinker would thus be clouded with regard to his comprehension of the facts of the Universe.

Names, whether of persons or of cults, sects, schools, systems, or things, are usually more expressive of limitations than of real characteristics. They are seldom given to sects with a view so broad as to exclude selfish desire in the selection, or while adhering to the principles actually involved in the subject. While this condition of thought continues in the general mind, therefore, conscientious investigators should always look for the *principle of action* involved in the subject and consider the motive which prompts the teaching. By these absolutely infallible guides the nature of each system may be rightly judged. Under this rule, all systems of thought that produce good results will be found to rest upon Truth and in their workings will develop knowledge of reality as proof of their character. Aside from this illegitimate tendency toward limitation and personal bigotry, the use of names is only a matter of convenience in handling the subject and in bringing it before the notice of others.

In this light it seems evident that in the use of any language, that term which most definitely expresses the real ideas involved in the subject, without vanity, desire, intrigue, or selfish purpose of any kind, will be the most suitable for continued work and usefulness.

Because of these facts, the term "Metaphysics" has been employed in presenting the varied conceptions that arise with regard to those phases of thought which transcend the sense plane of action, in personal life.

There are two classes of people who object to the use of this term: The first because they do not know its meaning, never having investigated it; these usually hold erroneous views derived from its misuse during the past few centuries. They conceive it as relating only to dry, abstruse and presumably unintelligible subjects, of no value in every-day life. The others object mainly because they have adopted for use some different term, title, or name, and ignorantly presume that all the "milk in the cocoanut" of truth is bottled up in their receptacle and must bear their seal. It is generally quite useless to attempt to reason with this class, as logic is altogether too exact for their comprehension and reason

seems nearly as valueless in their thought-processes as in those of the narrowest of old-time thinkers. It matters little what these bigots think, however, as they "think out 'loud," mostly, and the thought dies away with the atmospheric vibration. There is hope for these, only in the disappearance of the limitations of their understanding, and the subsequent recognition of the eternal fact that the truth of any theory still remains after the bigoted belief in its limitation has vanished in its own native nothingness. For the first class, however, there is immediate hope and help if they can be induced to look into the meaning of words.

Metaphysics is a clean, sound, and thoroughly consistent English noun, and since the time of Aristotle it has stood for just what it means to-day in the nomenclature of advanced thought; viz., "The Science of Being." More explicitly, it signifies, "The Science which treats of the principles and laws of Being;" "The Science of the inward and essential nature of things;" and for ages, almost, it has stood for all that philosophy which relates to the spiritual side of life and nature. Kant defines it as the Science of God, freedom, and immortality. While it continues to hold its place in the language, there seems no good reason for the invention of new and unknown terms or names, as no better can possibly be found and the only point to be gained would be that of a special trademark for personal use. This, however, is entirely beneath any branch or department of true science, as it makes a personal matter of it and again produces limitations of that which should forever remain unlimited in comprehension, as it is infinite in nature.

The word Metaphysics is derived from the Greek *μετά*—beyond, back of, above, higher in nature, that which transcends; and *φυσικός*—the physical, material, sensuous, lower, external. The term, therefore, rightly stands for knowledge of all that which is above or beyond the physical; as such it includes all *real knowledge* within its legitimate subject matter. Its nature is all-inclusive, and its meaning cannot be controverted. Reject it, and there remains only the outer, personal limitation to deal with under the new name. A working hypothesis based on any of the laws and principles of real being, is, of necessity, "metaphysical," because that is its accepted name in this language. Calling the work by some other name cannot change its nature or character; neither can it exclude the right name which it has borne among English-

speaking people from the time of their earliest understanding of spiritual matters.

Metaphysics means accurate knowledge of spiritual law and principle. As it deals with the known laws of being it includes *all* knowledge of reality. Mind is the instrument of spiritual being, the mode of action, on this plane of life, of the real man. Its nature includes *all principles* of living activity and its every movement, change, thought, or progress must accord with some law of being. It is necessarily metaphysical in every mode of life. De Quincey says: "All parts of knowledge have their origin in Metaphysics, and finally, perhaps, revolve into it." As the entire nature of mind is lawful action, it is impossible for it to intelligently do or accomplish anything of value in life except in reproducing the action of some definite law of reality. Comprehension of what mind does, and how it is accomplished, necessarily involves knowledge of the laws expressed in its action. As these are laws of Being, and *knowledge is science*, every such act is an expression of the Science of Being, and must be entirely metaphysical. The Mind, therefore, is a metaphysical instrument of the pure, spiritual man, and every person who deals with the problems of pure, spiritual life in any of its infinite activities is necessarily metaphysical to the extent of his knowledge, whether he will or no. There is no escape save to eschew the English language and abandon the English-speaking people.

One who is *not* metaphysical, therefore, does not deal with *real* principles or laws of being and includes no truth in his curriculum, opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let us have "light!" and let us be willing to recognize that which the light discloses.

FRONTISPIECE.

In this number we give our readers a fine portrait of Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, the famous explorer among the ruins of Yucatan, and author of "Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx,"* itself one of the most remarkable productions of modern literature. This is but one book in a series by this author to be devoted to the work of explaining the history of America from the earliest ages to the time of Columbus.

* Price \$6.00—The Metaphysical Pub. Co., New York.

Dr. Le Plongeon has been a fearless explorer, suffering almost indescribable privations for the sake of bringing to light the series of facts lying buried in the systems, and ceremonies, the symbology, and the ancient language of the Maya people, now living on the same soil and speaking the same language as that of their direct ancestors of twelve or fifteen thousand years ago.

The portrait is an excellent likeness.

Next month we shall bring out that of another of America's foremost thinkers in some of these interesting lines of investigation.

SUCCESS.

Up to the time of going to press with this number the reception of "Intelligence" by an appreciative as well as a critical public has been all that we could possibly ask, even better than anticipated. Our plan of reducing the price, while still further improving the appearance and character of the periodical, has met with a reception beyond all calculation, and personal support of the enterprise is guaranteed from hundreds of different points.

The satisfaction and good-feeling expressed in the large number of letters and personal communications received, give assurance that we have hit the right nail upon the head and "driven it home" for permanent results. There is no question but that "Intelligence" is already *in the swim*, and many predict that it will lead, from the first, in advanced thought literature.

We hope we may be pardoned if in our, perhaps, quite natural enthusiasm we spatter a little water over the heads of the by-standers. It is not dangerous. A little clear water never yet harmed anyone; especially if, as in this instance, it comes pure and invigorating, from a right source. We are unselfishly working for those who love freedom and advancement, and we are simply *glad* to find that the people recognize and respond to the effort for universal progress.

"Intelligence" is, in point of fact, important to even the intelligent. Especially to the intelligent. Are we all to be in at the feast?

It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to the gods.
—*Seneca*.

THE X RAYS IN SUNLIGHT.

Almost every day brings forth some new developments of the properties and peculiarities of X rays. Hitherto it has been maintained that the new radiance could be obtained only through the medium of vacuum tubes. Now, however, Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, a well-known scientist of this city and California, announces that he has succeeded in obtaining the X rays with the aid only of the sunlight, and without the use of Crookes tubes and induction coils. Dr. Emmens for some time, at his home in California, has been conducting a series of interesting and unique experiments, with the result that he is convinced that the X rays are not only to be found in sunbeams, but in various other kinds of light. Dr. Emmens, who is the inventor of the powerful explosive known as "emmensite," which was adopted by the United States Government, has been assisted in his operations by his son, Newton W. Emmens.

Dr. Emmens does not hesitate to say that he is convinced by practical proofs that the Röntgen ray exists in every source that emits light, and he further asserts that every source that emits heat also emits the X-ray vibrations.

Probably one of the most interesting results attained by the Messrs. Emmens in their experiments was the finding of the rays in darkness. Still working on the theory that the radiance was universal, they covered a sensitive plate with the compound ordinarily known as Prussian blue, and the plate, on being developed after being left in the darkened receptacle for twelve hours, was found to contain plainly pictured impressions of the patches of the chemical substance. The plate was affected as if by an ordinary light, and a penumbra surrounded each picture, showing that the phenomenon was caused by light, and not by chemical means.

"It showed that the dark receptacle was full of radiant energy," said Dr. Emmens, "containing rays that were capable of passing through the vulcanite slide. My experiment proves that this actually happened and that the rays, coming in contact with the chemical compound with which I had covered the plate, were converted into ordinary light, and so produced the effects on the plate. Supposing this deduction is capable of practical application, it would seem to make a way clear for the conversion of dark radiant energy into ordinary light, and then we shall have solved the whole lighting problem. We can use the radiant energy that surrounds us everywhere and obtain the light to dispel darkness from the darkness itself."—*New York Tribune*.

MAHATMA.

"Mahatma is a Sanskrit word, meaning literally great-souled, high-minded, noble; in India it has also a technical sense, being applied to what in the ancient language of India were called Sannyāsins, and meaning one who has abandoned all worldly affections. In the newspaper discussions of theosophy much has been seen concerning the Mahatmas, mysterious beings who are supposed to be inaccessible to ordinary mortals and exercise what we are wont to term supernatural powers over material forces.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, the leader of the Brahmo Samāj, and well known to many people in England, tells me of the extraordinary influence which the Mahatman exercised on Keshub Chunder Sen, on himself, and on a large number of highly educated men in Calcutta. A score of young men who were more closely attached to him have become ascetics since his death. They follow his teaching by giving up the enjoyment of wealth and carnal pleasure, living together in a neighboring Matha (college), and retiring at times to holy and solitary places all over India even as far as the Himalayan Mountains. Besides these holy men, we are told that a great number of men with their families are ardently devoted to his cause. But what is most interesting is the fact that it was the Mahatman who exercised the greatest influence on Keshub Chunder Sen during the last phase of his career [when he changed suddenly into a mystic and ecstatic saint]. . . .

He [Rāmakrishna] never moved in the world, or was a man of the world, even in the sense in which Keshub Chunder Sen was. He seems from the very first to have practised that very severe kind of asceticism (yoga) which is intended to produce trances (samādhi) and ecstatic utterances. We can not quite understand them, but in the case of our Mahatman we can not doubt their reality, and can only stand by and wonder, particularly when so much that seems to us the outcome of a broken frame of body and an overwrought state of mind contains nevertheless so much that is true and wise and beautiful. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, who was fully aware that his friend was considered by many, particularly by missionaries, as a self-deluded enthusiast, nay, as an impostor, gives us the following account of him when his influence was at its height. 'The Hindu saint,' he writes, 'is now a man under forty, he is a Brahman by caste, he is well-formed in body, but the dreadful austerities through which his character has developed appear to have permanently disordered his system, and inflicted a debility, paleness, and shrunkeness upon his form and features that excite compassion. Yet in the midst of this emaciation his face retains a fulness, a childlike tenderness, a profound visible hum-

bleness, an unspeakable sweetness of expression, and a smile that I have seen in no other face. . . .

The state of religious exaltation as here described has been witnessed again and again by serious observers of exceptional psychic states. It is in its essence something like our talking in sleep, only that with a mind saturated with religious thoughts and with the sublimest ideas of goodness and purity the result is what we find in the case of Rāmakrishna, no mere senseless hypnotic jabbering, but a spontaneous outburst of profound wisdom clothed in beautiful poetical language. His mind seems like a kaleidoscope of pearls, diamonds, and sapphires, shaken together at random, but always producing precious thoughts in regular, beautiful outlines. To our ears, no doubt, much of his teaching and preaching sounds strange, but not to Oriental ears, or to ears accustomed to the fervid poetry of the East. Everything seems to become purified in his mind. Nothing, I believe, is so hideous as the popular worship of Kali in India. To Rāmakrishna all that is repulsive in her character is, at it were, non-existent, and there remains but the motherhood of the goddess. Her adoration with him is a childlike, whole-souled, rapturous self-consecration to the motherhood of God, as represented by the power and influence of woman. Woman in her natural material character had long been renounced by the saint. He had a wife, but never associated with her. 'Woman,' he said, 'fascinates and keeps the world from the love of God.' For long years he made the utmost efforts to be delivered from the influence of woman. His heartrending supplications and prayers for such deliverance, sometimes uttered aloud in his retreat on the riverside, brought crowds of people, who bitterly cried when he cried, and could not help blessing him and wishing him success with their whole hearts. And he succeeded, so that his mother to whom he prayed, that is the goddess Kali, made him recognize every woman as her incarnation, and honor each member of the other sex, whether young or old, as his mother. In one of his prayers he exclaims: 'O Mother Divine, I want no honor from man, I want no pleasure of the flesh; only let my soul flow into Thee as the permanent confluence of the Gangā and Jamunā. Mother, I am without bhakti (devotion), without yoga (concentration); I am poor and friendless. I want no one's praise, only let my mind always dwell in the lotus of thy feet.' But what is the most extraordinary of all, his religion was not confined to the worship of Hindu deities and the purification of Hindu customs. For long days he subjected himself to various kinds of discipline to realize the Mohammedan idea of an all-powerful Allah. He let his beard grow, he fed himself on Moslem diet, he continually repeated sentences from the Koran. For Christ his reverence was deep and genuine. He bowed his

head at the name of Jesus, honored the doctrine of his sonship, and once or twice attended Christian places of worship. He declared that each form of worship was to him a living and most enthusiastic principle of personal religion; he showed, in fact, how it was possible to unify all the religions of the world by seeing only what is good in every one of them, and showing sincere reverence to every one who has suffered for the truth, for their faith in God, and for their love of men. He seems to have left nothing in writing, but his sayings live in the memory of his friends. He would not be a master or the founder of a new sect. 'I float a frail half-sunk log of wood through the stream of the troublous world. If men come to hold by me to save their lives, the result will be that they will drown me without being able to save themselves. Beware of Gurus!'"

PROF. MAX MÜLLER, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

A PSYCHIC VISION.

California, March 26, 1897.

Editor Metaphysical Magazine—

Dear Sir: I have been a constant reader of your esteemed journal for the past eighteen months. With a desire to aid in the interest of Psychic Experience I submit the following, one of several that have occurred to me.

On the morning of April 13th, 1896, I had been engaged in writing a letter to a lady friend living two thousand miles distant at her home in Illinois, a former childhood schoolmate of both my wife and myself and whom we had not seen for sixteen years.

My wife called for a drink of water, to obtain which it became necessary for me to pass out of the room across the hall through the dining-room to the kitchen. While passing through the dining-room the lady to whom I had been engaged in writing suddenly appeared standing directly in front of me. She seemed to be looking over my right shoulder, her lips slightly parted and her countenance wearing a pleasant smile. She wore a garment the texture of which seemed a mixture of brown and yellow colors woven in the style of what is sometimes termed "basket cloth."

The vision was very distinct and upon returning to the room occupied by my wife and after attending to her request I noted particularly the date, resolving that at some future time I would describe the vision to the lady, which I did in a subsequent letter asking her if she could remember the dress she wore on that day and describing the dress as I had seen it.

In due course of time I received a reply from her and upon opening her letter was thrilled to find enclosed a sample of cloth which was exactly the same in figure and color as that which I had seen in the vision. In her letter she stated that she undoubtedly was wearing the garment on the day mentioned as it was a favorite dress and one which she wore very often but she was much surprised that I could so accurately describe her having not seen her for a period of sixteen years.

WM. H. LOCHMAN, M.D.

A SOMNAMBULISTIC EXPERIENCE.

A number of years ago while I was stopping with a friend in Vermont he told me this experience, which, from the well-known integrity of my host I will vouch for as truth.

He was stopping at a hotel at one of the summer resorts and one day got into conversation with a new arrival who proved to be the late novelist Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

They were mutually attracted and in the evening Mr. Cobb asked him to share his bed with him saying, "I often get up in my sleep and may to-night and therefore do not wish to be alone. I ask only this, that you do not interfere with me unless I am in danger!" He consented.

During the night he was awakened by Mr. Cobb's getting up. He soon saw him in the dim light of the room sit down to his table and write. He continued at this some two hours, writing in the dark, and my friend knew, in his sleep. After completing his work he arranged the pages of his MS. and came to bed and was sleeping soundly when my friend got up. He examined the MS. and found it some chapters of a serial story then running in a paper, the previous chapters he had written being in print. He told Mr. Cobb during the day what he had seen and Mr. Cobb remarked that was no uncommon occurrence for him thus to write when his story worried him.

H. H. BROWN,

Minister A. S. C. Society, Topeka, Kansas.

BRAIN CELLS IN FINGER TIPS.

The gray matter brain-cells of perception have been dissected out of the finger-tips of the blind. Standing point up beneath all the ridges so plainly seen with a magnifying glass on the skin of the inside of the finger ends are the so-called corpuscles of Pacini, which are arranged in the exact semblance of the keys of a piano, and are said by Meissner to crepitate and give forth a different sound in every age of each person.

This Pacinian corpuscle, which contains within its lining membranes a nerve-trunk, an artery, and a vein, lines all the tactile surfaces of the body, particularly the inner finger and thumb tips.

A medical man recently assisted in an autopsy on a person blind from birth, and he sought to discover by scalpel and microscope the secret of the extraordinarily delicate touch the blind man had acquired during life. Sections perhaps a sixteenth of an inch thick were carefully sliced off the inner surfaces of the index and middle fingers of the right hand. Under a high power these showed, instead of a single nerve trunk and artery and vein of the average man, a most complex and delicate ramification of nerve filaments, dainty and minute nerve twigs in immense number branching from the main stem. Through constant use the finger tips of the blind acquire this unusual development, with more and more perfect performance of function.—*The Microscope*.

EIGHT THINGS A PHYSICIAN SHOULD NEVER FORGET.

1. That disease is simply an unbalanced state of health.
2. That most maladies are complex in character, and the complication often exceeds in importance the primary disorder.
3. That every morbid phenomenon, however obscure and remote, has its reason and cause.
4. That prominent symptoms are frequently situated at some distance from the seat of disease.
5. That most derangements are atypical, varying with the personality and environments of the patient.
6. That every active remedy excites reaction as well as action.
7. That a stimulant is merely a spur, and that a narcotic is a gag stifling the cry of nature for relief.
8. That proper diet, clothing, climate, and occupation, with rest, are the chief means for the preservation of health.—*Public Health Journal*.

MR. POST'S CHALLENGE.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 20.—The challenge of C. W. Post, champion of the mental healers against the pending medical bill which would exclude them from practice in Michigan, to compare the record of a new school practitioner for six months with that of an old school doctor, has not been accepted.

The \$1,000 which he deposited in the National bank has been returned, none of his adversaries putting up a similar amount. Mr. Post writes:

"I desire to say in reference to the offer of \$1,000 to the practitioners of the old school that this offer was made in good faith.

"The immediate cause of my offer to the physicians of the old school is to check the dogmatic and tyrannical spirit of oppression that would seek to pass legislation, barring from the practice of the healing art, anyone not a graduate of the old schools, saying in effect that all progress must be stayed unless it comes through the orthodox channel. I have nothing to gain in this proposition, as I retired from practice something above a year ago, and cannot, under any circumstances, take patients.

"The older members of the medical schools who have had a long experience in the care of the sick, know something of the marvellous, complex operation of the mind in disease, and know just enough to obtain a glimpse of the great field before them of facts that they do not know in this department. That class do not care to accept my money offer to compare results. I had rather counted upon the later graduates from some of the medical colleges who are wandering in the blissful state that follows the young graduate when he first writes doctor before his name, and relies wholly and solely upon the marvellous powers that reside in the bit of inorganic matter that passes under the general name of drug.

"It is that sort that might take a very long step in experience and attain a higher knowledge of the healing art if they could have mustered courage to meet my fair offer."—*The Evening News*.

ASTRONOMICAL AND ASTROLOGICAL ASPECT.

Can a distant planet influence this world or its inhabitants? Not only an astronomer, but a common schoolboy who has a rudimentary knowledge of Astronomy, will say that the moon influences the earth and its inhabitants. We know for certain that the ebb and flow of the tides can be predicted by the course of the moon; and, in like manner, any physiologist or medical man will assure you that the power of certain diseases is increased or decreased in accordance with the waxing or waning of the moon. This is a fact well marked in their daily observations. Now the moon is only a satellite. The influence of the planets, which are more powerful, must be greater on the Earth as well as on her inhabitants.

Paracelsus, in explaining the claims of Astrology to a respectful attention, says, "whereas Astronomy deals only with the physical aspect of planets and stars, Astrology, nobler and higher, deals with the psychical influences which the souls of the heavenly orbs exert upon the microcosm of man." Commenting on the above, the late Professor Richard A.

Proctor, one of the leading Astronomers of our day, observes—"There is something more impressive in the thought that the souls of the sun and moon and planets act not only upon each other, but on the microcosm of man." "But in all seriousness, astrology in its inception was a science—if one ought not rather to call it a religion—deserving of respectful consideration, to say the least. Direct observation was all in favor of the belief that the heavenly bodies influence in a most special manner the fortunes (Karma) of men. The chief of all the heavenly bodies, the sun, produces such manifest effects, both in his daily and his yearly course, and the moon seems so obviously powerful over the waters of the sea, and in other ways, that it was the most natural thing in the world to assume that the other celestial orbs also have their special influences, though it might not seem quite so obvious what those influences were."

Astrology, therefore, though scoffed at by the ignorant and the sceptic, did formerly and does still form part of almost every religion, especially the Aryan, as will be seen from the *shastras*. According to these, every planet is presided over by an *yazata* or god. These planets are, it is said,

"Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the gods."

THE THEOSOPHIST, ADVAR, INDIA.

DOCTORS AND NATURE.

There are three kinds of doctors: the allopathists, the homœopathists, the hydropathists. They all deserve their names.

The allopathists derive their name from the Greek word *allos*, meaning other; and *pathos*—suffering. Indeed, the allopathists produce only "another suffering," instead of the first suffering, which they claim to cure. The disease disappears in one place only to reappear, perhaps, worse in another.

The homœopathists also, are justly so called; *homoios* in Greek means: the same; and the "same suffering" remains under the treatment of the homœopathists.

The third and last class, the hydropathists, also deserve their name; *hydor* is Greek and means: water. They, as well as their patients, are indeed: "water-sufferers." They suffer through water.

If people sometimes recover under these treatments, it is mostly because *nature* cures, in spite of the doctors. Nature is thus benevolent; it seems to care, sometimes, more for the patients, than for the doctors.

DR. A. BRODBECK.

IN A LIBRARY.

The fading firelight glimmers on the shelves,
The gilded titles dance like tricky elves,
I gaze on quartos dull, and "dumpy twelves,"—

I am alone.

The silence holds a faint and grewsome dread,
A sense of spirits hovering o'er my head.
I really think it's time to go to bed!

Was that a moan?

Speaks Shakespeare's bust: "And dost thou read my book?"
He gazes on me with a fearful look.

My face grows pale; both patent-leathers shook

As I reply:

"Immortal Bard, I've done my level best.
Your plays are fine. But it must be confessed,
That for the Sonnets I have found no zest,
And moments fly."

Then sad-mouthed Milton must thrust in an oar:

"List, pallid creature, I've a question more.
Art thou of those dull clods who find a bore
Our Mother Eve?"

I tried to smile. What could a fellow do?
(Suppose the question had been put to you?)
I gently said: "I've read a Book or two,
I do believe."

But Homer spoke (I wished that he *would* nod),
And like some teacher grim with upraised rod,
Who o'er a shrinking urchin rides roughshod,

Asked, "What of me?"

"To tell the truth," my trembling lips exclaim,
"I yield to none in reverence to thy name,
But as for Greek, I am not in the game,
And so you see——"

As thus I stammered, lo, another voice broke in,
And eke Dan Chaucer did at me begin:

"The Canterbury Tales?" said I, with grin,
"Whanne that Aprille——"

"Alas!" quoth Chaucer, "that I wrote that line,
Naught else remains of all those poems of mine.
What dost thou read," he asked, "what authors shine,
What scribblers silly?"

"I read—the papers," spoke I, soft and low,
"The magazines: a modern tale or so,
For really you old chaps are—dull, you know.
There, now I've said it!

I take for granted you great bards *are* such;
 You sell well—gad! you never brought so much!
 But as for wading through all your high Dutch
 To say I've read it,

"That's different, quite. And I would rather be
 A man who reads the papers. Now, that's me—
 A regular Philistine, as you see.

I hate all culture!"

At once those busts came tumbling from on high,
 With him of Avon aiming at my eye—
 So ends my nightmare, and I wake in cry
 Like—say, a culture.

—Tudor Jenks, in "*The Philistine*," June, 1897.

REVIEWS.

PSYCHOLOGY IN EDUCATION. By Ruric N. Roark, Dean of the Department of Pedagogy at the Kentucky State College. Cloth, 304 pp., \$1.00. American Book Co., New York.

This work is intended as a text-book and for the use of the general reader. The author's purpose primarily, is to make the book of practical value to teachers in the details of every-day school work. The Mental faculties and phenomena are admirably grouped and ably treated. Chapter II. is devoted to a Classification of Mental Phenomena. This he divides into two parts with numerous subdivisions; the first part, classified as The Physical Basis: The Brain and Nervous System; the second, The Psychical Element: The Mind. Under these headings, the subdivisions are grouped with a painstaking elaboration of detail, which should be not only a source of delight, but a trustworthy guide, to the conscientious teacher. It is, also, full of interest for the general reader. The subject is worked out in the succeeding chapters of the book in a masterly manner.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL. By The Countess Di Brazzà, (Cora Slocomb). Cloth, 244 pp. The Arena Pub. Co., Boston.

A very pretty romance with a novel *mise-en-scène*. The story is very like that of Tennyson's "Elaine." The charm of the book is the information it contains of the Piman Indians who occupy the plateaux of Arizona and New Mexico; the illustrations are of value as showing the Indian instruments and utensils, as well as the flora of the region. The heroine, an Indian girl, is a well drawn character of grace and simplicity, and like the "lily maid of Astolat," she is deserted, and dies. The hero is not a knight errant but a scientist in search of rare bugs and beetles, carrying no weapons but a butterfly net and mounting-pins. There is a simple pathos about the tale which, added to the unusual setting, makes the book very attractive. There are explanatory notes and a glossary containing scientific information, for which, the author expresses her thanks to distinguished members of The National Folk Lore Society, and of the National Museum and Bureau of Ethnology at Washington.

THE DEVACHANIC PLANE. By C. W. Leadbeater. Cloth, 88 pp. The Theosophical Pub. Co., London.

This is the sixth manual of a series on Theosophical teachings. The object of this attractive little volume, is an attempt to bring this philosophy in a simple form before the busy men and women of the work-a-day world; to present a summary of the facts about Devachan as at present known; these facts, the author states, have been confirmed by the testimony of, at least, two trained investigators, and pronounced correct by older students. The book is a compendium of the facts now known concerning the devachan—the plane next above the Astral and the third plane of nature. The author, though evidently fettered by a meagre nomenclature, has earnestly endeavored to be as exact as possible and has succeeded in presenting a work which will be of interest and assistance not only to the initiated, but to the ordinary reader as well.

NÂRADA SÛTRA: AN INQUIRY INTO LOVE. Translated from the Sanscrit, by E. T. Sturdy. Cloth, 68 pp., \$1.00. Longmans, Green & Co., London.

Nârada Sûtra will appeal strongly to all who have felt the fascination of Oriental lore. The book is dedicated to Swâmi Vivekânanda, with whose assistance it was compiled. It is a much more profound work than, at first, might appear and will well bear a second perusal, as there is much to be "read between the lines." Mr. Sturdy's original commentary shows careful and critical study of the Indian teaching.

MYSTIC MASONRY. By J. D. Buck. Cloth, 265 pp., \$1.50. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati.

This book is one of the few on this subject, not totally obscure to the exoteric reader. The author's design is to reveal the correspondence between true Free-Masonry and the Ancient Mysteries; throughout, a high ideal is maintained of Ancient Wisdom, and a dignified view of modern Free-Masonry, the history of which is included in the past two or three centuries. The work is mainly a compilation; the illustrations are exceedingly interesting and we cordially endorse it as a most attractive book for the student of Symbology.

THE WORLD MYSTERY. Four Essays, by G. R. S. Mead, B.A. Cloth, 160 pp., price 3s. 6d. net. The Theosophical Pub. Co., London, Eng.

"The World Mystery" proclaims Mr. Mead an able and enlightened writer. The work consists of four essays: "The World Soul," "The Vestures of the Soul," "The Web of Destiny," and "True Self-Reliance," all fascinating subjects and impressively treated.—The first essay deals with the idea of Deity—always of vital interest—as set forth by the religions of antiquity. The reader is cleverly guided along the labyrinth of ancient Mysteries, and although, in so brief a work, there is no chance to penetrate very far, the points touched upon are familiarized. In "The Web of Destiny," the author impressively reveals the common fallacy of identifying the Eternal Ego with the "life garment" of transitory existence.

KANT'S CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON. Translated into English by F. Max Müller. Cloth, 808 pp., \$3.00. The Macmillan Co., New York and London.

The Critique of Pure Reason constitutes itself a court of appeal to "protect the just rights of reason." The Author's endeavor is to remove all those errors which have brought reason into conflict with itself. In this work, he aims at completeness and endeavors to solve every Metaphysical problem. His arguments show a log-

ical clearness based on fundamental concepts, which are presented to the reader's judgment in such good order as to render them most intelligible.

The incontrovertible logic and evidence of the profound thought of a master-mind, shown in this critique, must stimulate the interest of every Metaphysical student in this most fascinating subject.

To quote: "Transcendental philosophy is the wisdom of pure speculative reason."

"I call all representations in which there is nothing that belongs to sensation, pure (in a transcendental sense). The pure form, therefore, of all sensuous intuitions, that form in which the manifold elements of the phenomena are seen in a certain order, must be found in the mind *à priori*."

Besides a comprehensive Preface and Introduction, there are twenty-five Supplements—the first containing a preface to the second edition.

LIFE'S GATEWAYS, or HOW TO WIN REAL SUCCESS. By Emily S. Bouton. 187 pp., cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Toledo, Ohio.

This attractive volume comes in dainty garb of blue and gold and with a portrait of the author. It brings a series of talks designed to help those who are discouraged and to point the way to a life successful in its highest sense. The practical and the spiritual phases of life are interwoven with a sympathetic hand. The thoughts expressed cannot fail to give an incentive to every earnest heart to attain the ideal.

In the words of the author: "Believe in yourself, not with a selfish egotism that decries all around you, but with such reverence for the god that is within you as to render failure impossible. Man's undeveloped forces which evolution is gradually bringing to his knowledge, are many times greater than those which are developed, and the future will tell a wonderful story. But to-day with fear dismissed, with faith in yourself and the good, with hope and courage, there is scarcely a limit to your possible accomplishment, even in a material way, and none whatever to a higher spiritual advancement, which is above all, and beyond all most worth striving for."

The twenty-second chapter, "A Word to Girls," is most helpful, and equally good for boys.

"Each child is a soul struggling to raise itself to higher conditions, and the parent's responsibility begins and ends in directing it wisely through those days when it needs such direction."

The author offers wise advice with every phase of life she presents to the reader, and which can easily be put into practice.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A DEAD MAN'S THOUGHTS. By The Rev. Edgar Foster, M.A. Cloth, 261 pp., price 3s. 6d. The Roxburghe Press, Westminster, England.

MAMMON; A Spirit Song. By Louis M. Elshemus. Cloth, 126 pp., \$1.25. Eastman Lewis, New York.

SCIENCE OF LIFE AND POWER OF OUR MIND. By R. G. Hannon. Cloth, \$1.50. East Windsor Hill, Conn.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS. By Lida Clarkson. Paper, 75 pp. New Thought Publishing Co., Melrose, Mass.

BLAVATSKY'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS. Paper, 176 pp., 50 cents. Jos. M. Wade, Boston, Mass.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, for June, comes with its usual fund of interesting, instructive, and amusing subject matter. The contents include a dozen or more valuable articles, among which, we note—Constantinople, illustrated by Peter MacQueen.—Modern Education, by Henry Morton.—The Turkish Messiah, by I. Zangwill, illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon; and The Secret History of the Garfield-Conkling Tragedy, by T. B. Connery. Edited by John Brisben Walker. \$1.00 a year. 10 cents a number. Published at Irvington, N. Y.

THE THEOSOPHIST, for May, contains among other things—The Search for a Guru, by B. S. R.—Predestination and Free-Will, by A. Govinda Charlu.—The Missing Link, by Nakur Chandra Bisvas.—The Plague and its Causes, by N. F. Bilimoria; and many other valuable subjects written in the best form of Occult and Theosophic teaching. The Theosophist certainly ranks among the very best of Eastern periodicals. It is conducted by H. S. Olcott. Annual subscription in America \$5.00. Single copy 50 cents. Published in Madras, India.

THE FORUM, for June, contains—A New Form of Government, by J. B. Bishop.—A Propagator of Pauperism: the Dispensary, by Dr. Geo. F. Shradly.—American Excavations in Greece: Plataia and Eretria, by J. Gennadius.—When did Cabot Discover North America, by Henry Harrisse; and several other very valuable articles. Typographically, this is one of the most attractive of magazines, while in a literary sense it stands at the head. \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy. Forum Publishing Co., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE OPEN COURT, for June, contains a frontispiece portrait of Pythagoras, and The Life of Pythagoras, by Prof. Moritz Cantor.—Historical Sketch of the Jews, [concluded] by Rev. Bernhard Pick, Ph.D.—Mazdaism or Zoroastrianism, by N. F. Bilimoria; and other interesting articles, together with various more or less bad illustrations, evidently reproduced from other works. Dr. Paul Carus, Editor. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE PHILISTINE, for June, is before us in its modest brown dress. This spicy little missionary continues its good work, for underneath all the fun, and the silken lash of kindly satire, runs a vein of earnest thought and a spirit of devotion to the highest interests of humanity. This number contains the fifth of the "Philistine Sermons," by Dr. Phil.—The Greatest Man, by Whidden Graham.—The Negative Virtue System, by Preston Kendall.—Commonplace in Purple, by Wm. McIntosh, and others of interest. The "Notes," contained in "Side Talks with the Philistines," scintillate with wit and are full of pith, as usual. We wish God-speed to the editor, and may he continue to "protest." Subscription, \$1.00 a year. Single copies 10 cents. The Philistine, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE HUMANITARIAN, for June, contains its usual varied list of interesting subjects. It begins with—Spiritualism in Eastern Lands, by the Late Sir Richard Burton, (with portrait). Other articles are—The Revival of Cremation, by Sarah A. Tooley.—The American Working Woman, part second, by Prof. Levasseur.—Crime and Criminals, by G. Rayleigh Vicars, M.D.; and a well prepared story by Aphra Wilson. There are notes and comments and an open column, both containing interesting matter. Edited by Victoria Woodhull Martin. Price 10 cents. Hutchinson & Co., 34 Paternoster Row, London.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for June, as usual, is filled with the most substantial thought in political, and general public matters. This number contains articles treating in the most thorough manner of such subjects, as—How The House Does Business, by Speaker Reed.—Progress of the United States, by M. G. Mulhall, F.S.S.—The Record Reign, by the Marquis of Lorne.—The Queen's Parliaments, by H. W. Lucy; and nine other equally valuable essays. It is in its eighty-second year and, without question, ranks at the top among American publications. Edited by David A. Munro. Published at 291 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE ARENA, for June, carries a long and varied contents among which we note,—The Ultimate Trust-Cure, by Gordon Clark.—How to Reform the Primary-Election System, by Edward Insley.—Religious Teaching and The Moral Life, by Judge Charles R. Grant and Elizabeth Cady Stanton.—The True Evolution, by the editor, J. Clark Ridpath, LL.D. Per annum \$3.00, single copy 25 cents. The Arena Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST, a Hindu Monthly Review. Edited by S. C. Mukhopadhyaya, M.A. Vol. V., No. 8, April, 1897. American subscription 12s. Published in Calcutta, India.

MODERN ASTROLOGY, for June, Alan Leo, P.A.S., Editor.—London, England.

THE ISLAMIC WORLD, for March, price sixpence. The Crescent Printing Co., Liverpool, England.

THEOSOPHY, for June, E. T. Hargrove, Editor. \$2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy. The Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Ave., N. Y.

THE HARBINGER, Durga Prasad, Editor. Subscription, 6s. Published weekly at Lahore, Punjab, India.

THE BRAHMAVÂDIN, subscription \$2.00 a year. Single copy 15 cents.—New York, 115 Nassau St.—London, 46 Great Russell St.—Calcutta, Babu Khirode Chandra Mitter, 41 Jammapur Lane, published fortnightly at Madras, India.

LIGHT,—a Journal of Occult and Mystical Research. E. Dowson Rogers, Editor. Price twopence, weekly, 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

THE HYPNOTIC MAGAZINE, April-May, Sydney Flower, Editor. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. The Psychic Publishing Co., Chicago.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE, for June, \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy. Union Quoin Company, Chicago.

INTELLIGENCE.

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No. 3.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MUSICAL MYSTIC.

THE SECRET OF WAGNER'S GENIUS.

In order to understand the genius of Wagner and his relations to the age in which he lived and worked, we must contemplate him both as artist and as man; we must consider not only the salient features of his development and personality, but also his relations both to his colleagues and his rivals in art, and to those who knew him long and well, his associates and intimate friends.

All of this is requisite simply because human knowledge is always relative. The basis of all our knowledge is classification, and classification is the result of comparison. To understand we must first compare. Hence, to judge the life and works of a great artist, we must compare the course of his life and his methods and productions with those of other artists.

The same era which produced Richard Wagner, the poet-composer, the secret of whose genius we are to investigate, also produced Richard Wuerst, musical composer and teacher of composition, whose pupils, Moskowski, the two Scharwenkas, Nicode, Heinrich Hoffman, and others, are favorably known the world over. Wuerst himself was a composer of no mean ability, whose songs were much admired and found a welcome place on the best concert programs in Germany, while his orchestral pieces were earnest in aim, melodious and skilful in treatment. He was thus the exponent of a method of composition, the fruits of which are now known to the musical world.

It was my privilege to become personally acquainted with Richard Wagner and to hold some correspondence with him. I also studied composition for a brief time with Richard Wuerst.

In order to throw the clearest possible light upon the secret of Wagner's genius, I propose to contrast his mode of production with the mode taught by Richard Wuerst.

Richard Wuerst was a man of practical, straightforward, common-sense. He dreamed no dreams, saw no visions, and fostered no hallucinations. Figuratively speaking, one might say that so long as Wuerst perceived with his own eyes the rising of the sun in the east, its journey through the sky, and its setting in the west, he would see the prettiest astronomical theory in the world go to the limbo of all crack-brained hypotheses, sooner than abandon the evidence of his senses and concede the possibility that after all the sun might stand still and the earth go round instead.

This world, stripped of its glamour of sunrises and sunsets, planets, stars, and meteors, was to Wuerst a very matter-of-fact place with laws of demand and supply which it behooved the producer of musical works to respect as highly as must the producer of any other article of manufacture.

"Young men," this practical soul would say to his pupils, "don't be fantastic. How does the shoemaker get on in life? Is it not by learning what is to be known about leather, and how to cut it out, fasten it together and fit it to the feet of his customers? Every satisfied customer tells his friends what a comfortable pair of shoes he has obtained, and then his friends all wish to know the address of the shoemaker who has turned out such good work. Young men, don't go out into the world ignoring the canons of taste and beauty established by experience through centuries of musical development, and bent upon educating the public to turn away from music which it really likes to something else which it neither likes nor even understands. Instead of this, master the technic of art, and then seek to give effective expression to musical ideas which the public can comprehend. If the people applaud your music, the publishers will soon come to pay your own price for your manuscripts, and you will not be doomed to a Bohemian existence, but instead will enjoy an in-

come sufficient to secure for you an orderly manner of life and a respectable position in society."

A kind-hearted, sympathetic teacher was Wuerst, who sought to put his pupils in the way of becoming comfortably placed and respected in after life, and on good terms generally with the world, both artistically and financially. And Wuerst's pupils are thus established in life and in art. Only—no one expects any one of them to become a genius of the Wagner order.

Peace with the world is easily secured if one will but bring oneself into harmony with one's environment; but peace with the world is enmity with God's highest gift to man—Genius.

I have not cited Richard Wuerst to condemn or to ridicule him. Instead, I desire only to call attention to the principles of teaching upon which no genius will ever be evoked.

All are not called to leave the world. We are to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and are to live peaceably with all men, so far as in us lies. The social and intellectual ideals of our time supply the pattern after which it is sought to mould the mind and character of the young in such a way that they may become in after life useful members of society. But geniuses none of those who are thus trained will ever become. For that solid fact, as they value their happiness in life, and the happiness of those around them, let them be profoundly thankful.

Genius is the voice of one startling a more or less self-satisfied world with the cry, Prepare ye the way for a new order of things! The original mind, the reformer, the man of true genius, is always an offender against the established order, and accordingly, until he has conquered a place for himself, he is always an outlaw. Only, while the criminal outlaw offends against the established order solely for a personal advantage, regardless of the welfare of his fellows, true genius overturns solely that all may share in a general good the possibility and the attainableness of which he is the first to perceive.

Talent is developed by external influences, as the meadow is carpeted through the growth of seeds and germs borne to it from the environment. Genius develops in silence and seclusion and under pressure of some sort, like a secretly accumulating force within the

rocks. Because pent up it grows in power until at last its might becomes irresistible, the mountains themselves are rent asunder, and the face of nature is forever changed.

Hence, we all love talent at first sight. It softens and beautifies the rough surfaces of life, and addresses itself directly to our tastes and humors as it finds them. Genius, on the contrary, at first offends us by its apparently destructive tendencies, and it always compels us to oppose it or to make our peace with it by adjusting ourselves to its ways and works.

When we look into the details of Wagner's life we see, not a career ordered on lines of worldly convenience or prudence, but, instead, one in which a brilliant early success was immediately followed by stern renunciation of further efforts in the same direction, and a subsequent existence of uncompromising devotion to an ideal, a devotion which for long and weary years deprived him of not merely the comforts of life but almost of its necessities as well.

To explain the secret of Wagner's genius, then, I propose to show:

I. That he had a natural bent which was acquired from his immediate surroundings and fostered by them.

II. That he mastered his art in the school of practical experience.

III. That he was truly and consciously inspired; and

IV. That he never wavered in his allegiance to his ideals.

I. HE HAD A NATURAL BENT WHICH WAS ACQUIRED FROM HIS SURROUNDINGS AND FOSTERED BY THEM:

Wagner's family *—father, step-father, eldest brother, three sisters—and all his early surroundings were connected with the stage. Cradled in a theatrical atmosphere, nurtured on theatrical traditions, with free access to the best theatres from the earliest days in which his awakening intellect enabled him to enjoy stage representations, a born actor himself, and with earnestness as the rule of his life, it is not a matter of surprise that he came to stand foremost in his art, unequalled as a dramatic musician, a great poet as regards matter,

* As to the personal Wagner, we follow the charming book of Praeger: "Wagner as I Knew Him."

moral, and mode of expression, and a very Shakespeare in dramatic construction.

When Richard Wagner was hardly half a year old, his father died suddenly. His widowed mother, left with a family of eight young children, had to subsist upon a small pension granted by the government, until, two years later, she married a friend of her first husband, the versatile Ludwig Geyer, poet, portrait-painter, actor, and playwright, all in one. Geyer's talent gaining for him a coveted place at the Royal Theatre in Dresden, he removed to that city with his family. From the first, Geyer displayed the tenderest affection for the small and fragile infant, Richard Wagner; so also did Wagner's mother. She idolized the boy, and, according to Wagner himself, built many air-castles for him. The parents were drawn toward the child because of his sickly, frail constitution, and his unusual powers of observation.

As he grew up, he remained delicate. Hence, until he was well in his tenth year, he had no regular school-work, and, in fact, no instruction beyond some irregular lessons in drawing, from his step-father. After Geyer's death, however, the boy entered the Holy Cross School in Dresden. Music, Wagner did not begin to study seriously until 1827, when he was in his fifteenth year. It is an interesting coincidence that this was the year of the death of Beethoven, whose mantle many of us can but believe fell upon Wagner.

Geyer died in 1821, when Wagner was eight years old. The day before Geyer's death, little Wagner was overheard strumming softly on the pianoforte the bridal chorus from *Der Freischütz*. Surprised and pleased at the boy's unsuspected accomplishment, his mother told the dying step-father, and the melody was repeated in louder tones for his benefit. It must have been played with unusual feeling for a child, for Geyer exclaimed, "Perhaps he has a talent for music!" On the next day Geyer died. Wagner ever preserved the most vivid remembrance of his mother coming from the death chamber weeping but calm, walking straight to him, and saying, "He wished to make something of you, Richard!" These words remained with Wagner, and the boy resolved to "be something."

At school, Wagner was soon attracted to the study of Greek lan-

guage and literature; and by the time he was thirteen, he had translated, out of school-hours and entirely for his own gratification, several books of the *Odyssey*. Besides, hard worker that he ever was, at this very period he also privately studied English in order to read Shakespeare in the original. Thus the serious thinker of three-score, with his soul deep in his work, was but the developed school-boy of thirteen, lauded by his masters for unusual application and earnestness. One subsequent result of these Greek studies was the development of the Wagner orchestra from a more or less elaborate accompaniment to the voice into a marvellous substitute for the Chorus of the Greek drama—a running commentary on the course of the dramatic action and development.

At fifteen, Wagner heard for the first time the symphonies of Beethoven. The impression made upon him was overpowering. He could neither eat nor sleep until he had obtained Beethoven's scores; and, having secured them, he at once proceeded to copy them entire and commit the music to memory. His future career was decided. He, too, would be a musician.

II. WAGNER MASTERED HIS ART IN THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE.

At the early age of twenty, we find Wagner officiating as chorus-master at the opera in Würzburg; at twenty-one he went to Magdeburg as musical-director of the opera; and at twenty-four he went to Königsburg in the same capacity.

When but a youth, he had revolted against the slovenly manner in which operas were performed. Now that he was a conductor he was indefatigable. The secret of his success here was again his earnestness. Everything had to be rehearsed over and over again until he was satisfied.

It was while he was striving to achieve model performances of operas such as *Masaniello* and *William Tell*—both of which were favorites of his—that he wrote his own earliest operas, namely, "*The Fairies*," and "*The Novice of Palermo*," both of which compare favorably with the operas of the time. They won for him public recognition. Indeed, the cordial reception by the public of the

Novice of Palermo seemed to his young wife the very zenith of success. When Wagner turned away from his first style and earliest ideals, his course seemed incomprehensible to his wife, who, naturally, could not share with her husband in his inspirations but must partake only in the hardships involved. Even twenty years later, while Praeger, who was long an intimate friend of the Wagners, was sitting at luncheon with Wagner's wife, and waiting for the then famous, but still desperately poor, and bitterly antagonized composer of *Tannhaeuser* and *Lohengrin*, to come down from his work at the scoring of the sublime *Nibelung Trilogy*, the poor soul in full innocence asked her guest, "Now, honestly, *is* Richard such a great genius?"

I feel sure that some may wish me to diverge from the main theme of this article to throw a little light upon the relations between Wagner and his first wife, since nothing else could so well disclose to us the personality of Wagner the man.

Of her, Praeger writes: "It was when Wagner was in absolute want that the golden qualities of Minna Wagner were proved. Her placid disposition was healing comfort to the disappointed, wearied musician. Thoughts of what the self-denying, devoted little woman did have often brought tears to Wagner's eyes. The most menial house-duties were performed by her with willing cheerfulness. Wagner said that during those years of pinching poverty and bitter disappointments, his temper was variable and trying; yet all his outbursts were met by Minna in an uncomplaining, soothing spirit, which, the first fury being over, he was not slow to acknowledge. He never forgot her devotion, nor did he ever hide his indebtedness and gratitude to her from his friends.

"In the summer of 1856, I spent two months under Wagner's roof at Zurich.

"One figure I found in that quiet, tastefully arranged *châlet* who filled a large portion of Wagner's life; a soft-hearted, brave woman, the heroic Minna Wagner. To her good qualities there is no less a witness than Count Von Beust, the Saxon Minister who unrelentingly persecuted the so-called revolutionist Wagner in 1849. In his autobiography, published in 1866, Von Beust speaks of Minna's amiable character, and describes her as an excellent woman."

"Minna was comely, gentle, and active, and, possessing a forethought akin to divination, she ministered to her husband's wants before he knew them himself. It was this lovable foresight which caused such a vacancy in Wagner's life when Minna left him,—a break which he bemoaned, and for which all the adoration and wealth of King Ludwig could not atone.

"As a housewife, she was most efficient, and her efforts in Wagner's dark days are the pendant of Mrs. Carlyle's services to Carlyle. Minna was not indeed the intellectual equal of the cultured Scottish lady, yet she is not to be confounded with the German house-wife, who is a sort of head-cook.

"In art, however, Minna could not comprehend the gifts of her husband. He was an idealist; she, a woman alive to mundane existence and its necessities. Moreover, Wagner was not in full possession of his wings. For him, exile was the turning-point of his greatness. In exile, Wagner was brought face to face with himself and with actualities. Here he first sought to set down in writing the ideas which had hitherto in only a limited manner governed his work. From this self-examination he rose up nobler and stronger. Here it was that Minna failed to keep pace with him. The meaning of his work lay deeply hidden from her. It was not her fault, yet she was to suffer for it."

As an illustration of her relations to Wagner, the thinker, we may cite the following incident of a visit of Wagner to Westminster Abbey. The main attraction, of course, was Shakespeare's monument in the Poets' Corner. While contemplating the monument, Wagner was led to a train of thought which Praeger considered noteworthy as an important psychological factor in Wagner's career, his mind being carried back, while reflecting upon the work of British genius and its far-reaching influence in creating a new form, to the classic school of ancient Greece, and its Roman imitators. But his reverie had a commonplace ending, for Minna plucked his sleeve, saying, "Come, Richard, dear, you have been standing here like a statue for twenty minutes without saying a word." And when Wagner repeated to her the substance of his meditations, he found, as usual, that she understood but little of the serious import of what he said.

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A few brief extracts from Wagner's letters to Liszt and to Praeger will tell us all that we need further to know with reference to Wagner's first marriage.

In the dark year of 1849, while Minna Wagner was unable to join her husband, then in exile, Wagner writes to Liszt: "It is nearly four weeks since my wife left, and I have not yet had the least news from her. My grief and depression are great. I must gain another home and hearth, otherwise all is over with me. In order to work, I want quiet and a home. With my wife and in pleasant Zurich I shall find both. One thing I shall always do with joy and pleasure, i.e., write operas. I must commence some genuine work or perish."

Ten years later, Wagner writes again to Liszt: "For the present, I spend all the good humor I can dispose of on my wife; I flatter her and take care of her as if she were a bride in her honeymoon. My reward is, I see her thrive; her serious illness is visibly improving; she is recovering, and will, I hope, become a little rational in her old age."

Three years later, viz., in 1862, Minna having parted forever from Wagner, he writes, this time to Praeger: "I would Minna were here with me; we might, in the excitement that now moves fast around me, grow again to be the quiet pair we were of yore." Again, two years later, he writes to the same correspondent: "And so Minna has written you? Whose fault was it? How could she have expected that I was to be shackled and fettered as any ordinary, cold, common mortal? My inspirations carried me into a sphere where she could not follow, and then the exuberance of my heated enthusiasm was met by a cold dash. But still there was no reason for the extreme step. Everything might have been arranged between us, and it would have been better had it been so. Now there is a dark void and my misery is deep. It has struck into my health. I do not sleep, and am altogether in a feverish state. It is now that I feel that I have sounded my lowest note of dark despair. Unless I can shortly and quickly rescue myself from this quicksand of gloom, it will engulf me, and then all will be over."

Involuntarily, we are reminded again of the unhappy Minna Wagner's question to Praeger: "Is Richard really such a great genius?"

Thus left alone, suddenly an unforeseen and startling change in his surroundings came to Wagner. He now writes: "A message from the Sun God has come to me; the King of Bavaria has sent for me and promises to give me all I require in this life, I in return to do nothing but compose and advise him. He urges me strongly to be near him; sends for me two and even three times a day; talks with me for hours, and is devoted heart and soul to me. But though I have now at my command a profusion of means, my feeling of isolation is torturing. With no one to realize and enjoy with me this limitless comfort, a feeling of weariness and desolation is induced which keeps me in a constant state of dejection terrible to bear. The truth is, I spoiled Minna. Too much did I humor her, too much did I yield to her. But it were better not to talk upon the subject which never ceases to vex me."

Minna, his first wife, died at Dresden. Two years more and Praeger received this short letter: "You will no doubt be angry with me, when you hear that I am soon to marry Bulow's wife, who has become a convert in order to be divorced."

After Wagner's second marriage, Praeger again visited him. Of this visit Praeger writes: "How changed! Fifty-eight years old, and yet but one year in the possession of what is called a home. Energetic and persevering, never leaving a stone unturned to accomplish his aims, through the long years of early manhood and middle age he had struggled with adversity, never finding a resting-place. But his life's sunset was full of rich, warm colors. His work had been acknowledged throughout Europe. Now for the first time he was living in the warm-hearted atmosphere of 'home,' with a remarkably cultured, intellectual wife."

ALBERT ROSS PARSONS.

(To be concluded next month.)

Constantly regard the universe as one living being, having one substance and one soul; and observe how all things have reference to one perception, the perception of this one living being; and how all things are the co-operating causes of all things which exist; observe too the continuous spinning of the thread and the contexture of the web.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

AN ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION ON PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S ADMINISTRATION, 1897-1901.*

"The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them," is an astrological aphorism. To believe in a spiritual and material influence of the planets is not fatalism, the facts are demonstrable. Therefore they are a matter not of belief but of knowledge. They are based upon the laws of life, of progression, and the eternal dictum of absolute, ceaseless Harmony. All things eventually work for good, and if we occasionally meet temporary material obstacles and disappointments, it is but the operation, in a certain form, of this harmonious law of cause and effect. If inharmony existed, in place of law and order, the heavens would reverberate with the thunders of shattered worlds. Astrology in its purer and inner sense, teaches this law of harmony, this fixed order of eternity; teaches us to reverence this orderly pageant of the heavens, this eternal march of the mighty Orion and his blazing bands, this stately procession of the Pleiades, and Arcturus with his sons; teaches us of the power that "brings forth Mazzaroth in his season," and "sets the dominion thereof in the earth." (See Job xxxviii. 31, 32, 33.)

Mazzaroth in the original Hebrew means the Zodiac, and this reference in Job has no other significance than an astrological one. Now, if we but understand this law of harmony, all else becomes as clear and bright as the mid-day sun. The effects of the celestial spheres are to be understood in a spiritual sense, rather than in a material one, for the spiritual commands and moulds the material.

The universe is one grand electrified field or magnet, eternally shedding its potent influence on all things, great and small. It has its periods of darkness and of light, of peace and of war, of attraction and repulsion, of expansion and contraction. This is easily proved. Some time before the discovery of Neptune, it was noticed that

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Uranus did not complete his revolution in the time calculated by the astronomers. All their calculations were at fault. Finally they concluded that there must be another planet beyond the orbit of Uranus, which by its electric and magnetic (or spiritual) attraction, acted as a disturbing element upon the enormous mass of Uranus, thus preventing, by its attraction, the revolution of Uranus in the time figured out. Leverrier, the Frenchman, and Adams, the Englishman, independently figured on the squares of magnetic attraction advanced by this hypothesis, gave astronomers the data necessary, and told them to direct their telescopes to a certain region in the heavens. On a lovely September evening in 1846, Dr. Galle did so; when, lo, calmly and majestically, Neptune, the far-off sentinel, the outpost of our solar system, rolled into view! The disturbing element was located, and the aberration of Uranus's revolution was accounted for. Now, if a body as distant as Neptune, with its diameter of 37,000 miles and swinging through an orbit in space 2,750,000,000 miles from our sun, exerted a spiritual or electric influence upon as enormous a mass as Uranus, with a diameter of 33,000 miles and distant from Neptune 1,000,000,000 miles, so as to upset the calculations of the most skilled mathematicians, can any reasoning mind declare that all these majestic planets have *no* influence upon terrestrial events and individuals? Do they forget the grand law of attraction and repulsion? Do they forget the law that every particle of matter is attracted by every other particle of matter in proportion as the square of the distance between them increases or decreases?

The influences of the planets are magnetic and spiritual, and as they affect the same or similar currents of magnetic influence of the earth's atmosphere, according to their various positions and aspects with each other and the earth, certain currents are set in operation, which will affect only those susceptible to that particular influence. When positive and negative currents operate simultaneously, man's character will incline him to embrace either in obedience to the latent influences which exist within him, in conformity with the laws of eternal harmony. In the operation of this law of divine harmony, these particular influences are clearly indicated by the celestial "pointers" at the very moment of birth.

Nature makes no mistakes; Nature does not make criminals. She administers justice—strict, impartial justice. If we plant the thistle it will not bear figs, and if a criminal has been conceived of parents who have become vicious, immoral, or depraved, Nature will not prevent the birth of a criminal; she will only act her part in carrying out the decrees of the divine laws of harmony, and at the moment of birth of that personal body, she sheds her unerring light on the soul and writes in unmistakable characters on the physical and spiritual entity: "Criminal tendencies are latent here!"

But, does Nature leave us here—helpless? No. The competent astrologer reads the mystic language of heaven's golden alphabet. Then "forewarned, forearmed," the wrong tendencies can be dwarfed, and the tendency toward right, by careful cultivation, can be so strongly developed that it first becomes habit, then second nature, and ultimately the predominating element or characteristic in life. In this way early training and environment will make or mar the child, youth, and man.

Herein, then, rest the sublime truths of astrology. Nature expressing herself through the planets impresses the status or character of the being at birth; the astrologer points out the weak elements in the character, as the architect designates the weak places in the plans of a building. A knowledge from birth of these tendencies will enable the parents to adopt the proper mode of training at the beginning, and to counteract the evil and develop the good in the child's character, thus averting what might otherwise have become an evil destiny. Shakespeare says: "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." The great dramatist understood this thoroughly; and here is wherein lies the application of the opening sentence of this article: "The wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them." Therefore the theory of Astrology is not based on fatalism. The stars did not "cause" a criminal's birth, they merely wrote the character of the coming being in everlasting figures of truth; and this was in obedience to the laws of harmony invoked by conditions pre-existent to the moment of birth.

If the planets have no influence upon the Earth, they have none

upon its teeming millions of human beings; but if they have an influence upon the Earth's magnetic and physical currents, then the conclusion is irresistible that they must have an influence upon mankind, both directly and indirectly. A little reflection will make this clear. Investigation among the insane shows conclusively that some patients become very excited and hard to control as the Moon nears the full. Their excitement and fear become more pronounced as the lunar orb increases in light, and then gradually diminish with its waning until their normal condition is reached. Again, the tides are affected by lunar and solar attraction and repulsion.* This needs no demonstration. If the Sun and Moon, situated at such enormous distances from this earth, can exert such powerful influence upon the Ocean, it seems reasonable to suppose that by their wonderful magnetic, electric, and spiritual powers they exert an influence upon the most sensitive of all creatures—Man.

Man is but an atom or particle of one harmonious whole. He partakes of every element of the universe, and is therefore subject to the grand laws of eternal and immutable harmony. In obedience to this order he is attracted to, or repelled by, every other particle of spiritual and material force in proportion to his own attracting or repellent powers. The most potent forces are also the most subtle in action. The scientific astrologer must understand the inner spiritual meaning of each planetary orb, aspect, and position, and must also be possessed, personally, of some knowledge of this divine law of harmony so necessary in making accurate deductions of astrological laws, expressed spiritually and magnetically upon the earth and all its inhabitants. Ages ago, in Chaldea, Babylonia, Egypt, and India the ancient astrologer held levée in the halls of state; or, resting on the sunny banks of the sacred-storied Ganges, he entered into sweet communion with nature's ever-present gods. He contemplated the horoscopes of nations now lost in the shades of a Brahmin night, and, in the myriad whirling worlds, read the final from the first. The

* Observation has determined that the proportion of lunar to solar force in the disturbance of the ocean is about as 5 to 2; and at the Moon's quarters, when she is in quadrature with the Sun—or, in other words, when the two luminaries are acting at right angles—there is a depression or diminution in the lunar effect of 30 inches in the height of a tide. In reference to lunar energy, Pliny relates "that Aristotle laid it down as an aphorism, that no animal dies but in the ebb of the tide."—Ed.

destiny of nation, king, prince, or pauper was to him an open book as he read the mystic language of heaven's hieroglyphs.

The Horoscope of

Major McKinley's Inauguration.

~~Date~~ Date March 4th 1897. = Wash: D.C.

Lat. $38^{\circ}53'39''$ N. Time, S_o 1:05^{PM}.

Long. $77^{\circ}16'$

Ref. No.

R.A.M.C.
 $23^{\circ}55'$



At the moment William McKinley became President of the United States, the seventeenth degree of the cardinal sign, Cancer, which the Moon rules, was rising. The Moon is fortunately placed in the house of honor; Venus likewise. Mercury was in the eighth house, Mars and Neptune in the twelfth, Jupiter in the third, while Saturn and Uranus were in the fifth house and in conjunction.

It is observable that this horoscope is radically different from the Cleveland horoscope of four years earlier. The Moon, which rules the President and the party which he represents, is singularly placed in a propitious part of the figure, culminating in the house of honor, in a sign most sympathetic with her nature. Singularly, the Moon was here also when he was nominated last June, and also on election day; and now she sheds her soft influence once again over his inaugural hour. In astrology, the Moon represents the people, or the public at large. Her elevation in this figure denotes that the "people" are to rule before this administration closes. Plutocrats, trusts, money-grabbers, bond-sharks, may well take warning! Venus (the second benefic),* also very strong, is an additional testimony of a successful administration. Mars (will, strength, power) rules the house of honor for McKinley as well as for the government. The Sun (Intelligence) natural significator of the President—is strongly placed, and applying to Mars; this denotes that we are to have an "American policy" abroad; and the President will soon let the world know just how we stand on protecting American citizens abroad. Spain and all other nations, may profit by the prediction. No truckling, half-hearted policy will prevail. Venus (friendliness), ruling the eleventh and so near its cusp, denotes that Congress and the Judiciary will act harmoniously. Beneficial legislation is indicated, although some antagonistic laws relating to railroads, the post office, civil service, and prisons or hospitals will be passed.

We shall not witness such turbulent scenes in both Houses as characterized the Cleveland administration; that is, in the relations existing between the President and the legislative branches. The Moon applying to a good aspect with Saturn and Uranus, denotes that eventually we shall reach a peaceful solution of a great many international disputes that will arise in the near future. Mercury, one of our ruling planets, in close aspect to Mars and approaching Uranus and Saturn, denotes that martial men and martial affairs will take a prominent place during the next four years. The army and navy will be increased. The general condition of the people will improve greatly, and we may confidently look forward to pros-

* The explanations in parentheses are ours.—ED.

perous times after the spring of 1898. But grave questions must be settled this year, and the spirit of doubt and uncertainty will for a time permeate the air. Congress will be the arena of many stirring, exciting debates and controversies, concerning trusts, monopolies, and similar subjects. Some national military academy, or school, will suffer from fire, explosion, or collapse; this will, no doubt, cause investigations by the authorities, for life is threatened. This accident will be accompanied by some strange history, or circumstance in connection. There will also be a lamentable number of disastrous and fatal accidents connected with other institutions of learning as well as with theatres and places of amusement, and some appalling wrecks, collisions, or fires, on the high seas are to be feared for American vessels. The President, before spring's balmy days are gone, will be harassed, thwarted, and, perhaps, threatened by powerful opponents; but he stands like the pyramids against the assaults of his foes.

The affliction of the Sun to the Moon denotes appropriation of money for military and naval affairs, as well as some fires nearly approaching the great Chicago or Boston fires. The second house rules finance; what are the prospects? Four years ago I said, not favorable. I now say the same, for the Sun rules it and is rapidly approaching Mars; hence loss, rather than gain, is threatened, and the application of the Sun indicates a serious drain for government purposes. About July or August of this year (1897) we shall witness some disastrous failures in business and collapse of banks, as well as the death of some noted people of the United States. The evil rays of Saturn (or Satan) to Jupiter, natural ruler of religion and theology, denote some alarming religious controversies; some churches and preachers will lose prestige, and many acrimonious discussions will take place. In fact, a wave of religious troubles and differences will sweep over the land. The same affliction induces the judgment that law and the judiciary will be assailed by the enemies of law and order, and more than one serious outbreak of riot and disorder against the wealthy will occur in some western State, probably Illinois.

A notable invention will mark this period of four years. Mercury, natural ruler of Science, disposed of by Uranus in the trine to the

practical Mars, also in a scientific, aërial sign, promises some remarkable discovery, or invention; perhaps aeronautics will be significantly improved.

During the latter part of this year mutterings of discontent will be heard, and foreign complications will ensue; we shall meet with rebuff or treachery from some foreign power; and the closing year will witness unusual scenes. A national calamity threatens England, and the long reign of Victoria soon passes away; for the clouds hang heavy late in November. Our government may be called upon to preserve order. The President will be handicapped; he is beset by enemies without and foes within. There will be tremendous fluctuation in stocks, bonds, and the markets; finances will receive a heavy shock. As for the President, he will conquer his enemies, for his ruling planet is just entering the victorious sign "Aries." This reminds me of the passage in Genesis xlix. 19, "Gad, a troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last."

If Congress is in session during the winter of '98, extraordinary excitement will attend its deliberations. During this administration we shall chronicle the death of more of our greatest scholars, men of science, divines, and politicians than during any similar period. The sixth house rules the Navy. Jupiter is, unfortunately, weak and badly afflicted; this is ominous of evil, and we shall suffer a loss in some way in that direction. The year 1898 will witness more troubles; the Ship of State sails o'er rough seas, and dangerous shoals are to be encountered. But a good, cool, wise man is at the helm, and he holds the ship true. The years 1899 and 1900 are also fraught with troubles, and grave danger of war. But the most extraordinary thing is that the "people" will not suffer in the manner which characterized the past four years, for during this period of administration the Republican party and McKinley will act toward the people in a manner calculated to benefit them effectively and permanently. The four years upon which we have just begun will make an impress on history's pages not soon forgotten. For two things are clearly indicated: the proud, haughty sons of Castile and Leon, once rulers of a mighty empire, have turned their faces to the setting sun, and as it goes down in all its glory, it carries with it the memories of a

great past; for Spain's monarchy is threatened, and she sinks beneath the heavy hand of fate.

EPILOGUE.

The Republican party has Venus, symbolical of harmony, elevated and free from affliction; this denotes a comparatively harmonious administration, and the successful termination of many troublesome questions. When election day rolls around in 1900, the people will not care to change parties. If President McKinley lives, he will be re-elected. For Saturn, which rules the opposition party, Democrats, Populists, etc., is heavily afflicted by Uranus, and this denotes that they are foredoomed to defeat precisely as they were four years ago, when Grover Cleveland became President.

JULIUS ERICKSON.*

NOTE.—Venus, a benefic planet, ruling the 11th house which represents Congress, is applying to a trine (a benefic angle) of Jupiter, the great benefic planet, and in the 3d house, which represents post offices, mails, railways, and everything relating to short journeys. Furthermore, Venus applies to a sextile (also a benefic angle) of Mars, who, in turn, disposes of Venus. Mercury, also, ruling the 3d house, and disposing of Jupiter therein, is in close trine with Mars (only two minutes apart), and is applying to a sextile with Venus. Venus, again, is in close semi-sextile (a good angle) with the Moon, which is disposed of by Jupiter. This reading, as we understand the books, would signify favorable conditions for Congress as regards disposition of postal and railway affairs, and a favorable attitude of Congress toward the people—both holding dignified positions, favorably disposed toward each other, and each having good aspects of other planets.

The Moon (the People) has a close trine (always a good angle) of Uranus in the 5th house (Pleasure and Profit), and also a trine of the Point of Fortune (the people's money) from the 1st house, which, in this figure, is the house of the American People. The Point of Fortune, also, is in trine with Uranus in the 5th. These positions and aspects are all good, and according to the readings given by ancient writers, should eventually result in benefit. This figure indicates a great deal of good influence in favor of the people of the United States, and a generally favorable attitude of Congress and the Judiciary toward a higher order of legislative control. We are not inclined to believe, therefore, that whatever controversies may arise in Congress, will be extremely bitter, long-continued, or disastrous.—ED.

NOTE.—Mr. Erickson is not a professional astrologer, and has no "axe to grind" in any monetary way by making this prediction. It is made entirely from the position of one interested in a science that seems (to him at least), to have an important bearing upon the affairs of life.—ED.

* Author of "An Astrological Prediction on President Cleveland's term of office, 1893-1897" and "An Astrological Prediction on McKinley versus Bryan. July 20, 1896."

LIFE AND HEALTH IN METAPHYSICS.

If one could stand aside and view with impartial eye all the mental processes of his own nature, for a single day, even for a single hour, his observations could scarcely fail to be helpful.

One believes that he lives in his business; but actually it is the thought which his business involves in which he is immersed. Another considers his affections to be his real atmosphere; but probably it is his thought, or the ideal affection, in which he lives. Another supposes his life to be bound up in that of his children, while really it is the thoughts for and about his children in which he lives. The suggested "spectator's test" would soon convince him that he had been largely self-deceived.

Consider for a moment the question, what is this man whose atmosphere we seek to know. Is he flesh and blood? If he were, the grave could contain all that constitutes him. Is he a certain aggregation of living tissue—of bones and arteries, of limbs and members? His own intelligence refutes that statement, as none of these, either alone or collectively, can think, know, or understand; unless vivified they are no more highly endowed with intelligence than other purely material things. When the Creator said "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness," no man, capable of reasoning in this enlightened age, believes that a reference to a physical body was intended. The spirit of man was fashioned after the likeness of the Spirit of God: of the same elements, the same general spiritual structure, although in kind lacking in the completeness of the perfection of the Creator. The creature Man whom God made had a glorious heritage. He was only "a little lower than angels, crowned with glory and honor," far from taint of any sort, high and holy in his aspirations, not earthly or sensual, finding his satisfaction in the realm of spirit, not anxious for physical things, serene, pure, unselfish—the child of God, of the Spirit of Intelligent Being.

The study of human ancestry is inviting, even fascinating, to most

men; but few have divined what inspiration may come from the contemplation of man, the real being, in his remotest origin. What do we mean when we speak of the individual? We say a certain man, whom we call by a name, has performed a noble deed—he has shown himself a hero and has saved a life; or he has defeated a conspiracy and saved the nation's honor. But was it the *body* of the man which performed the act of heroism? You may affirm that the hands and the feet were busied in averting the danger, but you know that the act of heroism was the spirit's thought—a thought wrought out, it is true, by the body. Could the mere body have so wrought? The conception in spirit, strong, pure, inspiring, was bent on self-sacrifice, and salvation. The real ego, the eternal spirit which disaster can not quench, nor eternity destroy, was the true agent in the heroic deed and but for its bidding the act would never have been performed.

The conspiracy defeated, the nation's honor saved—to what can so glorious an achievement be attributed save to the spiritual part, the real man?

If you would discern which is the most real, contrast body and spirit. Considered by itself, the body is a most interesting physical study, and its provision for emergencies, the adaptations of its parts, are most wonderful; but the bite of an insect, a stroke of lightning, a drop of poisonous liquid, an arrow's point, a bullet, or a steel blade may quickly sever its connection with spirit and leave it lifeless—an unthinking, insensate mass. Flame may devour it and leave but a handful of lifeless ashes; water may engulf and never afterward reveal it to the eye of day. To-day it is honored, respected, cared for; to-morrow we are glad to commit it to the merciful concealment of earth and darkness. Raise your hand and admire its marvelous mechanism. But the hand is not you nor any part of your *real self*. It is a servant; a valued servant, but in a second's time it may cease from its life-long obedience; yet the real self will live on, here or elsewhere, without diminution of force, loss of activity, or crippling of power. Dismember the body, and still the man remains—to think, plan, remember, worship, exult, and develop, here or elsewhere, just as before, or even more effectively.

At times nearly all men realize the presence of the real self and

the dignity attached to its existence; yet they too often fail to realize the glorious truths concerning its reality. Where was the flame kindled which can extinguish this spirit? In what storm-cloud was the lightning-bolt forged which can still its life? What man or company of men, what conditions of life, what calamity, disaster, misfortune, shock, or violence of any sort, can ever reach for injury that vital spark? Years of time may go on and lose themselves in the æons of eternity, but the spirit of man, in the likeness of the Spirit of God, can know no age, no blight, no decay, no diminution of power. Even more than in the life on earth will the real man then exult and joyously live in realization of his true existence, for he will understand the meaning of the true life.

In the contemplation of such thoughts as these, the metaphysical healer becomes permeated with a consciousness of the truth of man's real existence. To him, the word of the lip reveals the life of the soul—the real entity. The body takes its true place, as a useful instrument for sense-action on this plane of activity, subordinate, obedient, dependent, not pre-eminent. The true metaphysician does not, as commonly supposed, deny the presence of an asserted bodily condition, or a pain, which, in the distorted action of bodily sensation, at least, seems to be so real; but he mentally realizes, as the patient probably cannot, that the actual or true self is not even touched by physical pain, and that to it the pain of body is but an illusion. Life itself, he reasons, the spirit of man, cannot be touched by the passing epidemic, the feverish contagion. Spirit cannot respond to or recognize either existence or influence of the material. The Spirit of the Creator is never touched by the physical: the spirit of man, made in His image, is equally beyond the hand of what we call disease. The real man, the undying part which cannot know physical deterioration, can never be subordinated by the physical, which of itself is insensate. The patient says "I am sick"; but the healer mentally realizes the opposite statement, for he knows what the sufferer fails to recognize. He knows that the real ego receives no injury, suffers no illusion, and never experiences sickness. The real "I" is the Ego.

Where, then, since the spirit cannot recognize disease or decay, and the physical is but the servant, does the metaphysician seek for

the cause of the disturbance which has come into this man's experience and which he calls "disease." The definition of the word furnishes a clew to the mystery. The word is derived from the Latin prefix *dis*—without, the lack of—and the French *aise*, ease. There is a lack of ease between body and spirit. The lack exists in the mind, which has been disturbed by some real or fancied thought of evil. An access of terror when crackling flames threatened the dissolution of the physical—a burning house, perhaps suggesting the idea of the same sort of destruction of the physical man; or a long continued state of anxiety when financial disaster seemed impending, and the loss of some of the good things of physical life falsely suggested actual loss to the spiritual; an accident on the railroad, when physical death and loss were uppermost in the minds of all about him—these or a hundred other similar causes may have combined to produce the lack of ease between mind and body, at first resulting in general uneasiness, rightly termed "nervousness," which held sway over the mind until the body, the sensitive servant, reflected the lack of ease, and in some portion of its structure began to express signs of the general unrest.

But the man's own spirit, the real man, may have suffered no disturbance. He was cool, calm, untroubled in the midst of physical wreck and disaster. He held his own soul above the region of the material and regarded the scene in a loftier, spiritual aspect of thought, as a presage of change to the bodily part, perhaps, but as utterly without danger to the vital spark. In that case he doubtless would come out of the catastrophe unharmed: or, the conditions being such as to appal all hearts, he might suffer in spirit from lack of ease communicated by the subtle influence of telepathy from mind to mind. In this event, however, the physical disturbance would not be so great and would be more readily overcome than if the disturbance was due to his own lack of self-possession.

In the metaphysical sense man is viewed as spirit, the natural effect of intelligent activity, of which God is the cause. As the infinite thought of Infinite mind—God himself, neither his dignity nor his immortality can be questioned for a moment. Through all time, all eternity, this thought which God himself called into existence

must endure, by virtue of its very essence and of its Creator's power. Its dignity and power as well as its other elements are God-given. Its scope of action, its development and progress are unlimited; its present grand, its future glorious beyond the power of expression. Its real essence must forever remain inaccessible to any permanent effect of physical conditions.

We say that the body feels, but how much sensation remains to it when separated from the spirit? The lifeless form responds to no insults heaped upon its members. The body of brave Hector, chained to the triumphant chariot of Achilles, has no word of reply, no retaliation to the injuries received, no defiance to hurl upon his mortal enemy. The head of Sir Thomas More reposes as peacefully on London Bridge as in the casket of the loving daughter, and is alike unresponsive to public reproach and to filial tenderness. Sensation departs from the body when spirit leaves its mortal residence.

Numerous instances in the experience of all still further prove that sensation depends upon spirit. When the soul is bowed in agony over an impending bereavement, how many trivial sensations, which would have been recognized and responded to by conscious spirit, pass unrecognized. Later, when the cause for anxiety is past, a scar, or traces of blood prove that sensation was absent while the attention of the mind was wholly absorbed in another action.

By means of these and kindred ideas the metaphysical healer reaches the perturbed mind; and so real and vital are these truths that spirit invariably, though perhaps not always immediately, responds to the principles of action. Life and true manly vigor gravitate naturally, in their best estate, toward these truths. The spiritual origin and existence of man are proved by such response.

A similar effect on the spirit may be produced by anyone. Repeat carefully to yourself words expressive of peace, serenity, confidence, and freedom from physical cares, and accompany such repetition by definite conceptions of the ideas so suggested and there will gradually steal over the troubled soul a sense of restfulness, calmness, and strength. This state depends not on the physical—not on the druggist's prescription—but on the spiritual. An unrepentant, sullen criminal cannot possibly know the delights of exuberant health. His

bodily functions may perform their offices without serious defect or default, but the up-springing of buoyant health depends upon the clear shining of the spirit within; and all spiritual-minded persons have experienced moments of untold ecstasy when consciousness of material things has for a time vanished and the real man-spirit has exulted in the pure cognizance of its birthright, powers, and destiny.

In so far as person implies materiality, it has no real existence and may be called "a dream of error." These or similar statements of the metaphysician are often erroneously interpreted by the ignorant or the wrongly disposed. It is asserted that the metaphysician does not believe in the existence of the body, and that, since the body does exist, the expression "Spirit is all," conveys a false idea. The expressions "All is spirit," "All is one eternal good," undoubtedly express the ultimate conviction of the metaphysician. The body proves to be unreal in a full examination of the *real* spirit. Body is always subject to decay and dissolution, while spirit is changeless, eternal. "All," in the metaphysician's dictionary, means simply all that is real, enduring, indestructible; Spirit is the only essence or element to which these adjectives may apply; without question, therefore, "All Reality is Spirit."

The metaphysical healer's *highest* aim is not of necessity the banishment of disease for no better purpose than to free the patient from physical suffering. He aims to emphasize and to establish confidence in the *reality* of spiritual existence. No human being who fully realizes the truth concerning his real existence, can fail to turn his feet toward lofty paths and make of his daily living a glorious anthem of praise. For him death has no terror, no sting, for it simply ushers him into a life of pure, spiritual joys, and these he has proved to be the only joys that are really worth possessing. While the cares that vex and worry his neighbor may lay a hand on him and even greatly change his material conditions, they cannot reach the inner temple of the spirit where he lives his *real* life. Age does not touch him though physical powers wane—his spirit knows nothing of age. The Spirit of the Eternal itself knows no greater degree of youth, vigor, and freedom; for the spirit of the man, as he ever remembers, was fashioned like the Spirit of God. Outward circumstances may add to

his comforts or may decrease them, but through it all his undisturbed spirit sings the song of immortality. The holiest aim of his life is to open the eyes of his fellow-men to a consciousness of their glorious heritage as children of the Infinite. He has no time to spend in finely-spun theological arguments: the tenets of the various church denominations cannot deeply interest him. He is bent on loftier themes. His neighbors and friends come to be regarded by him in their true light—the light of the spirit. They are to him not alone body, person, but, like himself and their Creator, pure spirit. He regards their falls from the highest paths as the mistakes natural to minds dealing with materiality in terms of sense, and looks forward to a time of complete purification. He is not selfish. How can he be when he knows that *all are one* in spiritual essence and that the good of one is the good of all, and that the selfishness, folly, or wrongdoing of one works harm to others also?

His own spirit, daily increasing in realization of its origin and destiny, strengthens, and is constantly purified by the influence of the thought-life in which it exists, and creates a mental atmosphere whose influence is recognized, even by casual associates.

In the pure understanding of these principles the work of the metaphysician is grand and ennobling, and the natural results of his labors are of the greatest possible importance to a world almost lost in its lack of realization of health.

JOSEPH L. HASBROUCKE.

Know, that not easily shall a conviction arise in a man unless he every day speak the same things and hear the same things, and at the same time apply them unto life.

Remember at anything that shall befall thee to turn to thyself and seek what faculty thou hast for making use of it. If thou see a beautiful person, thou wilt find a faculty for that—namely, Self-mastery. If toil is laid upon thee, thou wilt find the faculty of Perseverance. If thou art reviled, thou wilt find Patience. And making this thy wont, thou shalt not be carried away by the appearances.

It is not things, but the opinions about the things, that trouble mankind.—*Epictetus*.

MENTAL ILLUMINATION.

By mental illumination we do not mean thought brought into relief by spectrum analysis nor any other prescribed modus operandi of science. We mean that illumination of the mind which esoteric students recognize as the highest attainable form of inspiration.

All searchers of the occult encounter paradoxical conditions, but not all realize that these, apparently equivocal, conditions are the essential setting of oracular truth. The higher wisdom—the wisdom taught by tutelary spirits—is uniformly oracular in expression. The kaleidoscopic character of their utterances is proverbial.

This is the result of a primary law of education, a law that calls into action the reasoning faculties of the student, and requires him to seek the principle involved, and to apply it to his own specific development. Truth, to be practically instructive, *must* be presented with that versatility which intelligence requires. Hostile judgments of oracular modes of instruction, are always superficial judgments; only the novice in occult research demands definite applications of principles which the laws of growth embody. The deeper we explore, the greater the necessity for inferential reasoning.

To understand the profound nature of oracular teaching, the perceptive faculties must be educated; they must acquire an incisive power which can cut through the shell of words and appreciate the intention within. They must penetrate below the superficial erratic ripples that agitate the surface of truth, and follow the trend of the significant under-currents.

The streams of truth are deep; they have ploughed fixed channels; the fluctuations of human opinion disturb them no more than vacillating breezes disturb the depths of the ocean.

If we examine ethically the impressions that reach us from the occult we discover that exact laws underlie all inspiration. These laws embrace definite modes of operation, specifically adapted to the intellectual gradations presented by human minds, and are

more or less exact in their impressions, as individual culture determines.

The ordinary oral method is well understood. In this the words employed by the spirit serve the purpose of colors to paint the thought on the receptive mind; and the image may be elaborated or embellished according to the design of the instructor.

This is essentially a stereotyped method by reason of its oral character, and is relatively primary in its object. It teaches the meaning and application of words, and renders the mind facile in its control of felicitous expression. It is an introduction to the laboratory of language, where, if the student is zealous, he may acquire eloquence and learn the pertinent force of aptly chosen words. Here terminology must be critically analyzed, the literal and imputed significations of words carefully weighed, and a thorough knowledge of the *real* use of language gained. Here, also, a specious danger is to be avoided. The beguilement of words is insidious and seductive; the wealth of language revealed will tempt to excess in its use, and, unless caution is observed, harmony of meaning will be sacrificed to euphony of sound. Extravagant expression is the chief foe to mental accuracy.

The second method in the scale of esoteric education is that which employs metaphor and analogy as a basis of reasoning. This is less stereotyped and leaves specific deductions to the inspired mind. It is a step in advance of the oral method, being more condensed in its formulations. Individual responsibility in interpretation is developed by this process, and latent abilities are quickened. The superior mental faculties gradually awake from passive to active intelligence, and the brain becomes a volitionally co-operative factor in the inspiration.

The third method is that which presents a synopsis of the subject to be elucidated. It is far-reaching in its scope, and requires the receptive mind to formulate details and devise applications of its impressions. During this stage of his advancement, the student becomes consciously and intelligently responsible for his interpretations. The ethereal capabilities of the intellect renounce the coma of cerebral sleep, and the mental being expands into relative cognition of its origin and destiny.

True esotericism begins here; it is the dawn of soul-consciousness, and spirituality enters upon a steadily ascending growth. The perceptive faculties become transcendental in penetrating power, and the reason consistently philosophical in all its operations. It is a supra-human plane of incarnate existence, and entails an intellectual activity in which the functional action of the brain is gradually subjected.

The fourth and highest known method is that which illuminates a mind without any definite impression. A ray of fructifying light is directed upon the inherent intellectual energies, whose virile nature responds instantly. So potent and so searching is this illumination that it discloses spontaneously whatever pertinent impressions the mind may have received in prior experiences, arranges them in co-ordinate relations to the principle involved, and simultaneously reveals the attitude of the inspiring mind upon the subject in question.

In this period of ethical culture all the advantages of the preceding periods are accentuated; the ubiquitous character of mind is logically demonstrated; finite attributes are gradually dissolved in the infinitude that expands before the emancipated understanding, and in his intelligent identification with the prescient purposes of the Infinite the student becomes as the immortals.

This subliminal mental condition constitutes "abstraction" as practised by the seers of the Orient; it constitutes the key of true occult wisdom, and places the individual in such co-operative accord with the All-Soul that the necessity for future incarnate embodiment ceases, the human soul has attained its majority as a denizen of Earth, and the laws of growth entitle it to a more ethereal and adequate abiding place.

Few, relatively, in each generation acquire this exalted capacity. It requires voluntary and arduous research, and a resolute course of self-abnegation. It imposes martyrdom upon the sensuous proclivities of flesh, and the subordination of every human appetite. But those who *do* overcome the obstacles, rise to sublime heights of knowledge; the vicissitudes of time pass like the panorama of a dream; death becomes the open sesame to celestial opportunities, and eternal tranquillity reigns in the soul.

PAUL AVENEL.

INTELLIGENCE, THOUGHT, AND "BEING."

We are all aware of having some power to translate sensuous impressions into *cognitions*, or such mental forms, which correspond more or less to our perceptions. We are also aware of our native ability to *conserve* such cognitions, and to *compare* them with other cognitions. Some are even able to *construct* cognitions out of pure consciousness without sensuous impression. These four faculties, if I may so call them—for it is not right to speak of faculties of mind—are the main characteristics of intellect. I may also define intellect by saying that it is a unitive term which stands for the representative or observing, the representative or creative, the thinking or generalizing "faculties" of the mind. The two definitions are substantially the same. I may even reduce these definitions to one, and say that intellect is that "faculty" of the soul which *knows* as distinguished from *feeling* and *willing*. Whatever we say by way of definition, it is clear that intellect means a master-power, an ideal connection between us and "the glorious world of God around and within us."

Some philosophers and writers use reason, mind, understanding, etc., as synonymous with intellect, and make free use of these terms in that way.

The product of the activity of intellect is knowledge.

We would not use the word "intellect" when we talk about the Supreme. The term would strike us as too limited. We would prefer to speak about the Supreme Intelligence. The word intelligence carries us into the abstract; it means capacity, quality, principle, genius, spirit, inner man. The sphere of intelligence is the Science of Mind, Metaphysics, Psychology, Idealism, and Pneumatology.

We may certainly in many cases, and usage endorses the practice, employ the words intellect, reason, etc., as synonymous with intelligence. We may also limit the meaning of the term intelligence, but it is more correct to say, with the Editor,* that "the word Intelli-

* "Intelligence," June, 1897, page 62.

gence bears three direct meanings: Mind, Capacity, and News." I shall for the present use the word in the senses of Mind and Capacity, and speak of the "Supreme Mind which transcends all other minds. It may move, but can not be moved; it is distant, yet near; it pervades the system of worlds, and is yet infinitely beyond it." *

In the previous essays of this series, I have treated Being under the aspect of *Substance* rather than as *Subject*. I shall now define It as Subject, as Intelligence.

Being in Itself is both Substance and Subject, both Rest and Motion, but the human mind swings between the two, and neither of them, taken singly, can fully satisfy our intelligent craving. We treat Being either under the aspect of the one or the other, rarely recognizing that the human equation must be counted into, or rather out of, our celestial observations.

If I for the moment may speak of Being as Substance, using the term in the most universal way that science is able to use it, I should say that the whole question of our form of philosophy depends upon this: whether Substance is an inert mass or an active force; and whether Extension, which is its only predicate, is a passive mode or a continuous act. If we determine for the definitions "inert mass" and "passive mode," we look upon Being as Substance rather than as Subject; if we determine for the other definitions, "active force" and "continuous act," we recognize It as Subject. The first means stability and rest; the latter spirit and movement. The first form is consistently worked out in Spinoza's philosophy, the latter especially in idealistic systems, like that of Hegel.

There is a third and more comprehensive form than either of these two, and this third form is working itself to the front in our day in modern metaphysics. It does not merely seek definitions, it is an activity. It is Thought, or human thinking without a dualism; or, rather, bridging the dualism of mere thinking by giving itself to Thought. It does not try to create Thought—an impossible task. It gives itself to Thought, allowing Thought to think itself in it. Its profound and comprehensive stand-point appears when we understand that the modern metaphysical thinking rests in Being or is of that

* Yajur Veda: Isavagam Upanishad.

fulness which lies in the word *to think*, *cogito*. *Cogito* is a contraction of *co-agito*, *I bring together*,* not simply in the sense of combining and separating, as Max Müller uses it, but in the sense of *co-agitate*, namely being influenced from above. We do not think, but Thought thinks in us, if I may put it that way. It is admitted that sensations are necessary in many cases, in order to call out Thought, but there must be a simultaneous working of sensations and concepts before Thought appears. It is not always necessary that we must have a linguistic expression for Thought. Thinking depends upon language, but Thought does not.

We can not know anything about the invisible and intangible Reality, Being, as it is in esoteric glory. We can only know It as it "finds itself," or reveals itself in the history of Thought, or the History of Philosophy.

Philosophy is not a mere collection of opinions or scribble of personal notions. It is Thought, viz., a continuous and connected development of the successive forms of human intelligence; it is a whole, a body, a system, expressive of human self-reflection and human translation of a world, *not me*. Thinking is not necessarily Thought. Thinking is simply "the reaction of the mind on the material supplied by external influences" ; † but Thought is subjective. Thought causes thinking, but our thinking may not express Thought.

In Philosophy we find a record of how Being under the form of Thought "finds itself" in real thinking, or such mental processes as draw their life from influx from above rather than from inferences. Philosophy, then, is a revelation of Intelligence, Thought, or universal Mind. If we therefore follow the stream of Philosophy from the spring to the Ocean, and from time to time question it, we shall get the fullest definition of Intelligence it is possible to get, for we shall get our information directly.

Following Hegel, we may say that philosophy first commences when a race for the most part has left its concrete life, when separation and change of class has begun, and the people approach their fall as a people; when a gulf has arisen between inward strivings and

* F. Max Müller: *The Science of Thought*. Chap. I., page 1.

† H. Lotze: *Logic* I. (Bosanquet's translation).

external reality, and the old forms of religion, government, etc., are no more satisfactory; when the Mind is, or begins to be, indifferent to the actual existence and falls back upon itself and its own contents.

Previous to this state there is not Philosophy in the sense defined above. The state of Mind is self-centred and is in unity with its origin. No opposition of "inner" and "outer" has been discovered. Mind is self-contained.

The West begins its Philosophy where man begins "to examine things in thought," where "a final philosophical principle, a final ground of Being is first sought in a philosophical way," * and that, it says, was in Greece. Greek Philosophy is, then, the first Philosophy, the first expression of Thought, of Intelligence; hence, the first *reflected* form of Being.

I begin with Parmenides in my exposition of "Intelligence." He † represents that stage in human thought when from the doubt and perplexity of phenomena a refuge is found in the results of introspection: Mind, Reason, and its self-reflective power, is arrayed against the senses and their false verdicts; Truth is set against mere opinion, and Being against endless multiplicity. In Parmenides we have thinking on a solid metaphysical basis, we have Thought. Parmenides "identified Being with Thought" ‡ and he maintained it to be unchangeable. Because he did this, Hegel says § "Parmenides began Philosophy proper," and he argues, "Being is the Truth." Owen, in the work already quoted, sums up the Eleatic teachings—to which Parmenides contributed so much—as follows below. In this summary we have the views of the first *reflective* thinking, and it bears out a most important axiom in philosophy, viz., that the first link in a chain of development is the most perfect, and not *vice versa*, as maintained by the critical schools. Mere thinking, or ratiocination, begins by groping after truth and reaches it only after a long search. But Thought appears at once, fully, and in power. This proves the creative power of Thought and its centrality. Genius is

* A. Schwegler: A History of Philosophy, pages 1, 16.

† Compare John Owen: Evenings with the Sceptics, or, Free Discussions on Free Thinkers. Vol. I.

‡ Plotinus V.: Ennead, I. 8.

§ Fr. Hegel: History of Philosophy, tr. by E. S. Haldane, Vol. I., page 254.

the mediator of Thought. Talent is the workman of thinking. Parmenides, Plato, Schelling, Hegel, Shakespeare, Goethe, Raphael were the means for Thought revelations. Their commentators and interpreters were *thinking* men and women.

We gain from Owen the following summary as a definition of Intelligence, as attained by the Eleatics. The abstraction * is in every case nearer to us than the concrete, for all ideas have their abode and their being in the mind. The connection between the mind and the ideas is continuous and increasing, whereas the sensations to which they owe their existence are only observed occasionally and accidentally. "The idea, e.g., implied in the common noun 'man,' or the abstraction 'motion,' is more inseparable from our mental being than are its physical correlatives—a given individual, or a body in actual motion." Hence, the idea claims an existence more complete and perfect in itself, and more indissolubly connected with our intellect, than the passing sensation from which it is derived. The abstraction is not only nearer us, but it is infinitely more enduring, than the concrete from which it is derived. The Eleatics emphasized this fact, that all phenomena are transitory, and we with them. In the Noumena, or the universe of mental abstraction, on the other hand, lies all that is stationary, permanent, and eternal. The world of Noumena is the world of Intelligence, Thought. Plato gave to the Noumenon the fullest definition any philosopher has yet given it. In our own day, however, the Noumenon is coming in further revelation to us. The practice of the modern metaphysicians to live and explain the universe *sub specie æternitatis*, † to live in Universals, in Being, has not only re-asserted the Eleatic statement, but is revolutionizing the world's notions and opening wider the gates of heaven, which before only stood ajar. A sense of the Infinite is now a possibility. And where it has been awakened, Whole-ness, Health, etc., rule, for Truth and absolute existence, "salvation," etc., are one and immutable. "To think is to live," said Cicero, very apropos. Alcott echoed him by saying: "Thought means life."

The Eleatics abandoned, for the most part, the pursuits which

* From *abs-traho*, to draw away from; viz., to withdraw from certain qualities and concentrate upon others, which are most important; which are "general ideas."

† An expression from Spinoza.

had occupied the Ionians—the investigation of visible nature, the phenomena of material things, and the laws presiding over them—conceiving such to be merely deceptive, and attaching themselves to what seemed to be the only true knowledge—an investigation of Being and of God. By the Eleats, since all change appeared to be an impossibility, the phenomena of succession presented by the world were regarded as pure illusion; and they asserted that Time and Motion, and Space are phantasms of the imagination, or vain deceptions of the senses. They therefore separated reason from opinion, attributing to the former conceptions of absolute truth, and to the latter imperfections arising from the fictions of sense. It was on this principle that Parmenides divided his work on "Nature" into two books, the first on Reason, the second on Opinion. Starting from the nature of Being, the uncreated and unchangeable, he denied altogether the idea of succession in time, and also the relations of space, and pronounced change and motion, of whatever kind they may be, mere illusions of opinion. His pantheism appears in the declaration that the All is Thought and Intelligence, and this constitutes the essential feature of his doctrine.*

It will be seen that Parmenides identifies Being with Thought or Intelligence, and entirely condemns the sensuous notions of Time, Motion, and Space as not being conceptions of absolute Truth or revelations of Thought. But because he condemns them as not absolute forms of Being, he does not mean to deny that Thought reveals itself *in* time, motion, and space. On the contrary that which we call the universe is Thought evolved *in* time, motion, space. Nor does this concession give these notions any more than sensuous vitality.

The net gain of the discussion so far is that at the opening of the history of Western philosophy we begin with Intelligence or Thought and find it identified with Being. I said above that the Beginning contained the fulness of all subsequent development. The study of the subsequent philosophy ought therefore to concern itself mainly with such development.†

* J. W. Draper: "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," Vol. I., page 121 (N. Y. edition of 1876).

† In the following essays of this series I shall show Being in the light of In-

Thought can rise to a universality which is the very nature of things. This rise is not *mere* abstraction from particulars; nay, the union of particulars is discovered by Thought, and Thought becomes their necessary expression on account of an inner movement toward unity, discoverable everywhere. The soul of this inner movement is an ideal or organic universality, is the Universal Intelligence. Human thought can reach this Universal, this Intelligence, but not by first thinking particulars; on the contrary, we get the true knowledge of particulars only by means of the Intelligence.

This Intelligence manifests itself under the form of what Plato calls the Archetypes or Universal Ideas. We reach them by apprehension, not by comprehension. How to bridge over the gulf which separates the sensible from the Ideal is discussed by Plato in "Parmenides," the dialogue called after him of whom Plato speaks as "more honored than all the rest of philosophers put together." It must, however, be said that only a metaphysical mind understands that dialogue, and that "Dialectics" is the key to it. Truly remarked the Latin moralist, Dionysius Cato, "Thought is the gift of but few." Indeed, "the discovery of Thought is one of the mysteries of life."

"Thought is an organic activity, which unfolds from within, and can never be put together mechanically from without." * So, much of that which passes among us as thought is not Thought, because it is built up from without by the mechanical juxtaposition and association of sense impressions. Thought means the Hidden World, and is the moving principle of all action, be it natural or human or divine. Thought being identical with Being is indefinable, yet It enters into History and may be seen there as also in Nature—but only by those who live in it and partake of it.

Thought is the *prius* of all things; not human thinking, but that power which impels it—the universal and absolute on which all finite thought and being rest. It is by this Thought—impelling power—that we transcend the bounds of our narrow personality and "find

telligence just as I, in all the former, presented It in the light of Nature. Such essays will be an exposition of the nature of Thought, and, taken all together, will be a definition of Intelligence.

* Borden P. Bowne; "Theory of Thought and Knowledge," N. Y., 1897; Preface.

ourselves " in Being. It is one of man's main prerogatives, that Thought takes possession of him and in Language—the Word—expresses itself. It calls him to self-consciousness and tells him about a world *not himself*.*

Those unities which Science calls laws and by which individual objects are linked together in order, system, and suitableness are forms of mind, of Thought, and parts of the mind's latent wealth. Though we may err and fall into many mistakes, we feel interiorly convinced that there is Thought in our thought and that Intelligence infuses it, though we often fail to interpret aright the heavenly motion. The worst sceptic believes it; he judges and condemns from the stand-point of a tacitly admitted Thought, superior to everything. It is in virtue of Thought that we transcend our limitations and realize Being. Only by uniting ourselves with Thought or Universal Intelligence do we realize ourselves as rational and spiritual beings. And we need to be refreshed by great Thoughts, constantly.

We hear it often repeated nowadays that "thoughts are things." It is correct; when thoughts are weighty with Thought, they act in every way as realistically as the things the material mind thinks about, and even more so. We may also say that "things are thoughts," and nothing else. The world began as Thought, and is constantly resolving itself back to Thought. We see it even among the barbarians of to-day, that man now is learning to *think* things into service and use, things which he formerly got by accident or violence. The farmer's eyes, we say, are the best ploughs for his lands, and the wise merchant thinks out the plans, but does not work them out. The general in command does not lead the troops; he thinks their movements, and his lieutenants do them. Man is not simply *Anthropos*, species, Man, he is the Thinker. But there was a time when he was not the Thinker. When he became Thinker, Nature lost her control of him and he left her charge. At the same time, a reverse movement in life took place. Before, it was from Thought to things, now it is from things to Thought. Before, it was the outgoing of the Idea, now it is the rise in and to ideal life.

When Parmenides asserts the unity of Thought and Being, he

* A world of Spiritual Intelligence—Thought is the activity of Intelligence.—ED.

states the sum total of Mysticism, viz., the sound inner life. Mysticism teaches the consubstantiality of the Deity and the Human and emphasizes the immediate communication between the individual soul and God. It also recognizes a sense of mystery, a sense of the Infinite. Thought unifies these three elements, whether we call It Intelligence or Logos. It has the magic power of dissolving all antagonisms and of unifying opposites. It also restores truth, when dogmas have crushed it. It rescues the soul in the dark night of idolatry. "There is more strength in Thought than in the whirlwind or the lightning," contended Catherina Barnard long ago. It almost seems unnecessary to quote Joseph Joubert's words: "God multiplies Intelligence and it communicates itself, like fire, *ad infinitum*; light a thousand torches at one touch, the flame remains always the same." We know it to be a fact that Thought loses nothing by being communicated to others, on the contrary it grows in intensity.

The character of Thought as revealed in our own day is not cosmological, as some will have us believe; it is "historical," e.g., Thought is (if I may use such an expression) missionary in character. It is not so much *explicative* as it is *guiding*. It does not dwell in works of understanding so much as in works of doing good and in the forces that lift, or are trying to lift, the lowly. Thought drives us not so much outward toward a world to be conquered as it leads us to the Infinite within. It reveals, as never before, its own inner depths, and it does not single out the solitary student, it seeks the masses. The "Common Man" is to-day a Thought-power. He never was so before.—

Darest Thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

He lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere he continues to pervade with heart of love, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure.—*Buddha*.

ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER READING.

Character is the foundation of a man's worth. He does not acquire it, but is in possession of it at birth. He cannot destroy it unless he destroys himself. He may believe he resists the promptings of his nature, but the very spirit of resistance is inherited also, and is a part of his character. The character does not materially change, but with age rather intensifies. Environment cannot reverse it. The Divine spirits of hope, pride, and affection, through successive generations, tend to give character a trend toward the point of nobility to which the race of man is progressing.

Mahomet declared "that should a man tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt the assertion if you think fit; but if anyone tells you that a man has changed his character, do not believe him."

Temperament, also, is a birth gift, and, like character, is durable and accompanies the man through life. It does not control his character, and frequently does not harmonize with it. A lofty character may be weighted with a lowly temperament; but the stronger rules, and temperament becomes a secondary trait. Character and temperament are organic parts of man, and his asserted freedom of choice has no more command over their qualities than it has over his primary physical structure. Those qualities in a man which are strictly personal come from his immediate ancestors. The lesser qualities, those which tribal men have in common, come from an ancestry more remote, and the broadly anthropological qualities, those common to men as men, are derived from the most remote progenitors of the whole race. The law of atavism applies here. According to this law, as is well known, any peculiarity or variation in a parent, instead of descending directly from that parent to its child, may be latent in one or more generations, and then appear later in the line of descent.

Idiosyncrasies, which form a part of the atmosphere of personality that surrounds every man, are acquired, and can be changed by will.

They are affected by his environment, and are subject to choice. They are mannerisms which, with his physical appearance, enable us to distinguish him from his fellow men and thereby to remember him.

Agassiz declared that "From the first appearance of the Palæozoic fishes, all animal life has had one end in view, and that the highest of the works of our Creator, man." The relics of the troglodytes, the cave-dwellers, indicate that man was then an animal in his nature, and without capacities greater than those required to secure the food necessary to sustain life. The man of those times had four more teeth than he has now; there were fewer bones in his skull, the foldings and convolutions of the brain were less marked and less numerous. But man learned by infinitesimal degrees the use of fire, modes of fashioning stone hatchets, and of chipping out flint arrow-heads. He acquired speech, which gradually took the place of primitive signs. Polygamous marriage gave way to monogamy, and patriarchal organization was established by slow degrees. He gathered into tribes, and of these formed nations. His skull changed from an elongated oval to a more globular shape, or to a compromise between the two. The jaw became less massive and less prominent as the frontal brain enlarged. The flesh-tearing teeth shortened and became enclosed in the mouth, giving the countenance a less bestial cast. He established himself in all the more habitable quarters of the globe, and became as we now see him—civilized or semi-civilized, savage or barbarous, according to his environment, his climatic and other circumstances.

Since character and temperament are durable and persistent factors of a man's conduct, since he is a finite animal, and his physical and mental capacities are the results of heredity, is it unreasonable to attempt scientifically to measure and analyze his character?

Pre-eminently within the last century has man been carefully studied, and his anatomy classified into parts. Each part has an understood function, and any fault in the effective working of the machine can be traced to its cause, and the remedial restorative applied. Yet one portion of the human anatomy of man remains an incompletely solved problem. We do not fully understand the gray matter enclosed within the skull and vertebræ. Who can compre-

hend the human mind? The independent power of will and its freedom of choice seemingly indicate a combination of the finite with the infinite—the connection between the Creator and the created.

The brain has capacity to perform different kinds of work at the same time. The parts engaged in commanding the muscles to execute their work are well understood and mapped out; but the larger part, which has nothing to do with motion, to which only the senses—touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing—appeal, is not so well understood, and those areas which have to do with the mental processes of thought, memory, and all the infinite faculties of the mind, are as yet unexplored portions of brain geography.

We all know the ease and completeness with which we summarize the character of one deceased. His qualities are presented to our mental vision as if reflected upon the mirror of the brain. We read without an effort. We knew his characteristics as well before his death as after, but when the book of his life was closed, conjectural possibilities of his conduct ceased. Nevertheless, it is almost a certainty that the man would have continued the same course to a longer time, even to the end, had life been prolonged. Character is not subject to spontaneous change, but, as already noted, is strengthened by age and experience.

The nations of the earth vary greatly in their degree of moral worth. A member of a nation or tribe is like a member of a family, for nations are but aggregations of families; and as the individual partakes of the characteristics of his family, he also exhibits those of the nation to which he belongs. So, if called to express an opinion upon a Hebrew, we expect he will possess the characteristics of his race. We would not expect the Bushman to be many degrees higher than the brute, nor a bigoted Turk to be considerate toward a "dog of a Christian."

Russia has been charged with being a nation of liars. It is assumed that an autocratic government cannot produce an honest race. It seems to be true that morality is characteristic of free peoples and is less common, or diminishes, under a despotism. Many savage races consider it a virtue to deceive and heroic to kill.

Men, like plants, are affected by latitude and altitude. The zones

produce different types, and knowing the portions of the globe within which different races exist we may assume certain peculiarities as characterizing those races.

The highest character has for its foundation the tenets of the religion of Jesus. Honesty, as taught by Him, is the surest and noblest foundation of a man's worth. Built upon that, the upper structure becomes secondary, and temperament and idiosyncrasy are of relatively less account. A character built upon honesty and upheld by environment is the noblest, most trustworthy, and of the highest type earth has produced. In reading character, the ultimate verdict must rest upon the degree of the man's inherent honesty. Honesty enforced by law, or a fear of punishment after death, will not do; it must be a virtue instilled by the habit of honest actions. Such a character environs itself, and needs no trumpet's tone to herald its presence. *Generosus nascitur non fit*. A man well born needs no other heritage. He is rich inherently.

Lavater said, "Words, looks, and actions are like the A B C of character-reading." Gall and his disciples believed that study of the skull and physiognomy of man would reveal the character.

Shakespeare, prince of authors, was the supreme analyst of character. He describes Cassius as having a "lean and hungry look," and represents Cæsar as desiring about him men who are "fat, sleek-headed, and such as sleep o' nights." He calls Pinch a "hungry, lean-fac'd villain; a needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch."

In practical and scientific investigation of man greater progress has been made within the century nearly closed than in the previous six thousand years of recorded history. The line which encompasses him is being more clearly defined. Libraries of books have been published wherein students and experimenters have given us the result of their investigations into man's character. Ribot, Caro, Galton, Spencer, Huxley, Agassiz, Darwin, and others have interpreted many of the mysteries of human power. Some "isms" yet await further elucidation; mesmerism, hypnotism, spiritism, the power of mind over matter, and some lines of thought-reading offer a rich field to the investigator. There is no mystery about character-reading, however, for it is practical and simple. Reading a man,

analyzing his mental and physical capacities, seems a less difficult task than that of the hypnotist who will control the thoughts and to some extent the actions of a dozen subjects at once.

Galton proposes that a tabulated chart should be prepared for each individual of a family. The table should record the nationality, parentage, the peculiarities of ancestry, environments, and associations. Such charts might be peculiarly useful to us Americans. As it now is, we are individually the most difficult of any civilized people to read and measure. Severe critics have called us a nation of mongrels, have asserted that we are "the cousins of the world," and that the "native American exists only in the original Indian."

In seeking to read character look your subject over without prejudice and with painstaking care. If you are equipped by a knowledge of modern anthropological science, or if you have but a general idea of what it has taught us, you will be surprised at the correctness of your analysis.

A. L. STONE.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Man, limited in his capacities, explores fields that are limitless.

Thought is the begetter of all conception, the prompter of all human actions, even those called intuitive; and the knowledge that may be in the conception of the idea, gives to the action its power of attainment. As water may run without turning the wheel which might drive machinery and deftly fashion the useful, so there may be thinking without advantage, thought that brings false conception and incites no action; conception, so-called, without actual knowledge, action without accomplishment. Knowledge, the cognition of truth, is, therefore, the essence of every correct ideal.

God created and fixed absolutely the substance of his own domain, and the laws governing its existence, operation, and duration. These laws never lose stability, force, or uniformity. Their action constitutes the only perpetual motion. Even those states regarded by us as phenomenal are not lawless, but are a part of the movement that keeps the world in poise.

A certain discontent is associated with human intelligence, augmented, but more influenced by reason, as knowledge increases; and this discontent is one of the fundamental causes of advancement.

All animals, all organisms, excepting man, instinctively obey the laws governing them. They are conservative; man alone is radical. Higher than animal and especially endowed with intelligence, he is constantly endeavoring to diminish, enlarge, evade, or amend some existing law or to find or make a new one. He is *par excellence* the fretting animal—the restless consciousness.

Man's perception is exercised so imperfectly that, mistaking his conception, his own measurement, for the thing conceived or measured, he attempts to mend or improve it. Or, if he knows his own imperfection and realizes that the object he is observing, the law he is considering, is greater than himself and extends in force, proportion, or entity, beyond his present perception, he seeks to enlarge his observation and get nearer in actual sight or comprehension. From these conditions all research, all speculation springs.

Speculation and metaphysical inquiry, though they may expand reason and embellish intellect, unless they result in some profitable discovery or lead to some well-anchored or dominating fact—food for the mind, solace for the soul—may prove to be but luxuries. The intellectual powers, like the physical, must be rightly developed, disciplined, and, on occasion, dieted.

It is frequently difficult to distinguish opinion from actual knowledge; a simple surmise or conclusion dwelt upon and long reiterated may assume the semblance of possibility, of probability, and finally of reality. This is not strange when we consider the ways of thought, the tinge and even set color it acquires from surrounding conditions, innate desires, inclinations, or opinions, until it comes to pass that, truly, "the wish is father to the thought."

The workings of the intelligent power denominated *mind* are mysterious. This power, many-handed, argus-eyed, diving deep, soaring high, sensitive to impression, intangible and real, invisible yet actual: this power, that makes us "little lower than the angels," is literally unknown in its essence; and, in its earthly tabernacle, is easily unbalanced, shrouded in darkness, or hurled from its

occult throne. In this life, nevertheless, that power is our "stock in trade," the endowment by means of which we discern the real, conceive the ideal, and fashion the character that shall finally glide from the restraints of earth into the illimitable field of measureless life and action.

Hope is the greatest and most industrious ideal builder; her myriad creations are perpetually rising and, for the most part, falling away. "Hope lives forever, but her children die one by one." The graveyards of ideals far outnumber those in which mortality slumbers. Every ideal possesses something of reality—some measure of truth: where thought or idea is, fact cannot be entirely absent. So inherent a necessity is Truth. Perchance, could we better detect truth we would retain our ideals in their completeness.

Many, if not all, of the discoveries that have enlightened and revolutionized the world, have first and for some time existed in the mind of their discoverer as conceptions without raiment of fact. That which has continued to be only a theory in the mind of one thinker, has sometimes been taken up by another in whose mental consciousness, by marvellous but rational unfoldings, the idea becomes a fact.

We can go further and say, that to one mind may come the theory, to another the explanation making the theory tenable, and to still another the application and use of the theory.

Not all of reality, at least, is wrapped up in matter. Much that is real exists in thought, conception, spiritual insight. Our spiritual eye—outreaching the eye of faith—has a landscape more extensive and a horizon fully as real as that bounding our physical vision. The one eye perceives the material, the mortal, in the alternating days and nights of finite time; the other, the immaterial, the immortal, is itself the unceasing light of nightless expanse. The inner sense looks from between the lids of clay and sees the material; it thrills through the hand and feels; it closes the eye, withdraws the hand, and is still conscious of the material and also of the immaterial.

There is a veritable Realm of Thought, in which our incorporeal entity, the inextinguishable intelligence, dwells and acts—a realm eternal, measureless, and perfect; encompassing us here, and

co-extensive, coeval with the boundless future that is, in reality, the ever-present, but to our mortality the ever-to-come—a realm with conditions and laws whence come the germs of thoughts unfolded but not created within us. May not this account for the presence of the same conception, at or near the same time, in the minds of two persons widely separated?

Has not this realm an atmosphere of immateriality in which the soul breathes thought-germs as vitalized nutriment for the mind? If not, whence and why the sense that what occupies or imbues the mind comes from without, and the emotion that the soul's identity will not be exterminated but will remain an embodied portion of the Infinite? Has not the soul power to reach out from its temporary prison into this realm and to take therefrom thought-germs to be unfolded and expanded, thereby enlightening and capacitating the mind for the reception of higher thoughts to be, in turn, unfolded and expanded?

Does not this continue, in greater degree, with untrammelled power and freedom forever, when the soul is released from its imprisonment and is on a higher plane of development?

"Purely visionary"—do you say? How much more, how much less of the real is in this, my ideal reference to the Realm of Thought, than when I say:

"I saw the sun rise from behind the eastern hills, touch with gold the spires and domes, banish the lingering shadows, illumine the landscape with one broad, ardent blaze of light, and it was day!"

As we live two lives—one the inner, known very imperfectly and only to ourselves, the other the outward life, supposed to be a reflection of the inner, but which really is a dissembling and constant masquerade—even so there is an inner and an outer expression for every idea. The inner expression is the most complete and is seen, heard, and articulated independently of the senses. This is true with respect to any idea, whether inborn or transmitted to the mind. Take, for present example, the memorable saying of Saint Paul—

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

This sentence appears to us mentally; we see each letter; we

pronounce the words; we read, hear, and comprehend it; we admire the idea, the comparison, and the gradation, as though Faith, Hope, and Charity, portrayed by a master sculptor, were standing before us; and, yet, not a sound have we uttered, not a muscle has stirred. Noting carefully we shall discover that, in concentrating the mind upon the sentence, we have a sensation as if the external sight were turned or drawn inward and were gazing at the sentence with a voluntary and conscious action unlike the seemingly automatic action of the physical organ of sight. We shall further find that when we mentally pronounce the letters and words, we are to a considerable degree conscious of the movements and positions of the tongue, though in very truth, at least to our perception, the tongue has not moved. How do we attain to this mental vision and to this mental hearing? The question is not answered when we say, "By means of the mind's eye and the mind's ear." This does not enlighten us. We know not *how*, but we *know*. In the hidden but extended confines of the Ideal, we speak and sing without audible voice, make pictures without brush or canvas, statues without stone or chisel, and structures without wood or iron.

There is no outer expression that does not first exist as inner expression. The outer expression is but the inner projected within the reach of corporeal sight and hearing—the ever alert and serving antennæ of the mind. The ideal is never fully presented, for something of its completeness is lost in, or does not accompany, the projection. Expression in some material form is a necessity in order to bring the inner conception to the comprehension of other personalities. The completed work of an artist represents his conception; and while one touch of the brush, one chisel stroke, may utterly destroy the work, it is, however, the expression only that can be annihilated; the conception, the ideal, will be unharmed.

In a deeper sense this is true of the masterful thought. Once clearly expressed, it, also, represents the original conception; but, unlike the picture or the statue, it cannot be defaced or demolished. Some may seek to clothe it in new garments, but the germ remains. It has manifold life; no iconoclast can disfigure, no assassin strangle it. It is of the breath of God. The statue and the picture grace but

one small place, the thought may reach thousands simultaneously, complete and original to each one. It may be followed out in its legitimate line and conception, and even enlarged. The original idea will still endure as its well-defined basis.

There are other laboratories and crucibles than those in which material forces and elements are treated; there is other chemistry than that which deals with matter. The intellectual world has its processes in which ideas are tried and the "survival of the fittest" determined. When an ideal is sent—on the wings of words, which are visible thoughts—into the world of mind, the erroneous may be eliminated, and only the invigorating left to serve as guides along the diverse and uneven ways of life. This force, this life is not of the flesh, not out of the dust. Though without visible form, it is the most real. It is individualized immortality. In Futurity there will be no "ideal"—for *all that to us seems ideal is real*.

We cannot certainly know that the same object or act appears the same in size, form, color, or circumstance to two persons. Some are color-blind, and more partially so. May there not be in intellectual life, something akin to color-blindness? One mind accepts as truth what another regards as error. How can we know that what the one accepts appears in the same shape to the mental vision of the other? If it *does*, then the disagreement becomes a question of reasoning, in the exercise of which men differ as in bodily strength or perfection. In thus presenting the subject I purposely keep below the line of conscience and faith.

If what one mind calls truth does *not* appear the same to another, then both minds cannot reason from the same premise; cannot, as in mathematics, employ the same factor; do not hold to the same rule; nor reach the same conclusion. The same yardstick will correctly measure both the coarse and the fine substance, but there is no common standard that can be arbitrarily applied to measure motives, beliefs, or actions.

Let us now examine the line of conscience and faith, important, indispensable factors in the formation of every true ideal and the ascertainment of the truth. The voice of conscience is distinct, its suggestions terse and without preliminary argument. It knows

neither passion, prejudice, nor evil. Conscience should not be confounded with judgment. Judgment is the exercise of our mental faculties in comparison, in the weighing of objects and facts, the measurement of circumstances and surroundings, the deduction and, finally, decision. The process may be accurate or faulty; hence good or bad judgment. Judgment is intellectual; conscience is not of the intellect, but informs it. Conscience speaks; judgment acts, often uninfluenced by conscience. Conscience is a friendly and infallible guide—never a despot. It is well to heed conscience, though its voice may shatter some elaborately wrought ideal.

Faith is the most sublime reach of the mind. Higher than mere intellectual assent or belief, it accepts as true that which reason cannot demonstrate. In conceiving the ideal, we of necessity exercise faith. The true ideal is not divorced from the real, but, at some point, it leaves the domain of fact, the boundaries of positive evidence, and becomes what we think ought to be, or what we believe is, or what we have faith will be, although reason cannot confirm its existence or furnish evidence of the steps by which it shall be revealed as real. Fortunate is the thinker who, leaving the blazed pathway, and venturing into the untrodden ideal, regains that pathway; more fortunate is he if, from the point where he leaves it to the point where he re-enters it, his steps are so well defined that another may follow and not be bewildered; most fortunate is he who without wandering broadens and lengthens the main course, straight toward the goal of truth. Our ideals measure our aims and desires. The following of pure ideals is always fascinating, but we must carry ample and well-selected ballast, else we may helplessly drift in unforeseen and bewildering currents while the truer reasoner rests in safety on some stable peak.

The successful investigator must be sincere. Nature imparts her secrets, and God His thoughts, most fully to the true. All intellectual labor should be for some good and useful purpose. Our utmost and unceasing effort should be, not to bury, not to tear down, but to uncover, and to ascertain all that can solve the paramount question: "What is Truth?" Pure reason cannot recognize error as truth, but man's capacity for applying and utilizing agencies far

exceeds his apprehension of their origin or essence. He accomplishes much in using that which remains mysterious. He quickly discerns effect though seldom its cause.

Doubtless, in this life we shall continue to creep when we would gladly rise and walk, and our weighted eyelids may not always open to full vision; doubtless many altitudes we strive to climb will still tower above us, and many vistas we seek to penetrate will remain distant. But in the hereafter it will appear that all sincere ideals are one with the unveiled real.

WILLIAM H. FRANCIS.

THE HERMIT OF THE SIERRAS.*

I confess that I hesitate to make public experiences so unusual: the more so, that those experiences touch upon the dearest associations of my life, and are surrounded by memories which seem sacred.

As it is now more than thirty years since the facts herein narrated took place, and I have lived to see part of what then seemed inexplicable made intelligible through the discoveries in electricity, I am led to believe that time will reveal the truth of much that may now seem supernatural, weird, and marvellous, and bring to mankind the use of powers of which they are at present ignorant, such powers as I know were possessed by one human being.

I also wish to do justice to one to whom I am indebted for great benefits, and to fulfil what I feel to be an obligation by clearing the mystery which has surrounded the life of Julius Aiden, who left western Massachusetts about the year 1830.

I was a young man twenty-two years of age when the call to arms came after the fall of Fort Sumter. I was an orphan, and my life from the time I was a mere lad had been spent in a California town, where I had received my education. My family had come to this town from New York during the gold excitement of '49. My father lost his life in the mines, and my mother did not long survive him.

* The following narrative was found in MS. among the papers of the late Walter Meade—a member of my family. It seems that after writing it he could not bring himself to the point of having it published.

I had adopted the profession of a civil-engineer and was still pursuing my studies. The future was full of abundant promise. The mine in which my father lost his life had proved to be very valuable. I was engaged to be married to a charming girl with whom I was very much in love, and there seemed to be no cloud on my horizon.

The fall of Sumter, the call to arms—though news did not travel rapidly to California in those days—fired me with the greatest zeal and enthusiasm for the Union cause. I at once decided to enlist. In perfect confidence that Amelia Grand, my affianced wife, would share my enthusiasm and approve of my patriotic design, I hastened to her to tell her of my intention.

Imagine, if you can, my extreme mortification when she treated my resolution with contempt. I had always found her serene and gentle, her nature ever as lovely as her face and form were beautiful. Now, totally unlike herself, she was bitter in denunciation of what she termed the "Abolition Cause." She railed, she seemed beside herself. "Go if you will," she said; "I wish you would go; but when you do, never presume to come near me again!"

I departed, leaving her in this fit of rage.

The terrible revelation of this phase of her character (which was never exhibited at any other time), as well as her opposition to what I knew was loyal and right, shocked and stunned me like a blow. I left her, but I could not enlist. All energy forsook me. I knew nothing but a feeling of unutterable pain. Hope was shattered; life seemed a waste.

A few days were passed in a nightmare of heart-agony. A feeling that I must get away—away from everybody and everything—possessed me.

As I was aimlessly passing a group I heard the casual remark: "Yes, the stage leaves to-morrow for Knight's Ferry." This was the "straw" that indicated to me a direction of escape. I instantly resolved that I would be a passenger on the stage that left in the morning.

I attended to the details of my business, made ready for myself a hunter's outfit, and, without much comment, left forever—as I supposed—my dreams, and hopes, and prospects, for a plunge into

the unknown wilderness. I have often recalled that journey and the strange mental state which meanwhile possessed me. During the stage-ride of three days I was almost oblivious to my surroundings. I certainly could not tell who were the other passengers nor through what part of the country we passed. I did not even speculate on the possibilities which were before me.

Arrived at Knight's Ferry, I left my fellow-travellers and started across the plain with the wall of the snow-capped Sierras fronting me. From a state of apathy my whole nature became jubilant. I pushed on over the sandy plain as unmindful of any difficulty as I had been upon the stage-journey, except that heaviness of heart had given place to wonderful joyousness. I went on and on—reaching the foot-hills and going up and up, hailing every sunrise with joy and travelling through the day without weariness, to lie down under the lofty pines at night with God's mantle of stars shining through the towering tree-tops into my face. I was possessed of such a sense of peace and rest as a tired child finds in its mother's arms; or, making my bed on a shelf of rock overlooking some deep canyon, I listened without fear to the cry of the mountain-lion, and indulged in a feeling of happiness that the lion, the bear, and the wolf were my neighbors and that I was entirely beyond the touch of a civilization which I began to regard with an amused contempt.

"What were wars and loves and all the petty and vain strife and struggle of mankind?" I thought. How small and useless they all appeared in the freedom of this solitude, and in the companionship of this largeness of nature, among the great trees and lofty mountains!

"No, I can never return to the old life, with its empty dreams and paltry ambitions. The peace of this existence destroys every care—satisfies every desire." At the end of thirty years I recall this state of mind and there is rapture in remembering it.

The weather was warm. Berries grew in abundance, and the trout were plentiful in the mountain streams, while the clear cold water seemed like an elixir, so exhilarating was it. Deer were abundant, but I could not pull a trigger against the gentle creatures. The stillness was like worship, and I often involuntarily removed my hat with a feeling of reverence for that profound stillness which seemed to hold the voice of God.

Thus days and weeks passed. I had come to some towering rocks, placed in such regular order and relation to one another that they suggested the spires of a cathedral. Their faces were indented in deep alcoves, one of which was so deep that I had placed myself in it for the night. The moon was full and I had lain long, watching the play of shadows among these stony sentinels, hearing the plaintive cry of a mountain-lion or the note of some wandering bird, content and happy in the feeling of complete seclusion.

I had thus fallen asleep, when suddenly a voice—a human voice—startled me into an upright position. "Surely it was a dream," I thought and turned to sleep once more. No, there it was again! I arose to my feet and listened. Clearly and wonderfully sweet but apparently from a great distance—came the notes of the "Gloria in Excelsis." "Perhaps this is some old Mexican cathedral," I exclaimed, "and by some trick of acoustics the tones of the past have been preserved and reëchoed."

I began an exploration. The impenetrable columns stood stolidly in the moonlight. The earth was solid beneath my feet. Remember that for weeks there had been no sign of a human being and that I had every reason to believe that I was upon ground where white man had never trod.

I stopped to listen and the refrain sounded on, sweet and clear to the end! The tendency of my mind is practical. I could not easily attribute to the supernatural that which my wide-awake senses clearly perceived. I recalled what I had heard of voices in the air, the Bible stories of angels communing with men. Another thorough search in every direction, together with the utter wildness of everything about me, convinced me that the voice or voices came from no merely earthly source, and I began to believe that to my other beatitudes was added a choir of angel-voices!

More at peace with myself than ever, I again lay down and was soon asleep—to be again awakened! This time, however, it was no voice of an angel-choir that held my senses.

A figure that seemed to be that of a man stood out clearly with its shadow thrown against the background of rocks. "Ghosts do not cast shadows," I thought, as my hand sought my revolver. My

breathing almost stopped as the figure moved closer to me. Think of it! I had been for weeks among the wilds of the wildest Sierras, daily seeing ferocious beasts or hearing their cries, and my revolver had not once come from its sheath. Now, at the first sight of one of my own kind, the sense of self-preservation made me regard that one as an enemy. As I looked, however, from my safe covert, I began to feel that there was nothing to fear from this apparition, whatever might be the cause which had brought it to me under circumstances so marvellous.

Apparently oblivious of my presence he stood still, gazing at the heavens, and I had an opportunity to observe him minutely.

He was large, and there was a majesty about him that made me think how well he fitted among the towering columns of rock. "Surely, some old Aztec who has survived the centuries," I said to myself. His hair and beard were very long and snowy white. His dress seemed to be that of a hunter, but by some fantasy of the moonlight, or something, a diaphanous robe enshrouded him through which, while I saw his garments, there was an effect of whiteness as if he stood in an atmosphere entirely his own. I waited expectantly for his first movement. He turned his gaze from the heavens, and wrote upon a tablet which I now saw he carried in his hand. At length he spoke. Oh, the rhythm, the marvel of his voice! It penetrated and vibrated through me like the sound of a harp. It was a thousand melodies in one. I had never heard a voice like it before, and I never expect to hear another like it again upon this earth.

"The hour is come," he said. "The stars do not lie. He whom I expect is even now here. Walter Meade, Julius Aiden welcomes you to his hermit-home."

Walter Meade! He had spoken my name! He extended his hand in the direction where I was concealed from his view! I arose and came toward him. "My son, you are welcome. You have come close upon the hour set for your arrival."

What did he mean? No one was expecting me. I had come by no appointment. I was here of my own intention, and desire. Had someone been sent on my track? I resented the idea. Without waiting for me to speak, he answered my thoughts. "There are not many

men who know the mainspring of their motives. I assure you that not only are you expected, but that I sent for you to come."

His speech was as direct and simple as a child's. I felt that he was part of that freedom of nature in which I had been living, and I believed him. As I stood with him there, so strangely met, as I looked into his beaming eyes and benignant face, as I heard his melodious voice, I knew that I might trust him with my immortal soul. He extended his hand and I clasped it. His touch was magical; exhilaration—ecstasy passed through my frame, and I fell on my knees before him.

"Bend the knee only to the eternal God," he said; "I am a mortal like yourself. Yes, you have come at my wish. I have much to say to you, and the time is short. The morning is already beginning to dawn, and our task must be finished before the sun declines to the west. Come to my lodge where I may entertain you as a beloved son and speak to you of that which is near to your heart and mine.

I am glad to recall that no thought of questioning or surprise crossed my mind as he turned to go and I followed him. A slight ascent and we stood before a view the most sublime I have ever seen. The whole sweep of the mountain range, the foot-hills, the plain and the coast range was spread out before us, while behind us the sun was glinting upon the snowy summits of still higher peaks.

"I call this my house of worship," he said; "for twenty years I have stood here each morning and seen the miracle of the Birth of Day."

No explanation was necessary. We stood reverent and silent as a morning mass was performed before us in the Grand Cathedral of Nature. Like an anthem, the sunlight rose and fell, bringing the valleys and more distant peaks into relief and spreading a glory of light steadily farther and farther, clearer and clearer, hundreds of miles away to the coast. I looked at my companion. His countenance wore a rapt expression, and a halo of light finer than that which was clothing the distant peaks with silver glowed about him. I again felt that he was a being of some celestial sphere and no inhabitant of earth.

"You will be hungry after your morning walk; let us go on." The words were commonplace enough but I followed him with a feeling of adoration.

We proceeded rapidly, my guide seeming fully aware of every rock, tree, or clump in our course and moving with a directness that indicated perfect acquaintance with the path. A sudden turn brought us to a shelf of rock, from which steps were cut leading to an opening which had the appearance of a grotto. The hermit host passed rapidly down the steps, and standing in the opening faced me with extended hands, his whole attitude speaking a welcome.

"Enter, my son, and be at home."

I entered a room or court, large, broad, and high, made luminous by many bright lights shining like stars from a vaulted roof. A luminous fountain played at the centre, sending a spray of rainbow colors in every direction. Through palms which were growing at one end of the enclosure I caught a glimpse of an opening and the play of an immense waterfall. Rustic seats covered with skins were ranged about. My guide conducted me across the court, and through an opening which was concealed by a feather screen a room was revealed. It was small in comparison with the court. At one side a basin of water bubbled up and flowed away in a rivulet; on the other the wings of some great white bird were arranged so as to form a curtain before a couch. "Refresh yourself," said my strange host, and left me.

The mystery of my position did not prevent obedience. After a delightful bath, lulled by the ripple of the water, soothed by the reposefulness of the couch, I was soon fast asleep.

I had slept but a few minutes, when I was awakened by a peal of bells, silvery, sweet, and penetrating. I arose with a feeling of being renewed in mind and body. My torn and soiled garments had been removed and others similar to those worn by my host were in their place. As soon as I was attired, an opening seemed to make itself in the wall of my apartment, and through the opening was the vista of a garden in full bloom. A table was spread and my host came toward me.

"I thought you would like breakfast in the garden," he said, as

he led me to a seat opposite to his own. Fruits of various kinds were first served. My host was as companionable as if he were a country gentleman in the midst of civilization, doing the honors of his table with numerous attendants, instead of being a hermit, hundreds of miles from a civilized centre and among the unexplored region of the Sierras. All seemed so natural that I had no thought of wonder. And he knew this was the last meal he should ever eat!

The meal finished, the hermit conducted me to a rustic seat formed of the antlers of an elk, and, seating himself near me, he put off the character of an obliging host entertaining a dear friend, and became the almost godlike personage whom I had met in the night, and with whom I had watched the sunrise. I would not lose from memory a single tone, look, or act of that interview.

"I will not longer keep you in ignorance of that which you wish to know," he began; "I told you that you were sent for, that you had come here not of your own will but by my command. Before I have finished what I have to tell you, you will believe me.

"She whom you know as Amelia Grand is my daughter. She is your affianced wife."

I sprang from my seat.

"Amelia Grand not the daughter of her parents!" I was trembling with excitement. How my fine resolution flew to the winds at the mention of her, whom my mind had discarded but to whom my heart was as true as the needle to the pole. His statement seemed too much for belief. Amelia was certainly the idolized child of Mr. and Mrs. Grand! Calming myself, I resolved to wait for further explanations, and he went on:

"Though I have not seen her since she was an infant, and for twenty years have looked into no white man's face till I looked into yours, I know all her plans, all that she thinks, says, or does."

I was too amazed to speak and could only wait.

"As briefly as possible, I will acquaint you with the incidents of my own life which hold the proof of what I am telling you. Until twenty years ago, I was known as Julius Aiden. Since that time I have been unknown to my fellow men. I was born in Massachusetts. My parents were not poor and I received as good an education as this

country afforded, and it was supplemented by several years at Heidelberg University and by travel in Europe.

"From my earliest youth, I was familiar with what the world calls the supernatural. Events were revealed to me in dreams; I saw people where others saw nothing; I heard voices and, in short, lived in a world known to few. My parents hoped by rigid training to overcome this tendency, and it was partly for that reason that I was sent to Heidelberg. But no mortal can interfere with a man's destiny. At Heidelberg the very means taken to overcome my fancies, as they were called, furnished conditions for their pursuit. I met a master in mystical and occult study, and became his eager pupil; had I remained true to his teaching, I should not have this story to tell.

"During a vacation in Italy, I met a woman whom I loved." The Hermit paused and a more subdued light came into his eyes. "She was my junior by ten years, but, according to the custom of that country, her marriage had been arranged for by her parents. We loved each other with a love that brooked neither advice nor opposition. My teacher warned me that the most fatal consequences would follow our union. I disregarded the warning. I went to Italy, and stayed there three years to be near my darling, and with the hope that the hateful espousal might be set aside. At last, matters were brought to a crisis by the decree that her marriage with my rival must take place at once. We fled together, were married at Lucerne, and came to America.

"Whether it was the rudeness of our American ways, the harshness of the climate, or pain over the separation from her parents, to whom she was devotedly attached and with whom there was no hope of reconciliation, I do not know. It may have been the result of all of these feelings. At all events, she became melancholy and ill. I was advised by a physician to take her upon a sea-voyage. At that time a great deal was said about California and its salubrious climate which was said to be 'like that of Italy.' This decided me to bring her here, and we sailed from New York around Cape Horn for San Francisco."

The Hermit was again silent and I waited for him to proceed.

"She did not live to finish the voyage, which was a tedious and

stormy one. Our daughter was born three days before we reached San Francisco. The sweet young mother held her baby in her arms but a brief moment, then her life went out and—I buried her body in the sea."

The Hermit arose and walked about the garden; coming back holding in his hand a white rose which he had plucked, he went on: "I landed in the crude town with my infant daughter, who was then three days old. I met Mrs. Grand and her husband at the hotel, and when they offered to take the child and care for her as their own, there seemed no alternative for me but to give her up. In a few days, I left San Francisco afoot for what destination I did not know. I need not pain you with a recital of my emotions during this time.

"The third night out from San Francisco, on the plains, I distinctly heard my baby crying. My training in the occult enabled me to project my vision to where she was. I saw her tenderly cared for. The fascination as well as the success of the experiment led me to repeat it. You will admit, I think, that Amelia resembles me."

I looked at him with minute attention. I could not deny that I saw the resemblance.

"The fine bond of sympathy that is between us has made it possible for me to aid in her education, to guide and direct her mind, to enter into all her life." He looked at me, and I was about to ask a question. "Yes—I had to bring about the conditions under which you would come to me. Amelia has a steadfast soul, her love is not of the ephemeral sort, and she is every whit as charming and lovely in mind and character as you have ever thought her to be."

I was struck by the accuracy with which he had read my thoughts.

"As speedily as possible she must be relieved of the apprehension she is under regarding you. I saw that you were to marry her. No one unworthy of her would be permitted to marry her. You have been tried, and have not been found wanting.

"Mr. and Mrs. Grand never having heard from me, naturally believe me to be dead and Amelia does not know that they are not her parents. The revelation must be made to her. I have devoted my life, in my own way, to my child. There still remains a service to her that can only be performed through you.

"You will return to her, you will marry her, and then go to Italy.

"Her mother's name is —, a noble and distinguished one. Her parents do not know of her marriage to me. Prove it from the records at Lucerne. This will give you all necessary directions." He gave me a sealed packet.

"Have no regret or misgiving about me. What you see in my life here, which appears mysterious to you, really is not so. The first ten years of my isolation were full of difficulties and hardship. As I came into a better knowledge of my own power difficulties vanished. While I employed the knowledge given me in the carrying out of actions which my mode of life made necessary, all moved in harmony and peace. In calling you to me I have used my knowledge of the law to divert events from their natural course. Had I been wise enough no difficulty need have been in the way of accomplishing what I sought. To be more wise I must be less selfish. As it is, I have but employed the means which abound for every man who is wise enough and self-sacrificing enough to appropriate them. And now farewell. I have transcended the law and invoked that which ends my earthly existence. I go to meet the claims of justice."

He pointed toward the heavens and I saw that the sun had reached the meridian. He passed out of the garden toward what I then saw was a wide abyss or valley. I ran after him. "Do not detain me," he said. "Do not linger. Attend to your duty as I attend to mine. All is well with me. Farewell." As I watched and waited he moved out directly across the open space; he touched the opposite declivity, and once more turned his benignant glowing face toward me, waved his hand in farewell and—was lost to sight. I knew it was for ever!

I hastened through the garden, picked up the white rose which the Hermit had dropped—and which I still have in my possession—made my way back to San Francisco and went directly to Amelia Aiden, from whom I received a joyous welcome.

The Grands testified to the truth of the Hermit's story of Amelia's parentage, and the conditions of her birth. Right well had they performed their trust, and in their heart and hers she remains their beloved child. We were speedily married, went to Italy, and *verified all that the Hermit father had told me.*

The grandparents of Amelia were still living, and their last days were rendered peaceful by the knowledge of their daughter's history as well as through the ministry of their granddaughter.

We did not return to America till the war was over. The mutual reluctance that both my wife and myself have felt to give to the gaze of an incredulous public the history of one for whom we entertain the greatest reverence and love has, until now, kept the story of the "Hermit of the Sierras" unwritten.

LYDIA BELL.

THOUGHT WORK.

The road, bordered by its grassy ditch and flowering wayside, and topped by its arch of overhanging trees, led into the country town. Back from its shady stretch, stood a long, low, white house. Embowered in vines, half-hidden by old trees and reached from the road by a box-bordered path, surely it belonged to the days gone by; and yet one peculiar feature attested that younger hands than those of its builders had meddled with its original design. No architect of fifty or one hundred years ago, would have thrown half of the front into one large window; yet there it was, this unusual expanse of glass, forcing one to believe that some vandal had presumed to disturb and remould the face of the old mansion, making two of its smaller ones into a single large eye.

From the road without, looking in, one could see the bright colors of the pillows thrown upon the seat which ran along this window. The palms and blooming plants, appearing here and there, attracted the gaze of passers-by; and when the afternoon sun penetrated within, revealing what secrets it could, there was an easel to be seen. And this is all an outsider could discover.

From within, the eye rested upon the little old-time garden, with its herbs and old-fashioned shrubs and its bright flowers, loved better long ago than now; and beyond, over the picket-fence, in plain sight, lay the shade-dappled road with its well-worn side-path. However, one blessed enough to be within this gracious space, was easily wooed from outside glances; for there Nature abode and Art as well. Ferns

and sketches, an aquarium and several busts, hanging baskets and scattered implements of art, many color schemes skilfully worked out with cushions and drapery, formed a fascinating whole that could not but enchant the beholder. Yet greater and better than it all, over and through it all, was felt an atmosphere of peace and rest, that fell like a quieting touch upon the heart. The piles of pillows invited to rest, and the quiet plants seemed to say, "Peace, be still. See how patient Nature is!" Yet this was not the whole reason for the magic influence which here prevailed. The presiding goddess of this fairylike corner, was in herself responsible for its grace.

Before her easel, with a quiet, firm face, yet girlish and dimpling with an expression partaking of both earnestness and humor, the artist is at work. Every motion of her arm denotes grace, yet command; every pose of her head, peace, yet strength; every glance of her eye, knowledge and power. Sunshine radiates from every ripple of her bright, brown hair, while her dark gray eyes, true to their very depths, bring quiet where they gaze. To every line of the room, she has given the tone of her soul. She has worked out in material things, the harmony, the poetry, and the truth of her being.

One morning, as she painted, she chanced to glance out over the garden into the road. Along the side-path, passed a man. His bent head too plainly showed him to be in trouble; his careless gait might denote even despair; his face, of which only a glimpse could be seen under his down-tipped hat, was stern and set. Forlornly, he pursued his way toward the village. The girl, as she watched him, slightly elevated her brows as though wondering how such a mortal could exist in God's good world. Then pity for the fact came over her. Her face turned grave and the thought came to her, "I would like to help him."

As she spoke, the calmness of her soul sped on the wings of thought across the space between them and soothed him. At night, as he returned from his work along his accustomed path, the girl artist was still before her easel. Again she saw his distress; again it arrested her attention, this time so forcibly that she laid aside her palette and brush and drew nearer the window, murmuring to herself: "Why will he have it so? There is no need." Then, with the

whole force of an earnest soul, she gave again her kindly thought. Once more it quieted the troubled soul.

So through many goings and returnings, the subtle, undefined calm fell upon the weary man, as the eyes of the girl turned to him and her thought ever took helpful shape. At first, it was but as a touch that made him straighten somewhat, and half lift his bent head. As time went on, the touch gained in strength and emphasis, and he must needs admit that something affected him here as nowhere else. It puzzled him that only at this spot he felt the sense of rest, and he would hasten in his walk to reach it; and often he would linger, thinking that in some peculiar combination of light and shade, some special work of Nature, peace found its dwelling-place.

One bright afternoon, he caught a glimpse of the girlish figure. The sunlight, which streamed in upon her, seemed to gleam in glory about her and to be returned with added power to warm and comfort all who came within her charmed circle. That night the soothing influence stayed with him long after home was reached. By and by a lasting feeling of peace came to him, such as, through months of dreary struggle, he had not known. Then he was able to bear the burden of life with strength, with calmness, and with cheer.

She had brought him peace—but she never knew.

BARNETTA BROWN.

REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving;
And this is true rest.

—Exchange.—Translated from Goethe.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

METAPHYSICS IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

The intricacies of a conventional life, conducted according to the generally prescribed rules of modern society, seem to demand of the individual an almost entire yielding to those merely practical views which tend to produce the physical necessities of a sense existence.

These complications lead to a series of desires for sense-gratification, which keep the average mind continuously occupied with plans for accomplishing its purposes, to the extent that the individual has little opportunity to examine other lines of action, or consciously to experience higher activities, even though such may exist. In this state of mind the vision becomes obscured, the fields of higher action fade from view and finally disappear from consciousness, which, being gradually attuned only to the external, becomes seared to all that transcends the sense-plane. The conclusion is then readily reached, that the *objective* is the *real*, and suggestions of reality of any other sort are pronounced weak and imaginative—mere hallucinations of a disordered brain.

In this contracted view of the infinite facts of a vast universe, the term Metaphysics, together with all the really wonderful knowledge implied by it when rightly used, has fallen into disrepute among those material wisecracks, who, born in the full possession of their five senses, "know it all" by inheritance, and so have no need for investigation, thought, reason, intuition, or perceptive action.

The absolute reality of the higher, finer, psychic and spiritual phases of human as well as Divine existence, in every varied feature of conscious life, renders a pure knowledge of metaphysical principles especially important to every investigator. Few, as yet, seem to realize this fact, even

among those who have begun to investigate in the more open fields of progress. Study, experiment, or investigation, amounts to comparatively little unless it results in a practical application of that which has been learned to some phase of life, and in such a way as to help those who may need a guiding hand through unfamiliar paths, as well as in improvement for ourselves.

But, the ever-practical mind still asks: "How can anything metaphysical be practical, or have any useful application in life, since it is dry with the dust of ancient philosophies, and does not deal with the subjects of physical life, while what it teaches of the spiritual is mere speculation and vaporous fancy?"

This sort of opinion is very common in our western civilization, but is entirely wrong in both premise and conclusion! While Metaphysics, as a science, stands for that which is *above* the physical, it does not necessarily mean *outside*, or entirely independent of physical life. Metaphysical principles of form and action dwell in full majesty in even the stone; else its crystals had never taken geometrical form, and its chemical construction, of the most mathematical exactness, would never have been effected.

The coldly-practical eye sees the stone, but, without microscopical examination by means of instruments themselves mathematical, the observer knows nothing of its crystalline structure; and without chemical analysis equally mathematical in its nature, all the modes of action embodied in the stone escape observation and all of that which goes to make it a stone passes unnoticed, even with the five senses in the full operation of all their boasted faculties.

Chemistry is a mathematical science of the greatest exactitude and all its computations and calculations are based on mathematics of so high a grade as to border closely upon the metaphysical.

Pure mathematics is strictly metaphysical in every power, and spiritually exact at every step. De Quincey says: "Mathematics has not a foot to stand upon which is not purely metaphysical"; and thinkers and philosophers of all times have recognized and taught that the two possess the same scientific character. In fact, Metaphysics is the pure knowledge of the infinite variety of the principles and laws of *fundamental reality*, while Mathematics is the equally pure knowledge of the *exact relations*

of real things—the parts which go to make up the whole of the one existing Reality.

To be consistent, therefore, the scoffer must eschew mathematics in order to get rid of the much despised metaphysics, as the two are absolutely inseparable. Unless he look still deeper, to the strictly metaphysical principles of action behind, beyond, above, yet *within* the very nature of the stone itself, he does not even dream that it ever had a life of any sort. Yet the veriest tyro in thought must know that without activity construction of form would be impossible; and wherever there is activity of any sort, life must exist in a corresponding degree.

In this manner, metaphysical principles rest in every object of nature—not as the thing which is seen, but, as the unseen reality of the thing. The metaphysical laws of action involved in the nature of the object were in full operation, and expressive of those principles, even before the first crystal of the stone was formed. Without the principle, that law would never have come into action; and without the operation of the law of action, the crystal could never have taken form. For form, being geometrical, is mathematical; and Mathematics is metaphysical principle externalized, while Metaphysics is the science or knowledge of the active principles of conscious reality—Being, which is God; not the stone, nor yet *in* the stone, but that part of the stone's essence, without which it never would have begun to assume shape and develop mathematical form, necessary to become even a stone. The *reality* is the God-element *within* the principle, not *in* the thing.

All this is clearly demonstrable as regards the stone—how much more so, then, must it be true in relation to the more active expressions of physical life. Every thing and every phase of life has its metaphysical side, in which is exhibited its real nature and which includes every law of its action and every principle of its being.

We plan a day's action in life, commonly supposing that each purpose in the plan is based upon physical action in dealing with material things. We call this a "practical" application of our powers to actual life and are more or less self-satisfied as we succeed in being practical. But are our plans chiefly practical in a physical sense? Let us see: The duties of the day demand clothing, food, work, accumulation, education, exercise, recreation, enjoyment, culture, health, and comfort. How many

of these are strictly physical, ceasing their action and results when we discontinue dealing directly with the material elements involved?

First take the matter of feeding the physical system—an act certainly as material as most of the actions of life, in the estimation of the masses, who consider a beefsteak and its accompaniments to comprise a *strictly physical* breakfast. Food signifies nourishment; i.e., re-supplying the waste of the system. The material of the breakfast is admittedly physical, and the act of eating may be looked upon as a material act, as regards mastication of the material and placing it in the stomach. But what does the person know of the exceedingly intricate processes—the long and varied course of action that lies between this physical eating and the final result of nourishment to the cells, bones, muscular tissue, nerves, and ganglia of this marvelous structure, which in its completeness we call a human body? Is there nothing to be considered in the matter of supplying nourishment but to swallow material? Even a grain sack can do that. What does nourishing the body mean?—simply to eat? A cat, a snake, or a pitcher-plant does as much.

The conscious action of the person, as regards the function of nourishment of the system, ceases when the gross material passes the teeth, but the real act of nourishment has not yet begun. Where the sense action ceases the true action begins; and the material food starts on a long course of change, disintegration of tissue and cellular structure, segregation, reconstruction, and readaptation to its new and higher uses. In which processes—if one could but watch them understandingly—every possible chemical law of action is involved in ways the most intricate, interesting, and marvelous. In this entire process, from beef to bone and muscle, from bread to nerve-cells, each of these activities displays the most wonderful adaptation of intelligence, of the highest order possible to understand in material life. Yet the physical act and the sense knowledge of it ceased with the last swallow of material food.

What took place after that? and with what order of activities may the processes of digestion, assimilation, and reconstruction of tissue, be classed? By no possible analogy can any of these processes be classed as physical action; if they could, an iron pot might just as well change beef to nerve tissue and bread to brain convolutions.

The entire action of the nourishing processes is metaphysical, inas-

much as it is above and beyond both the physical action and its sense knowledge. The Intelligence of the mind performs the miracle, executes the plan, and does it regardless of the delusions of personal opinion—even in spite of many ignorant and oftentimes arrogant interferences. Without the distinctly metaphysical qualities of the mind—held so much in contempt by the still ignorant though book-educated materialist—and their high state of spiritual activity, which is expressed in the material processes of reconstructive operation, beef and bread would prove but clog and obstruction, and the boasting materialist—could he be taken at his word—would die of starvation.

It matters not so much *what* one eats as in what spirit or frame of mind he performs the act; nor yet, so much the quantity of gross material he consumes, as its fineness of quality, and his attitude of mind during and after the eating. Thousands partake of the best, and in liberal quantities, yet gain little nourishment thereby, sometimes none; while other thousands daily have but a scanty amount, and of quality or kind deemed inadequate, yet flourish in a full healthy nourishment of the system. There are many reasons for this difference, but they are almost, if not entirely, metaphysical rather than physical; and knowledge of the metaphysical principles of life, correctly applied, invariably results in restoration to the normal condition, with all classes who suffer from the excesses of ignorant action in either direction. All the processes of life are Metaphysical, its material phases showing only a physical manifestation of the external expression of a mode of action necessarily spiritual in its nature.

With the matter of clothing, as a protection from heat or cold, it matters not nearly so much what the amount or quality of the material, as what the person thinks about it. Some cover their bodies with an extraordinary amount of clothing yet are uncomfortably cold; others go scantily attired, either from choice or compulsion, yet, bearing a mental attitude of quiet content, or ignoring the subject, pass the same time in the same climate, in perfect, or at least comparative comfort. There are limits, to be sure, in the range of action of heat and cold that the structure of the physical frame may endure; but, between these limits there is a wide range of action subject entirely to the mental attitude and in which may be either happiness and content, or sorrow and suffering, entirely at the will of the subject. Understanding the principle of action from the

metaphysical side of life, gives one such control of his mental faculties as to make this possible range of action verily his own in life's experience. Absence of this knowledge makes him liable to become the mere puppet of material surroundings.

The same analogy holds good with regard to the other phases of experience in every-day life. Each act *seems* physical, but is so only in its external expression of the real. In every instance this real action took form in mind, by means of metaphysical laws, before the individual planned the first step toward physical manifestation of the thought-action.

In every act of comfort, convenience, amusement, recreation and exercise, the influence of the mental attitude is even more marked. The proverbial weariness and lassitude of the small boy, when called upon to attend to some duty requiring a little exertion, although he will run and exert himself unrestrainedly for continuous hours, in play—illustrates this principle. Some "small boys" of maturer years may be seen around us, any day, proving as an axiom, the statement that, what one clearly wills to do, he does easily; and *vice versa*.

SUCCESS AND USEFULNESS.

In the establishment and maintenance of The Metaphysical Magazine, and its subsequent change to "Intelligence," we have not, as most of our readers are aware, striven altogether for success in the worldly way, save as a means to an end—to increase the usefulness of the periodical.

The magazine was founded solely for the benefit of the people; and principally for those who, while hungry for varied teaching in the new lines gradually opening, were yet unable to secure the needed material, both because of its scarcity in Western literature and the excessive cost when procured from the East.

It has always been our desire to aid in what seems a great and growing need, believing that those who feel the need will appreciate the work, and that others, also, will be attracted into channels of advanced thinking, by the presence in the field of a literature suited to such advancement.

These expectations have in the main been realized, though the many difficulties in the way render the work both slow and unusually costly. It is not an easy matter to secure sufficient material of the right sort to maintain a periodical of the size of "Intelligence," without the ex-

penditure of more money than any similar publication can produce. Much material comes to hand that is useless for our purpose, while most of the best kind is far away in the East and hence expensive.

It is for these reasons that we have reduced the price of "Intelligence" to such a figure that every interested person in the world can have it, feeling that with the increased number of readers will come the added power to accomplish fully the original purpose.

The present price is so small, however, that the only hope of success in maintaining it so as to increase its facilities in the ways most desired, lies in the personal support of *every man and woman in the country who feels an interest in the progress of thought along new lines*. An ordinary edition of this magazine costs more than the subscription price, and only in an extraordinarily large subscription-list can its maintenance be found. As every one knows, after the plates are made, the larger the number printed the lower the cost per copy.

It is clearly evident that we were not mistaken in the change made, as letters in large numbers come from every locality, speaking in terms of the highest appreciation; yet it especially needs the personal solicitation of each interested reader among his acquaintances to show others that "Intelligence" will bring them just what they want in a literary way, as well as the full value of the money expended. Indeed, a year's numbers contain many times more than a dollar's worth of valuable reading matter.

These are the plain facts of the case, and should appeal at once to all who have at heart the interest of others who might in time be educated into higher channels of thought and comprehension by the quiet presence of this magazine in the family.

There is always work to be done in the field, no matter how much has already been done; and we want your help in your own community, where there are many interested ones who will be glad to have their attention called to this source of information. The work, and the cause, need the combined efforts of all. We have no way of reaching these save through you—the interested acquaintance of both. Will you lend your aid—not to us but to your friends—not, in fact, to them any more than to yourself, since the more there are in your community who are interested in advanced lines of thought, the more enjoyable will life become to you?

Marked as has been the evidence of success from the first, and es-

pecially since the change in price, the tide has but just turned, and there is a flood of appreciative thought and action back of these premonitory ripples. Only concerted action is needed to place "Intelligence" where it will become the greatest organ of liberal teaching in the world, and of absolutely incalculable value in human progress.

The signs all point in one direction and we are vigorously pulling both oars for your good as well as that of the whole. Which will you do—hold back, idly ride, or pull an oar?

FRONTISPIECE.

Our frontispiece this month is a portrait of Mr. Albert Ross Parsons, one of America's foremost thinkers in broad and liberal lines of investigation.

Author of the *Synthetic Method for the Piano-forte*, and a widely known musician of the highest repute, he has yet been able—by those methods of close application so indicative of the genius—to master deep subjects of occult lore, among which Astronomy, Astrology, and Archæology, are prominent.

His noted work, "New Light from the Great Pyramid," has attracted the attention of eminent scholars in both Europe and America, and is one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It is not, as has been frequently surmised, a work especially descriptive of the Pyramids, but it is, in reality, "New Light" thrown on the facts of history during the past centuries, which information is derived from the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, as a key to the knowledge of the ancients. The work has already made Mr. Parsons' name renowned.

Mr. Parsons also contributes to "Intelligence" a striking essay on the Genius of Richard Wagner which we begin in this number.

We take pleasure in presenting so excellent a portrait of Mr. Parsons, which we feel certain many of our readers will be glad to add to their collection of the portraits of benefactors of the race.

It goes a great way toward the making of a man faithful, to let him understand that you think him so; and he that does but so much as suspect that I will deceive him, gives me a kind of right to cozen him.
—*Seneca*.

THE RÖNTGEN WAVE-LENGTH.

The wave-length of the Röntgen rays has been determined by Dr. Fromm, of Munich, by interference phenomena. It is fourteen millionths of a millimeter—that is to say, about seventy-five times smaller than the smallest wave-length of light. It has been found that the alkaline metals are the most transparent to the Röntgen rays; and, according to Professor Marangoni, lithium is the most transparent of these. Sodium is more transparent than potassium, a fact which may indicate that transparency is proportional in some way to the weight of the atom and the density of the metal.—*Exchange*.

THE MEANING OF "HELL."

What Professor Ely says of political economy is pre-eminently true of this. It cannot be defined in a single phrase or sentence. It requires a book; and this largely because, as Dr. Ernest Petavel observes, the Scriptures "never use it in the sense which is generally given to it."

Confessedly the Hebrew "Sheol" (which occurs sixty-five times in the Old Testament and is rendered "hell" thirty-one times, "grave" thirty-one, and "pit" three times), is a term as opposite to the popular idea of "hell" as light to darkness. It denotes in the Old Testament simply the under-world, to which all go at death, and to which many are hurled in the midst of life. "Hades" is simply the Greek equivalent for "Sheol." (It is found in the New Testament eleven times, and uniformly rendered "hell" except in 1 Cor. xv. 55, where the dogmatic bias of the translators caused them to choose the word "grave" lest the reader might be led to believe that "hell" is destined to defeat. Had they adhered to "hell" one should read "O hell, where is thy victory?" which of course would be shockingly unorthodox.) It never means "hell" in the popular sense. "Hell" is once used (2 Pet. ii. 4) in rendering the verb "to plunge in Tartarus," but this is too small a foundation on which to build a definition.

"Hell" is also used for "Gehenna" twelve times. This word means Valley of Hinnom, which is mentioned in the Old Testament thirteen times, and never means "hell." Origen said that among the Jews, in addition to its primary meaning (Valley of Hinnom), it had come to acquire the secondary meaning of a purifying punishment. These are the essential facts that must govern or shape our definition.

We conclude, then, that the word "hell" is a misnomer. It has no business in the Bible. It is not a proper translation of any of the words

for which it stands. When the word was first used by the translators it did not do such gross violence to the original as it does now. For it comes from the old word "helan," meaning to conceal or cover. To "hell" one's head was to put on a hat. To "hell" a roof was to slate or shingle it. To "hell" anything was to put it out of sight. There was then originally some similarity of meaning between the "Sheol" and "Hades" of the Bible, which meant simply the unseen under-world, and the "out of sight" "hell" of the old English. Perhaps, too, we may find in it something of the secondary meaning which Origen ascribes to Gehenna. The word "hell" was used to denote the receptacle into which the tailor threw his shreds and worthless remnants. It is still used among printers to designate their receptacle for broken and worn-out type—their hell-box.

In my opinion if Jesus used the word Gehenna—as I believe he did—as a type or figure of spiritual retribution, discipline, correction, it had no reference whatever to place or time. So far as the unquenchable fires and the undying worms of Gehenna were used to represent the pangs of conscience, the gnawings of the moral sense, they denote states or conditions of the soul irrespective of place or time.

The kingdom of heaven and the reign of hell belong to the present not less than to the future. Heaven and hell, in the only sense in which they have basis in Jesus's teaching, are states or conditions. And as the whole power of the Divine government is forever used to secure the triumph of the kingdom of heaven, hell is necessarily a temporary or transient state. Evil is self-destructive. Good only is permanent. Evil has no root in reality. Good is born of the Eternal, and lives in its life. Hell, therefore, is doomed to destruction. As soon as souls come into right relations with the good it ends for them.—*Alex. Kent, D.D., Pastor People's Church, Washington, D. C., in "The World."*

DIPHTHERIA CURE.

This recipe was printed in The Post in 1869, and was copied from the London Lancet. . . . "A few years ago, when diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so-called 'wonderful cures' which he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid must be simple. All he took with him was a powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglass of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as

sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed, he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If the patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used, the whole room may be filled almost to suffocation; the patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with doors and windows shut. The mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma." —*Boston Post*.

SRIMADBHAGAVADGITA.

"A terrible war, which at one fell stroke brought about the death of the mightiest civilization the world has ever seen, ushered in the present Kali Yuga. Five thousand years ago, which is about the time the battle we are speaking of was fought, times were not as we see them. India, the motherland of all that is noble and great, was then in her noon-day glory. She was free and independent, not only politically but also morally and socially—a combination scarcely to be seen in the history of a single nation. The gods and the god-like Rshis had not, till then, withdrawn their presence, but often graced the houses of men with their sanctifying company. The great book of nature was not still a sealed book, but her sons understood their mother and lived in unison with her. The struggle for animal existence did not pull down the Brahmana from its lofty status to a competitive servitude with the Sudra.

"The soul-stirring, divine hymns of the Veda were still to be heard at every humble cot of the Brahmana, and his time was no better engaged than in toiling unseen for the temporal and spiritual good of the universe. He was still a centre of spiritual force and his alliance and friendship were gains even to the greatest monarch. He was not known to talk in vain, and, while divorced from even the semblances of luxury or temporal happiness, the proudest crowns thought it a pride to touch the ground before him. Beggars, save the religious Bramhacarins, were

unheard of. An untimely death, or an early widowhood, was deemed a national calamity. Famine and dearth were unknown and the people were peaceful and happy by the discharge of their proper duties. And all, from the highest Brahmana to the lowest Sudra, were fully alive to and ever on the alert for making provision for their 'glassy' essence. Even the Christian Orientalist while speaking of them is constrained to admit, 'So far as we can judge, a large class of people in India, not only the priestly class, but the nobility also, not only men but women, never looked upon their life on earth as something real. What was real to them was the invisible, the life to come. What formed the theme of their conversations, the subject of their meditations, was the real: that alone lent some kind of reality to this unreal phenomenal world. Whoever was supposed to have caught a new ray of truth was visited by young and old, was honored by princes and kings, nay, was looked upon as holding a position far above that of kings and princes. That is the side of the life of ancient India which deserves our study, because there has been nothing like it in the whole world, not even in Greece or in Palestine.'—*The Dawn, Calcutta.*

DREAMS.

While reading *The Metaphysical Magazine* last evening, the thought occurred to me, that if I were to write some of the dreams which come to me when sleeping, they would interest your readers. All my life my sleeping moments have been filled with dreams. I say moments, rather than hours, for should I doze for a moment or two, I immediately begin to dream. I journey through most wonderful lands; I meet and converse with persons whom in the normal state I have never seen. I dream of writing beautiful verses and stories, which evade the grasp of awaking mentality, filling my soul with regret at the stupidity and dulness of my every-day mind. It is seldom I awake refreshed and rested; yet I am in fairly good physical condition. . . .

DREAM I.

A gray sky, over which a faint light shimmers; a gray sea like molten lead, moving slowly and sullenly. I am lying on what seems to be the sands of the seashore, and then again, a bank of clouds.

The light grows brighter, the ocean heaves and throbs with greater power, and I, with anxious curiosity, ask aloud: "What and why is this?" A voice from—I cannot tell where, replies: "This is the Sea of life; human thought causes it to move as you see it."

The gray sea and sky grow more and more brilliant, great waves leap high and fall back in sparkling drops; the water heaves and swells, seething, boiling, swirling until I am frightened, and cry:

"Tell me what this means?"

The voice replies: "These are the great thoughts of life; they rise high above the common, every-day ideas, and as they fall upon the sea they stir it deeply to greater action."

Then I ask: "What is it that causes lofty thought?"

There comes a blinding flash of light, a sound like the clashing of many cymbals and the voice loud and clear replies: "Love!"

The sound awakens me.

DREAM 2.

Dressed in a thin white garment, I am lying in a boat, drifting into the "Blue Grotto." Such a feeling of languor and indifference possesses me that I care not where I go. Slowly, silently, I float into the blue depths. Suddenly I am conscious that I am no longer moving, and looking up, my eyes rest upon an inscription carved in the rocky walls. I step from the boat upon a narrow ledge of the rock and read: "He who plunges into these waters shall ever after be free from care." My first thought is that I cannot swim; nevertheless, I find myself in the water, clinging to the boat. I clamber into it and am soon floating through a channel just wide enough for my craft; I enter a cavern glowing with soft light. The walls are covered with sparkling, gleaming jewels—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Here and there stand great, exquisitely carved chests, brimful of precious stones; I fill my hands with gems and let them trickle through my fingers, as a child plays with pebbles. There are other chests filled with magnificently embroidered garments. But I do not wish to linger. A strange impulse urges me on, and I float through another narrow passage, soon emerging from the rocky channel, into a beautiful forest. The air is fragrant with flowers and cedar. Birds sing and call to each other; but there is no sound of human life. "Ah!" I think, "here is peace and rest." I take some of the cedar boughs and make a couch, upon which I lie and sleep. Such a delicious sleep! How well, how rested, how happy I am!

I remain in my forest home a long time. One day I wander along the shore, and across the blue waters I see a great city. The gauze-like smoke from the home of industry waves a signal of distress. I seem to hear the hum of human voices, now low, now high—a wailing sound. They beseech me to come and I must go from my lovely forest home to

help those who suffer. I give one long, loving look to my peaceful home, and tearfully turning my face to the city, I am awake. K.

ALIVE, THOUGH DEAD.

Minneapolis, Minn., May 9.—W. A. Laufman, a well-known commercial traveller in this section, tells a most extraordinary story. . . .

He says he was dead for nearly two days, and through the application of electricity he was brought back to life again, and that while dead he, in another form, walked about the room, went in and out of the house at will and heard all that was said about him.

He says: "My strange experience dates from about two years ago when I took sick in Mankato. . . . On December 26, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the doctor pronounced me dead and my body was turned over to M. Maul's undertaking establishment for preparation for shipment. My brother, C. H. Laufman, of Des Moines, Ia., was telegraphed for and came on to take charge of my remains.

"On that fatal morning I was suddenly aware of an indescribable sensation, beginning at my feet and snapping clear through my frame and out at the top of my head. I was then conscious of something like a ball of cotton released and spreading out, in form the size of a man at least three feet taller than myself. I was standing in the centre of the room and plainly saw my dead body lying on the cot. I started to leave the room and met one of the doctors. I wondered that he did not say something to me, but as he made no effort to stop me I went out on the street.

"I walked down Fourteenth street to the corner toward California avenue, and there met an old acquaintance from Mitchell, S. D., named Milt Blose. I attempted to strike him on the back by way of salutation, but my arm passed right through him. I did not speak to him, but struck at him again with the same result. I utterly failed to attract his attention, although I followed him at least a block. I distinctly saw him walk across the street and gaze at a miniature Ferris wheel in a window."

It may be stated that Mr. Laufman has letters and telegrams showing that Mr. Blose was in Omaha on the date mentioned and walked on the street and saw the Ferris wheel exactly as described by Mr. Laufman.

Continuing with his narrative, Mr. Laufman said: "After leaving Blose I went up to the hospital to see the body. I found the door closed, but as I could see into the room I passed through the door and gazed at myself for a while. I then went out and found the doctors and heard them discussing my case. I hung around with them until the arrival of my brother. I went in with him and the doctors and watched his anguish

as he looked at my dead face. He remained at the hospital that night, as it was very late, and I went into the room with him and watched until he fell asleep.

"I was laid out dead exactly thirty-seven hours and fifty-eight minutes. I stayed around with the doctors and my brother during all of the time, and heard and remembered every word spoken by them. The doctors wanted to make a post-mortem examination, but my brother objected.

"Of course, you want to know how I got back into my shell, and it happened in this way: One of the specialists wanted to try some experiment with a new electric apparatus. My brother consented to it, and I accompanied them to my deathbed to watch the operation. The instruments were attached to my feet, and I distinctly felt the sensation while standing out in the centre of the room. I was next conscious of excruciating pains all through me, and I knew I was in my body again."

These are the main facts in Mr. Laufman's story. His long months of illness and his slow recovery are matters well known in Mankato.—*Boston Post.*

No man will hinder thee from living according to the reason of thy own nature; nothing will happen to thee contrary to the reason of the universal nature.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SCHOOL OF PLATO. Its Origin, Development, and Revival Under the Roman Empire. By F. W. Bussell, B.D., B.Mus. Cloth, 346 pp., \$2.75. Macmillan Co., New York.

Although the author presents his subject with an apology for the wide scope of his work, the broad field covered by his investigating thought discloses to the reader a painstaking thoroughness in the treatment of his subject. The real enterprise of the work is "An inquiry into the Platonic and other cognate Systems of Thought under the Empire of Rome." This is presented in five books, the respective subjects of which are, (1) The Hellenic Age: Platonism and its Antecedents, (2) The Hellenistic Age, (3) Judaism, (4) The Roman Imperial Age, (5) The New Platonism, and its Various Phases. The main thesis of his work, the author says, is the *Rebellion of the Individual*. The Introduction is comprehensive, giving a philosophical *resumé* of the history of humanity, which but whets one's literary appetite for the main dish—the work itself.

FROM THE UPANISHADS. By Charles Johnston. Cloth, 60 pp. Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

Mr. Johnston opens the subject of his dainty little book with a rare tribute to Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose words (he says) owe their pre-eminence to the re-

birth, in them, of the thoughts and ideals of the most ancient Upanishads. While there is a growing interest in them among more thoughtful minds, the Upanishads are very little known, though well worth the knowing. The beauty of the ancient writings, so full of a wonderful mystery, is made clear by the author's translation of these mystic books. The work before us is a translation of three passages from the "Book of Wisdom," (1) In the House of Death. (2) A Vedic Master. (3) That Thou Art.

There are in these "besides high intuition a quaint and delightful flavor, a charm of childlike simplicity; yet of a child who is older than all age, a child of the eternal and infinite, whose simplicity is better than the wisdom of the wise." These charming words of the author, give an anticipatory flavor of the perusal of this most interesting volume.

FORT AMSTERDAM IN THE DAYS OF THE DUTCH. This is the title of the eighth number of the "Half Moon Series" of booklets published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in the "Interest of the New York City History Club." The author gives an interesting account of the Dutch Colony from 1626 to 1674. Beginning with the planning of Fort Amsterdam, she describes succinctly the most important events of that period of time. All interested in the early life on Manhattan Island will enjoy these interesting sketches. Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin, Alice Carrington Royce, and Ruth Putnam. On sale at G. P. Putnam's Sons and Brentano's, New York.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE HEART OF IT: A Series of Extracts from The Power of Silence and The Perfect Whole. By Horatio W. Dresser. Edited by Helen Campbell and Katharine Westendorf. Cloth, 146 pp., 75 cents. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

THE BETTER WAY: An Occult Story. By H. McL. Shepard-Wolff. Paper, 29 pp., 25 cents. Published by the Author, Washington, D. C.

CONCENTRATION AND INSPIRATION. By Sara Thacker. Paper, 88 pp., 50 cents. D. Johnston & Co., Sacramento, Cal.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLOTINOS. Paper, 57 pp. Dunlap Printing Co., Philadelphia.

A FULL CENTURY OF COMMUNISM. By M. Catherine Allen. Paper, 15 pp. Eagle Pub. Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

SYNOPSIS OF DOCTRINE. By A. G. Hollister. Paper, 30 pp. Mt. Lebanon, New York.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, for July, as usual, brings a varied contents of miscellaneous reading suited to all classes. Edited by John Brisben Walker. \$1.00 a year. 10 cents a number. No. 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE PHILISTINE. A Periodical of Protest. The July number confirms one's good opinion and respect for this excellent periodical. It opens with No. VI. of the Philistine Sermons, "The Master Passion," by Dr. Phil, followed almost immediately by the "Side Talks," wherein lies the fun. The "Notes" are more copious than usual, and, with a delicately skilful hand,

probe certain foibles of human nature, common to us all. We would recommend every one to subscribe for this Liliputian Magazine. Price, \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents a copy. The Society of The Philistines, East Aurora, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for July, contains articles on such subjects as, The Genesis of Thought.—Phrenotypes.—Child Culture.—Science of Health.—Men of Note, etc. Subscription \$2.00 a year. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first St., New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE, contains a varied assortment of, more or less, popular reading, embellished with about the worst possible kind of illustrations. Some of the cheaper publications, in later years, seem to have gone wild on the illustration feature, but in this production the illustrations themselves seem to have monopolized the "wildness." \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy. Union Quoin Company, 358 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE ARENA, for July, contains the usual large list of strong articles by well known writers, chiefly in political reform lines. Edited by John Clark Ridpath, LL.D. Price reduced to \$2.50 a year, single copy 25 cents. The Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square, Boston.

THE EDITOR—a Journal of Information for Literary Workers. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. Editor Pub. Co., Franklin, Ohio.

THEOSOPHY. Monthly, E. T. Hargrove, Editor. \$2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy. The Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Ave., New York.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly, Fanny M. Harley, Editor. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. F. M. Harley Pub. Co., 87 Washington St., Chicago.

ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA. Monthly, \$1.00 a year. 132 West Fourteenth St., New York.

UNITY. Semi-monthly, \$1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.

OURSELVES, a Theosophic Monthly. Price one penny. 193 Bow-Road, London, E.

THE BRAHMAVĀDIN. Subscription \$2.00 a year. Single copy 15 cents.—New York, 115 Nassau St.—London, 46 Great Russell St.—Calcutta, Babu Khirode Chandra Mitter, 41 Jammapur Lane; published fortnightly at Madras, India.

LIGHT—a Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research. E. Dowson Rogers, Editor. Price twopence, weekly. 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

LUCIFER. A Theosophical Monthly. Edited by Annie Besant and G. R. S. Mead. Annual subscription 17s. 6d. Price 1s. 6d. Theosophical Publishing Society, 26 Charing Cross, London, S. W.

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST. A Hindu Monthly Review. Edited by S. C. Mukhopadhyaya, M.A. Yearly subscription 12s. Calcutta, India.

THE DAWN, devoted to Religion, Philosophy, and Science. Monthly. Annual subscription \$2.00. 44 Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta, India.

THE HUMANITARIAN. Edited by Victoria Woodhull Martin. Monthly. Price 10 cents. Hutchinson & Co., 34 Paternoster Row, London.

MODERN ASTROLOGY. Monthly. Edited by Alan Leo, P.A.S. Annual subscription 12 shillings. 1 and 2 Bouverie St., London, E. C.

INTELLIGENCE.

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THE DOGMA OF THE ATONEMENT.

To those who are acquainted with the primitive origin of religious rites and ceremonies, the history of their absorption into subsequent religious systems is most interesting. The ethnic religions are full of relics and fossils, quaint memorials of a dead and silent past, which suggest thoughts so foreign to the present age that they come to be regarded with superstitious awe, either as monuments of mystic wisdom or as unimpeachable credentials of authority.

Every rite and ritual, every memorial festival, every symbol, every vestment and temple-appointment, every sacrament and service in our customary Christian cult had been anticipated ages ago, in many different parts of the world, among religions long since extinct.

In truth, throughout the range of Christian theology, there is no doctrine that has not in some form or fashion been forecast in the religions which antedated Christianity. This recently revealed fact has startled many—causing some to scoff, some to fear, and others to think. Only by attaining the philosopher's mental poise together with the devotionalist's spiritual insight will one be able to bridge over the resulting gulfs of controversy and confusion.

The question which this fact suggests is not "Must Christianity be abandoned?" but "Can dogmatic assumption and mediæval theology be henceforth conscientiously maintained?" We are not to inquire "Is Christianity a forgery and a fraud, a bold plagiarism from buried books of the religious past?" but rather, "Do we yet possess true Christianity? Is not the 'Christianity' which has been popularly

proclaimed, a mere theological shell grown thick and hard with age, encrusting the pure gem whose radiance has as yet been revealed to few? "

From this point of view what shall we say of the dogma of the Atonement, assumed to be the chief and distinguishing feature of the Christian religion? Like all the rest of religious dogmatic teachings, it is but the outgrowth of aboriginal conceptions and usages. It is an idea old as the dawn of history, coëval with the birth of man, symbolized in the rites of primeval worship, and revealed in the rocks and relics of archaic lore.

Notwithstanding the indisputable fact that the doctrine of blood atonement originated outside the Bible, and is aboriginal, human, and pagan in its inception and evolution, every school of Christian theology ransacks this ancient book to prove the origin, office, and efficacy of the doctrine.

But does the Bible really sanction the modern dogma of blood-atonement, however qualifiedly asserted? Nay, more; does the Bible, as a whole, sanction the religious institution of blood-sacrifices? It is the object of this paper to show that the Bible does not; to show that, first among Christians, Paul himself announces this novel doctrine and that, too, against a rigid and growing opposition in the early church. It will also be further shown that Paul's forced interpretation of the ancient scriptures is without foundation or authority, inasmuch as the legal injunctions on which he rests his deliverances had fallen into desuetude and condemnation in the Jewish system itself, ages before Paul's advent.

The whole "plan of salvation by the blood of Jesus" followed an assumption of the scriptural sanction of the rite of the sacrifice of animals in propitiation for the sins of the Hebrew people.

The writer of the "Epistle to the Hebrews" develops an ingenious argument on this assumed basis: "Christ having come a high priest of the good things to come . . . not of this creation, nor yet through the blood of goats and calves, but through his own blood, entered in once for all . . . having obtained eternal redemption." (Heb. ix. 11, 12.) On the supposition of this unknown writer (not unlikely, Paul himself), "the law having a shadow of the good

things to come, not the very image of the things," the whole array of theologians from Paul to Anselm and from Anselm to Calvin and the Hodges, have founded their stupendous but fictitious scheme of salvation—for the comfort of the few and the despair of the many.

Now was the writer of "Hebrews" correct? Can it be shown that the ancient bloody sacrifices were anticipatory and prophetic of the great sacrifice of the Lamb of God? Can the ancient law be merged into the modern romance?

Let us see. What was this ancient law? Our Hillels point to the Levitical ritual. But was that the *primitive* law among the Hebrews? That the primitive Jews performed sacrifices is of course beyond dispute. The story of Cain and Abel affords sufficient proof. But how could it be otherwise, when, as I have already indicated, the whole primeval world was subject to the delusion that material benefits accrued from sacrificial service?

Did the archaic scriptural, or Jewish, law indicate that the sacrifice affected man's relation to man, or did it but affect man's relation to God? Here is the crucial test.

Naturally, or aboriginally, man regarded God as a factor in human affairs. God, in other words, was his cashier. Heaven was his bank. His deposits were his vows executed in the blood and fat of the sacrifices. Man knew no way to pay his Creator except by returning to Him the creatures which for a time he had suffered man to possess. But between man and man a different relationship had grown up. Here had not entered the law of sacrifices, proxy-payments, and propitiation, but the stern, rigorous, and *inviolable law of Justice!*

So runs this primitive law: "Thine eye shall not pity; eye shall go for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, stripe for stripe." (Exodus and Deut.)

The introduction of *liturgical* sacrifices among the Jews is manifestly an abrupt innovation.

The primitive sacrifices were individual; each man sacrificed for *himself* and his household. The Mosaic sacrifices were offered by the *priests* alone. They were offered for the entire congregation, within the Temple, and on set occasions. The Mosaic, or Levitical, sacrifices possessed more of a civic character than the primitive sacri-

fices. They adjusted the relations between man and man, neighbor and neighbor. Between man and man the primitive law knew only justice. The Mosaic law first introduced forgiveness of sins committed by man against man through the propitiation of the divine and only Judge.

But was the Mosaic law a revelation, an invention, or a plagiarism? It is now well known that the Higher Criticism has fully demonstrated that the Levitical sacrifices were imported from a foreign source, and foisted on the people as a finished and divinely authorized system of religious jurisprudence. Not till after the Babylonian Captivity were the Levitical, or priestly, sacrifices legally established among the Hebrew people. In origin, therefore, these sacrifices were not Jewish but Persian. They sprang not from the Semitic genius but from the Aryan. They were not Mosaic but Zoroastrian. They were not divine, but distinctively human.

Hence it is manifest that the scriptural, or revealed, basis of the central dogma of the Christian system is abruptly removed. The dogma of the atonement as expounded by Christian theologians, the very soul of the "plan of salvation," so confidently proclaimed to be a divine revelation, is nothing but a chimerical theological superstructure established on the fragile foundation of a Jewish adaptation of a pagan custom, which the Jewish system itself finally outgrew long before the advent of the Christ.

But the code itself, were it accepted as divine, does not satisfactorily sustain the modern doctrine of the redemption of mankind by the blood of Jesus. There is a weak spot in the Levitical code in so far as it is mustered in to do service for the dogma of salvation by blood. The "scape-goat" episode in the Levitical sacrifices has ever been interpreted by Christian theologians as being distinctively prophetic of Christ's bearing, or taking away, our sins upon the tree. Slight traces of this interpretation are found in the New Testament. (John i. 29, and Heb. ix. 28.) But this atoning sacrifice was wholly *bloodless*. Nevertheless the priestly and so-called prophetic code (Lev. xvi. 10), distinctly announces that this bloodless offering of the goat was an atonement. The code itself, we see, therefore, clearly allows the remission of sins *without* the shedding of blood.

Thus the logical suggestion and prophecy of this feature of the ancient sacrifices, are precisely the opposite of those which are commonly declared in Christian indoctrination. They do not involve the shedding of blood for remission of sins or the civil death of the Messiah for the honor of the law. But even though every feature of the code consistently and unequivocally sustained the teaching of Christian dogmatists, nevertheless the history of its ultimate fate would sufficiently demonstrate the absurdity of utilizing it for any prophetic purposes.

The yoke of this alien liturgy soon chafed the people whom it victimized. It had demonstrated its worthlessness as a spiritual agency. It ceased to be an awakener of lofty aspirations. It darkened the door of the temple with cruel blood. The people became coarse and sodden through the worship of butchery and murder. The glory of the Shekinah was obscured in the smoke of the oblation. The face of the Lord was veiled in darkness. The offerings of blood had ceased to be a "sweet-smelling savor" unto God. "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not require. Mine ears hast thou opened." So exclaimed the devout minstrel of Judæa when he passed through suffering into spiritual triumph. "Mine ears hast thou opened" ;— as if to say "Strange, I beheld not the truth before; but now I see 'burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required'; the rather as 'in the volume of the book it is written of me . . . *thy law is within my heart.*'" (Ps. xl.) Again he cries, "Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts . . . thou desirest not sacrifice . . . thou delightest not in burnt offering; but the sacrifices of a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!"

Elsewhere he has God cry out, "I will take no bullock out of thy house. . . . Offer unto God thanksgiving; and *pay thy vows* unto the Most High."

In the vision of the spiritual seers the old law is rapidly vanishing into nothingness. They discern no spiritual triumphs in the priestly shambles drenched with the blood of animals.

In later times another prophet, burdened with the hypocrisy of the vicious service, declares: "Bring no more vain oblations. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices? Your hands are

full of blood." Blood is no more an expiation. Its virtue is gone. The ignorance of the people no longer demands it as a religious expedient. But in the place of "blood" he would substitute the code of ethics: "Put away your evil doings; learn to do well; seek judgment [justice]; relieve the oppressed; plead for the widow."

Do this and trust no more to foolish and degrading sacrifices; then "though your sins be as scarlet they shall become white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall become as wool."

The forgiveness of your sins and cleansing of your heart were not, then, the effects of faith in bloody sacrifices, but of simple obedience to the universal and eternal principles of righteousness, justice, and truth.

I must examine one more passage (Jeremiah xxxi. 29-34) which I discover among the writings of the spiritual potentates whom the Jews were loath to obey. Here will be found a most remarkable declaration. It is a prophecy referring unequivocally to the expected Messianic days. It forestalls the law of life which shall then prevail and even prescribes the very method of salvation the Messiah shall proclaim. We shall see how much it supports the dogma of salvation by blood: "In those days they shall say no more the *fathers* have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." Does not this effectually dispose of the theory of vicarious suffering or substitutional sacrifice? * "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father." "The soul that sinneth *it* shall die" (Ezekiel xviii. 20). "The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sin" (Deut. xxiv. 16, also II. Kings xiv. 6). The principle of the Messiah's Kingdom, then, shall be that of individual responsibility and absolute justice. A proxy-atonement by one being for all the race seems not even dreamed of.

"Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah." Here we should expect a clear statement of what that covenant shall be, and there ought to be no dispute, if this writer is regarded as a true prophet, that his description of the character of that covenant is ac-

* See also Ezekiel xviii. 2.—ED.

curate. But he clearly avows that this covenant will not be of the nature of the former covenant, the Egyptian, which was bloody and expiatory, but says that it shall be as follows: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." "For they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: *for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more!*" (Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.) This clearly sets forth the divine overture of universal salvation, but it is free as air and not in a single iota is it tinctured with the taint of a blood-sacrifice or a proxy-atonement. This, then, is the final expression of the highest Jewish conception of the Spiritual Kingdom of the Messiah.

Now what is our surprise to discover that, after the lapse of many centuries, the Christian system reinstates the old Aryan, or Persian, theory of sacrifices! It forgets the prophets and divine singers, and mournfully lapses into effete paganism.

How did this occur? Are the Gospels responsible for this strange relapse? There is not even an honest *hint* of the theory of a blood atonement in the four biographies of Jesus. We need examine only a few passages. John exclaims, "Behold the Lamb of God." A mere hint at the ancient law. It is without force. It means, "You once trusted in bullocks and goats and lambs, and they led you into ignorance; now trust him who is the true Lamb of God, who will explain the law and lead you into all truth."

Matthew's expression (xx. 28), "to give his life a ransom for many," is as easily applicable to Socrates, Zoroaster, Sakya Muni, or General Gordon—to every leader and lover of the race who has lived and died for truth.

Matthew's plausible statement (xxvi. 28) that his "blood was shed for many for the remission of sins" is effectually neutralized by the fact that the identical statements in the synoptic Gospels (Mark xiv. 24, Luke xxii. 20) omit the crucial clause "for the remission of sins." In Matthew, therefore, this clause is palpably an interpolation for the benefit of the Jews among whom this Gospel is said to have been especially circulated.

Therefore we perceive that the New Testament contains not a hint of this theory of salvation until we approach Paul's writings.

Here we find it triumphant and frequent. Until Paul it was not preached. Long after Paul's conversion it was little recognized in localities which he had not visited, as is proved by the various gospels, canonical and apochryphal.

Paul was a revolutionist. His own writings reveal this fact. He arrogantly declares that the gospel which he preaches is the true and only one; if any other man or even an angel from heaven deliver a contrary gospel he is accursed; nay, such would not be a gospel but a fabrication; his own gospel he received directly from the Lord, and he is avowedly an apostle "though born out of due time." Indeed, Paul waxes more audacious, and even ventures so far as to characterize his doctrines as *his own* gospel in contradistinction to what others teach. He preëmpts the prerogatives of God himself, and declares that the Almighty will judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ "according to my Gospel"! His teachings shall bind even the judgments of Jehovah. The Jesus Christ of his Gospel sustains some peculiar relation to God's moral economy; his theological attitude is manifestly contrary to that of other teachers who were popular in his day.

For what is Paul contending, and what is his characteristic doctrine? To the Corinthians he elucidates the principles of his gospel in this wise: "I delivered unto you first of all how that Christ died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*." Paul's opponents were chiefly Judaizing Christians. Some regard these sects as ceremonialists, sticklers for the Mosaic law. If this were so, then Paul could easily have met their interference by demonstrating to them that according to the ancient records the blood-sacrifices of the old code were already things of the past and were the objects of divine condemnation. He could have shown them that the Mosaic sacrifices had served a temporary purpose in God's economy, but had proved futile for permanent moral culture. Against such opponents Paul would naturally have presented the sublime spiritual interpretation of the Law which ages before him had been sung by the inspired voices of David, Isaiah, and Jeremiah.

But Paul proceeds directly in the opposite course. He assumes the necessity of the ancient liturgy. It was a permanent ordinance,

and not until the death of Jesus Christ were the ends of the law fulfilled. Then, and then only, was the ancient ceremonial fully honored. Then for the first time had the key to the understanding of the ancient Scriptures been delivered to mankind.

But it occurs to me that the true opposers of Paul were, not the ceremonialists, but the spiritualized Jews—those who had become saturated with Greek philosophy or Neoplatonism, and had already discerned in the life and death of Jesus Christ a principle far more exalted and uplifting than the crude conception of a legal satisfaction.

It is well known that Philo, who figures in history as an eminently representative Hebrew of that age, was thoroughly engrossed by Neoplatonism. He represented a school that attempted to explain away all the peculiarities of the Mosaic theology in accordance with the doctrines of the Greek Academy. They were allegorists, and in their hands all Scripture was but a book of symbolical scenes and hieroglyphical figures. They denied the resurrection, and gave little credence to the accounts of the crucifixion of Jesus. Paul feared that the people would be swept away by the specious reasoning of these Gnostics. Therefore he must establish some strong and plausible reasons to show why Christ's death was a necessity. His natural recourse was to those ancient Scriptures which the Jewish Gnostics despised and of which the Greeks remained in total ignorance.

Let it not be forgotten that Paul's preaching was to the Gentiles. His churches consisted of converts who were unacquainted with Jewish lore. The Gnostics who disturbed the faith of his converts were Jews. The Corinthian Church, especially, afforded continual annoyance to its founder. But this church consisted in the main of the uncouth and unlettered rabble of barbarians. Paul therefore will establish them against all the onsets of Judaizing antagonists by grounding them in the well-worn, logical, and convincing argument that Christ's death was an absolute necessity, based upon the prophecies of the ancient sacrifices, and foretold in all the ordinances of the Temple. Thus originates Paul's stupendous and ingenious plan of salvation. Hence Paul, with such vociferous insistence, declares that his is the only true Gospel. Hence he exclaims, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him

crucified." From this point of view Paul's utterances grow very lucid and transparent. Now we can grasp his meaning when he says: "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." But why a stumbling-block to the Jews? Certainly no orthodox Jew could take exception to Paul's interpretation. To the orthodox Jew the death of Jesus, if he believed him to be the prophesied Messiah, would be a very natural incident in his life. Manifestly, therefore, it is to the Jewish Gnostics, the philosophized and Neoplatonized Jews, that the preaching of the Christ crucified becomes a stumbling-block. For through the eyes of their philosophy they studied the Law from the spiritual heights of the prophets of old. The literal sacrifice was to them no longer a necessity. Therefore they saw no reason for the death of the Messiah.

So Paul declares that the crucifixion is to them a stumbling-block. For, as they read scripture, the crucifixion is not a necessity. Paul would make the Scriptures testify to the necessity of Christ's death. He would utilize Christ's death to testify to the accuracy of the Scriptures. Thus his argument becomes a double-edged battle-axe with which he hews on the one hand the Gnostic Jews and on the other hand the philosophic Greeks. For the death of Jesus is to the latter "foolishness," of course, as they are wholly ignorant of those Scriptures by which Paul seeks to prove its necessity.

But was Paul's interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures justifiable? I think I have sufficiently demonstrated that his specious argument for salvation by blood was proclaimed in palpable disregard and defiance of the highest spiritual interpretation of the ancient Law. Paul's preaching was a renunciation not only of historic Judaism but also of its spiritual evolution. He relapsed into effete Paganism. In his theology, therefore, Paul was a Pagan before he became a Christian.

I am not unprepared for the attack which will be made upon this conclusion. It will be advanced that, of all the early Christian teachers. Paul himself the most earnestly insisted on a spiritual presentation of the doctrine of the atonement. It will be said that it was Paul, and not the ancient seers, who declared, "There is therefore

now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." "To be carnally minded is death, to be spiritually minded is life." "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you."

These and many kindred passages in Paul's writings materially modify the gross repulsiveness of many of his dogmatic utterances. Nevertheless we must not be blind to the fact that the glory of these spiritual triumphs, according to Paul's plan of salvation, is only attainable by those who exercise faith in the efficacy of Christ's reconciling sacrifice. For he unqualifiedly insists that there is no other name than that of Jesus Christ under the heavens whereby we can be saved; that we have redemption only through his blood; and that if any man, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than that which he has delivered, he is already accursed!

And yet Paul's simple declaration of salvation through the death of Christ affords but little foundation for those most grotesque superstructures which have since been reared upon it. On this fragile foundation John Calvin constructed his massive theory. Calvin was as thoroughly blind to Paul's luminous spiritual perceptions as was Paul to the clearer vision of the ancient prophets. And yet, if Paul's simple exposition of faith unto salvation in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ be without sufficient Scriptural support, it is superfluous to argue further of the unscripturalness of the modern dogma of the atonement. Paul's *ex cathedra* utterances should not be sufficient authority to maintain this appalling dogma which has ever filled the world with confusion and despair.

It has parodied justice, scandalized the attributes of God, made love a burlesque, and travestied the common-sense of mankind. What a grotesque picture has it drawn of Deity! More revolting than the painful situation of the Laocoön; more frightful than the snaky-haired Erinyës—the gloomiest nightmare of Pagan lore. It pictures God not as a loving Father but as a monstrous demon, a vicious, stony-hearted despot. Assume what theory of the atonement you please, however mild, if it harbor an iota of the doctrine of vicariousness, legal necessity, or substitutional sacrifice, it is an atrocious libel on an honest God and shocks the unbiassed heart of every honest

man. This dogma furnished the excuse for ghoulish persecution by Christian despots for many centuries. In its behalf the genius of persecution invented every instrument of torture. It has taught us not that the blood of Jesus is the unifying principle of the race, but rather that it is the prophecy of that ruddy stream which in defence of mistaken loyalty flowed for ages from the veins of butchered men. Crying mercy, it becomes but the mockery of mercy.

The conception of a God who kills, murders, and damns forever, must create a brood of human imitators who will execute his bloodiest decrees. This doctrine of the atonement is alone responsible for the many thousands of innocent martyrs to the tortures and flames of the Inquisition. Demolish the conception of a blood-sacrifice as a legal necessity in God's government, and you at once shatter the gates of a revengeful hell and raze the walls of a selfish heaven.

Insist upon this dogma and you bestialize God and brutalize man. You teach him not that his fellow-creatures are his brothers—but that every man is his natural enemy. For the elect must ever hoist the standard of blood and cry aloud, "He that is not for us is against us"; "Whosoever believeth not is damned already"!

Therefore the unregenerate are ever outside the walls, wailing and gnashing their teeth. A God who can enjoy such music will not hope to create a finer sense of harmony in his human worshippers. Hence, "He that believeth not is damned" becomes to countless souls the keynote of heavenly hosannas. To-day we see the evil effects of such teachings only in their milder form, because the doctrine is not sincerely entertained. But in the mediæval ages, when it was the paramount Christian idea, and was honestly dreaded and obeyed, it filled the earth with the clashing sounds of war; it brought indeed "not peace but a sword into the world"; it set father against son, and children against their parents; it infuriated sect against sect, and adopted the sword reeking with a brother's blood as the most potent ensign of the Messiah's reign of peace!

But the dogma is not devoid of evil effects even in our day. Believe that there is but one narrow gateway leading into heaven, that only the elect by faith shall enter therein, then consider yourself by grace or by faith among the elect, and you will at once regard your

fellow-creatures not as fortunate as yourself either with arrogant pity or with cold condemnation. All your neighbors will at once be arrayed before you as "sheep" and "goats," and you, in your own estimation, will become the elect bell-wether!

This attitude is demonstrated in the comical zeal of every new young convert. Blind faith hurls him headlong into absurd denunciation of his former friends. All are sinners! How changed are they in visage, form, and figure! He cannot feel for them as he once did—with a heart of natural sympathy; now he can only *pray* for them—that Brutus-dagger that stabs true friendship with its fatal wound! The dogma generates in the human heart selfishness, egotism, hatred, censoriousness, and antipathy. It encourages a spirit of self-indulgence, self-deception, and dishonesty. It suffers one to hug to his bosom the flattering unction of divine pardon and especial favor, while his heart is still black with sin. He washes the outside of the platter while within it remains unclean and nauseating. He is fain to believe that, if against his name there can be written the magic word "Forgiven," his eternity is secure; and, though a thousand times he sink in sin, if he but utter the talismanic words "I believe," he is held fast to the throne of God by the unseen chain of redemption.

Not so taught the Galilean Master. When he spake forgiveness, he cleansed, purified, and renewed the heart. Healing always accompanied forgiveness. "Your faith hath made you whole: your sins are forgiven." "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." Words are the vehicles of thought. Thought is the energy of mind. Thought is positive force. God thought, and his words were Creation. Christ thought, and his words were cleansing. The cleansing power of the spiritual photosphere still envelops us. The physical sun cleanses the atmosphere of the world, driving the venomous and slimy serpent of miasma before his wheels of light. Likewise may the spiritual sun penetrate the gloomiest abodes of the heart and, letting in the rays of light and purity, drive out the lingering serpents of sin and uncleanness.

The Christ—the spiritual Sun—hovers round this atmosphere of life. Forgiveness is procured and realized not when some divine

Judge speaks the word, when the jurisprudence of heaven is exercised in one's favor, but when the life drinks in the radiance of the spiritual spheres; when faith becomes action, when action is in service of the truth, when truth washes the heart clean and the crown of purity decks the brow of honor. The divine Lord cannot sell indulgences for the price of faith more than can his presumptuous vicegerents on earth sell them for the price of gold. Forgiveness is not the decree of a court; it is the life of purity evolved through suffering and obedience. But the popular dogma is the arrogant and self-appointed arbiter of human and eternal fate; damning whom it please, saving whom it please. It is the Medusa-head of a fabulous theology, destroying the natural sympathies of those who gaze upon it, and turning their hearts to stone.

What would befall the race if the conclusions of this paper should be universally recognized and accepted? Would the bud of promise be blighted in the garden of hope before the very eyes of man? Would the wooing lullabies of love be heard no more in the cradle songs of life? Not so; the new faith which is slowly rising into recognition is as much grander and more illuminating than the old as the orient sun excels the splendor of the waning moon.

When, with Dean Stanley, we shall learn to read into that one word "blood" all the force and beauty of life and love; when we shall recognize in the sufferings and crucifixion of Jesus Christ the matchless and inspiring Epic of the struggle of the human soul for the attainment of light, life, and immortality; when we shall discern, cast in mystic halo around his head, all the myths and religious fables of the past striving to reveal through him the key of their secret teachings; then will the pathetic story of his life and death find a responsive chord in our hearts; then will he become a veritable "high priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

As said Ignatius of Antioch, "The blood of Christ is love." But love is life. When we shall learn to sacrifice this for the good of self, of friend, of neighbor, and the race, then will the scarlet sins of earth speedily whiten to the spotless snow. Blood indeed must needs be shed; but not "once for all" from the veins of Jesus, save in symbolic illustration of a universal experience. Let each human being

learn to expend his own heart's blood in forging the bonds of honest friendship; in shaping the figure of a true and lofty character; in willingly wearing the thorny crown till true service shall change it to the purest gold. Then will be realized in each man's life that atonement which the Christ made symbolically for all the race upon the "accursed tree." Then will the kingdom of righteousness establish "peace on earth and good will among men." *

HENRY FRANK.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

On awakening to consciousness our thought finds itself on the dividing line between two worlds. It can project itself outward into an objective realm that is subject to the conditions of space and time, infinite in the extent and variety of its forms, filled with unfathomable mysteries; or it can withdraw into a spaceless, timeless, subjective region, infinite in its degrees of reality and intensive qualities.

Every manifestation of life proceeds from an absolute centre within the depths of this inner region. The ceaseless, restless, ever-changing panorama of phenomena issuing from this realm of causality illustrates the ideal, the inner processes of life, or the evolution of consciousness.

External objects are merely correspondences of inner entities imperceptible to the senses. The world of finite things arises from infinitely differentiated conceptions of an eternal, spiritual reality. Vast, imposing, and magnificent as this phenomenal spectacle appears to the eye of sense, it is but a reflection of the inner world of thought. The limitless, extensive outer world is, in the last analysis, encompassed and comprehended by the intensive thought-world. The inward substance is superior to the outward shadow. From the realm of the absolute all things proceed; back toward it all tend.

The absolute principle of being is manifested, even though no more than faintly, in every finite life, or consciousness; just as the luminous principle is in every solar ray, no matter how attenuated or

* The Revised Version's note on this clause is interesting. The Greek means—"and on earth peace among men in whom God is well pleased."—ED.

dimmed by intervening obstacles. Each link in the endless chains of sequences traceable in the world of finite existence suggests, more or less remotely, the absolute nature; for it exhibits aspects of both cause and effect. But the process of retracing these sequences might be continued *ad infinitum* without more nearly approaching a first cause; for that cause is not included in any series, neither is it the sum total of all. It transcends all.

Phenomena derive their respective values from the relativity of consciousness; and are therefore illusory and insufficient to perfectly reveal the essential nature of being. They indicate the limitations of finite consciousness.

Contemplating the outer world of finite things—the radiating manifestations of the eternal principle—we soon grow bewildered by its inconceivable variety and endless complexity. We follow one clew after another until it is either lost in a confusing labyrinth of ramifications or passes beyond the range of our perceptive powers into boundless immensities of space and time, on the one hand, or within inapproachably minute limits, on the other. Then, having lost our clews in either direction, we turn to consider still other external features of the world. Baffled in our attempts to fathom its quantitative relations, we try to discover its qualitative meaning. At first everything seems beautiful; but in scrutinizing any one thing more closely, we see that every exquisite feature is destined sooner or later to be marred by apparent ugliness. We detect laws, good and beneficent in themselves, but continually conflicting one with another; and so rendering each other's operation imperfect. We discern purposes and meanings, deep and true in intent, the efforts of which are constantly thwarted, and their significance perverted, by misdirected exercise or ill-considered adaptation. Creation seems designed to achieve the grandest results, yet, withal, is so capricious and disorderly as continually to accomplish ruin and disaster. Beauty and sublimity seem to be everywhere at the mercy of the destructive and desolating effects of blind force or inadequacy. The arena of life is filled with contending victims, whose agonizing struggles are largely misdirected and often destined to end in at least apparent defeat.

The farther we pursue our investigations into externals, approach-

ing all the while the outer shell of life, the more firmly convinced are we that this world of strife, suffering, sin, and catastrophe must be essentially evil. The most beautiful things pass away; the loveliest blossoms decay before maturity; youth vanishes in old age; even the worlds are doomed to crumble and to disappear. Death seems the one open door, through which the endless procession of all living things must depart into eternal oblivion.

Up to this point our thoughts have journeyed steadily away from the centre of life, as diverging solar rays proceed outward into space. Our attention and energies have been diffused, dispersed, and dissipated into a multitude of random observations and aimless efforts. The idea of self, of separateness, has constantly assumed greater prominence and more importance. Meanwhile our vital forces have seemed to wane and our very being to be in process of disintegration and dissolution. Life has seemed not one, but many; not united, but divided. We have perceived only its outgoing tendencies, for our thought has ever travelled outward.

But even in the depths of outer darkness we are subject to that infinite power which centres all life around itself; and when our outward, self-directed, individual impulse is spent we begin to respond to the attraction of the universal centre. Then, for the first time, we feel, even though feebly and vaguely, the fundamental law of being operating in us and drawing us into a more intimate relation with absolute principle. The negative element has been overcome by the positive, and we may begin to know something of the essential nature of life and its real meaning.

Our viewpoint has entirely changed; we have been "born anew." Life seems no longer many, but one; not partial, but complete; not incongruous, but orderly; not dissipating, but vitalizing; not eccentric, but concentric; not degenerate, but regenerate.

Gradually we grow to appreciate that our life is part of a whole, and that, by overcoming wilful, selfish tendencies, we may experience a larger life, one of unlimited enjoyment and power. By losing our finite self, we gain the eternal life.

In so far as we consciously realize that a common, universal principle and law exists for all, our life shares the infinite creative power

and wisdom that proceed from the universal centre. As we come habitually to obey the universal law, and steadily to approach the centre of being, our dissipated energies concentrate. Increased intensiveness proportionally enlarges the scope of our extensive influence. It is necessary to see and feel deeply if we are to act and live broadly. Experience evolves what thought involves. *Impression* reacts in expression.

For thirty years Jesus lived in comparative seclusion and silence, studying the inner laws of life, until his ideas and purposes had matured and definitely formulated themselves. Even after entering upon more active and aggressive work, he frequently retired into the wilderness, into mountain solitudes, to listen to the inner voice. He cultivated intuitive perception and receptivity to spiritual impressions until he lived in constant communion with the infinite source of wisdom and power, the Absolute Principle—"the Father."

True education consists far more in rendering the mind susceptible to impressions, than in accumulating knowledge of facts. Such knowledge is of comparatively little value as an end in itself, but should be sought mainly with reference to the broader purpose of acquiring thought-tendencies that will enable the soul to rise to higher states of consciousness and obtain truer, more comprehensive views of life.

The entire universe of facts is at the disposal of anyone who is prepared intelligently to accept and rightly to interpret them. We invite impressions by rendering ourselves receptive to them. We may attune our thought to respond to the vibrations of low, coarse, material influences, or to those that are high, fine, spiritual. If to the former, a world of materiality, selfishness, sensuality, brutality, suffering, and disease will dominate us and stand out as the only evident reality. But all material conditions are of comparatively short duration. The coarser, material vibrations that give rise to clashing discords and jarring dissensions, are soon spent and neutralized; while the finer, spiritual ones continue unaffected by material change and decay. "He that soweth unto his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but, he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

"Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." Spiritual faculties, or mediums of communication with the spiritual world, must be developed before one can come into a conscious relation with its realities. A world of forms, colors, odors, and sounds becomes apparent whenever and wherever senses capable of receiving these characteristic impressions are evolved. But far finer sensibilities are necessary to enable the soul to appreciate the subtle influences operating through the medium of a spiritual ether. To know the reality of spiritual power one must grow susceptible to its action—become a conductor of it. It is possible for every life to enjoy spiritual consciousness, and to realize its attendant power to an unlimited extent, by assuming such an attuned, receptive attitude that the Universal Will can determine all its individual interests.

The secret of these acquirements lies not in learning, but in unlearning; not in vainly striving to put forth greater efforts, but in wholly ceasing to rely on self-conceived, self-directed effort, and so becoming free to follow the guiding will of a higher intelligence.

Life, when unhindered, tends naturally upward toward its divine source. Plato likened man to a "plant of heavenly, not of earthly growth." When all restraints and obstacles are removed, man grows out of earthly conditions, attracted heavenward by the light, the warmth, and the more congenial atmosphere of a spiritual sphere. Every life that, in thought and ideals, severs its connection with finite limitations, is henceforth subject to a transcendent spiritual law which determines its true relation to the universal whole, and draws it into the position it is best fitted to occupy in the world.

This law is completely demonstrated in love. Jesus said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." God is absolute principle and His will is absolute law. Jesus was the perfect manifestation of that principle and law in human form. Love relaxes one's hold of self and finite conditions, and sets one free. It is intensive, constructive, and vitalizing, because it establishes immediate communication with the source of life, so that the finite, individual consciousness is transformed into the universal and eternal.

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MUSICAL MYSTIC.
THE SECRET OF WAGNER'S GENIUS.

(II.)

But, to return to Wagner's younger days, the interesting question arises, how did he impress other men of mark with whom he came in contact, after he had finished his apprenticeship as musical conductor at minor German opera-houses?

While Wagner was practically starving in Paris, the poet Heine said of him: "I cannot help feeling a lively interest in Wagner. He is endowed with an inexhaustible, productive mind, kept almost uninterruptedly in activity by a vivacious temperament. From an individuality so replete with modern culture, it is possible to expect the development of a solid and powerful modern music."

Wagner's errand to Paris at this time was to secure the performance of his opera "Rienzi," which he had composed with a direct view to a success at the Grand Opera in Paris. In this he was bitterly disappointed. After undergoing unheard-of sufferings, often going for days without food, "Rienzi" was accepted, not for Paris but for the Dresden Opera instead. And its brilliant success there lifted the discouraged composer at once into prominence and secured for him the appointment of director of the opera in the Saxon capital, the first great transformation in the hitherto sad fortunes of the poet-composer.

It was in the spring of 1843 that Wagner was thus appointed as a chief-conductor at the Opera in Dresden, where his intellectual and artistic superiority soon gave him the first position. The second in command was August Roeckel. He was the nephew of the celebrated Hummel, and possessed much of his uncle's talent. He had been appointed to his position at Dresden on account of the musicianly skill displayed in his opera "Farinelli." It appears that the Director of the Opera had actually announced the performance of

Roeckel's "Farinelli," but so dazzled was Roeckel by Wagner's genius, that he withdrew his own opera and would under no circumstances permit its performance. Let us now hear Roeckel's impressions of the rising Wagner.

In March of the same year, 1843, Wagner being then thirty years of age, Roeckel wrote to a friend as follows:

"Henceforth I drop myself into a well, because I am going to speak of a man whose greatness overshadows that of all other men I have met, either in Germany, France, or England—our new friend, Richard Wagner. You cannot imagine how daily intercourse with him develops my admiration for his genius. His earnestness in art is religious; he looks upon the drama as the pulpit from which people should be taught; and his views on a combination of the different arts for that purpose open up an exciting theory as new as it is ideal. You would love him—aye, worship him, as I do, for to gigantic powers of intellect, he unites the sportive playfulness of a child. His notions of orchestration are most novel, daring, and altogether marvellous; but not more so than his elevated notions about the high purpose of dramatic art—indeed, they foreshadow a new era in the history of art."

Newspaper writers who knew nothing of Wagner's personality have often asserted that he lacked humor. He was, indeed, too much in earnest with art to find a place for idle diversion upon the stage when his theme dealt with relics of prehistoric religion. But Wagner was possessed of plenty of ready wit, which he used effectually when the occasion called for it.

For example, he was naturally possessed of a keen sense of euphonious balance. On one occasion the trombones were noisy in a rehearsal of the overture to *Rienzi*. Their needless braying made Wagner angry; nevertheless he good-humoredly said to the players, "Gentlemen, if I mistake not, we are in Dresden, and not marching around Jericho—where your strong-lunged ancestors blew down the city walls." After a moment's hilarity, Wagner obtained the desired effect.

Hanslick was long the most logical, adroit, and relentlessly severe critical opponent of Wagner's works. Hanslick's influence was great with people who had acquired just enough of musical culture to incapacitate them from relying upon their own naïve impressions, and accordingly for their musical opinions were dependent, not upon their own perceptions, but instead upon what they read in the newspapers.

While I was studying musical theory with Weitzmann, who had long known Wagner intimately, I asked how Wagner felt toward Hanslick. Weitzmann laughed, and said that the question of Wagner's feeling toward Hanslick had often occurred to him until he paid a visit to Wagner after his second marriage, when he (Weitzmann) observed, to his mingled surprise and amusement, that upon its becoming necessary, one day, to restrain the over-exuberant spirits of the children, Wagner gravely shook his finger at the offenders and exclaimed, "Take care, children, or Hanslick will get you!"

"Thus," said Weitzmann, "I learned that the result of Hanslick's bitterness toward him was to supply Wagner with a scarecrow with which to sober down over-excited children!"

In his early days in Paris, Wagner was known to the humble people around him as "a little man with a big dog." He was an outspoken opponent of vivisection, and called upon scientific men to seek to regain sincerity by gazing into the eyes of animals. His affection for dogs extended apparently to every dog in creation. He would engage in long conversations with dogs, and in supplying their answers would delight in making them speak scornfully of the boasted superiority of man, and contend that after all, should animals come to possess man's vaunted free-will and reasoning powers, they would inevitably turn out in the end as silly and bad as human beings.

Disheartened by the failure at Berlin of his opera, "The Flying Dutchman," the beauty of which had been recognized openly by no less a composer than the famous Spohr, Wagner resolved that his next opera, "Tannhäuser," should be written not for the world, but for those who had shown themselves in sympathy with him. Aside from his friend Roeckel, Wagner's only solace was his dog. It was a common saying with Wagner that his dog helped him to compose "Tannhäuser." It seems that when he was at the pianoforte, composing and singing with his usual boisterousness, the dog, whose constant place was at Wagner's feet, would occasionally leap to the table, peer into his master's face and whine piteously. Then Wagner would address his eloquent critic with, "What?—it does not suit you?" and shaking the animal's paw would say, quoting Shakespeare's *Puck*, "Well, I will do thy bidding gently."

III.—WAGNER WAS TRULY AND CONSCIOUSLY INSPIRED.

To paraphrase what has been said of great poetry: All great music has come forth spontaneously. Here the will or the mind of the musician does not control the form or manner of the thought as is usual in ordinary cases, but the subject-matter during its actual reception holds in control, as though it were a positive force, the natural mind of the musician. It results that the person who thus passively hears and utters is not the real musician at all. In ancient, unsophisticated times, the Muse (whence comes the name music) was formally invoked to inspire the artist, and honor was thus rendered to whom honor was due. Now, as a rule, such so-called childish practices are pretended to be scouted. "Pretended" is the word, for every true musician knows that he is dependent for his ideas upon influences which he may invoke, but over which he has no control. That professional musicians write, to order and to measure, so-called music for passing purposes and ends, in no way impugns the truth of what has here been said. If the hearer can receive it, the Music Principle, personified, is the real and true musician; the writer is the oaten pipe by means of which music is externalized or produced.

Paracelsus carries this thought further into detail:

"Spirit passes into the body, and out of it, like a breath of air passing through the strings of an Æolian harp. If we succeed in binding it there, we will create a source of undying harmony, and create an immortal being. But to find spirit we must be able to find thought. Man is a materialized thought; he is what he thinks. The illusions of the senses are continually destroying that which we attempt to create." *

Let us hear what Wagner himself says on this point:

"When I am alone and the musical fibres begin to tremble within me, when confused sounds shape themselves into harmonies, and from those harmonies arises the melody which, as Idea, reveals to me my whole being; when the heart in loud beatings adds its tumultuous meter and inspiration pours itself out in divine tears through the mortal eye, which now no longer sees—then I often say to myself, what a fool art thou not to keep always to thyself and dwell in these unique joys instead of pressing out into the hideous crowd called the public! What can that

* "Paracelsus": F. Hartmann, M.D., p. 197.

public, even with its most brilliant receptions, give to thee, which will possess even the hundredth part of the value of that sacred refreshing which wells up within thyself!"

What is that inner Being to which Wagner refers as revealed to him in moments of inspiration?

Matthew Arnold was troubled by the metaphysical doctrine of Being. He doubted if the idea of finite being really necessitated the idea of infinite being. Hence he sought the root meaning of Being. The word, or its equivalent, he found in all languages; the explanation of its meaning he found nowhere given in connection with the word. At last, after a long search, he discovered its origin in a Sanskrit root, meaning to breathe. Whereupon he exclaimed, "Here we have anthropomorphism of the baldest type! The idea of finite breathing necessitates, forsooth, the idea of infinite breathing—breathing man implies the existence of breathing God!"

In the light of modern science, Arnold had all his labor in vain, the literal fact of the matter being just the reverse of what he supposed.

Materialism, far from demonstrating that breathing man is the reality, and breathing Deity a mere reflection, a figment of imagination, has instead proved that breathing Deity is the sole reality, and breathing man a transitory product—a bubble floating on the stream of Deity out of which we bubbles have arisen, and into which we again fall back. According to Spencer, the materialist who understands the meaning of the truths which science has revealed must say: "I am supposed to identify mind with matter. I do no such thing. I identify mind with motion and motion is inconceivable by us as in any sense material. Mind I identify with that which is not relatively material but absolutely immaterial."

In its simplest form, Spencer's teaching may be illustrated as follows: Motion from the Invisible, Primal Source, runs through the conscious brain as motion runs through a field of grain. The bending heads of grain form waves before our eyes, but the grain itself does not run through the field. Motion forms waves in the waters of the sea, but the water does not run through the sea; its drops are alternately lifted and allowed to fall back again. Similarly, motion

runs through molecules of the brain and we are aware of the consequent emotions. But the molecules do not run through the brain.

Professor Shaler, of the Chair of Geology in Harvard University, is reported as saying that the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century is that of the unity of life.

We thus see Modern Science rediscovering some of that wisdom of the Egyptians in which Moses was learned. For, said the Tarot of the Egyptians, "The Universe is the body of Deity; Humanity is the soul of Deity, and God himself is the Spirit of Deity."

In Infinite Being, then, or Infinite Breathing, Science recognizes the one eternal reality of the universe, while it is Finite Being that is temporal, fugitive.

Had Arnold's search after the root-idea of Being led him to an examination of Holy Scripture, he would have found Job saying, "The breath [being] of all living things is in His hand." Ezekiel would have told him that, "The breath of the Almighty is that which teaches me." And the Lord's saying to Nicodemus would have confirmed the same truth: "The Breath breathes where it will, and the sound of it thou hearest, but thou knowest not whence it comes and where it goes. Thus it is with every one born of the Breath."

Spencer also says, "The final outcome of that speculation commenced by primitive man, is that the power manifested throughout the universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up in the form of consciousness."

But the ancient Hindoo philosophy goes further still and affirms that the primal and foremost manifestation of the Divine Breathing is in the form not of luminous ether, but of sounding ether instead.

Rightly, then, says Carlyle in "Hero Worship": "All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. See deep enough and you will see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

We now understand how the sacred, refreshing welling-up within Wagner's soul revealed to him his whole Being. We further understand what he meant when he wrote, "God still evokes much within

us [moderns], and as [in the confusion wrought by materialistic physical science] He was about to vanish from our sight, He left us for an eternal memorial of himself our Music, which is the living God within our bosoms. If we hearken to frivolous or insincere music we extinguish the last light God has left burning within us to lead the way to find him anew."

The questions here arise—first, Is not every one inspired? and second, What is the difference between the inspiration received by one and that received by another?

The reply is: there is no difference in the inspiration. Like the sunshine it is poured forth upon the just and the unjust alike. Hence it is not by inspiration that genius is known, but by its fruits. Says Swedenborg, "The heat flowing into plantations and gardens produces vegetation and also brings forth grateful and delicious odors; and the same heat, flowing into vile or decaying substances, produces putrefaction. All influx from the spiritual world varies according to reception. On the one hand it gives intelligence and wisdom; but on the other, it is turned into insanities and fantasies of various kinds. Thus Rossini's inspiration was enormous. But Rossini could deliberately say, 'Human life is as fleeting as the froth on champagne; whoever fails to seize the cup and drain it to the dregs is a complete fool.'"

Hence we need not wonder that the inspiration of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* avails only to turn the church into a theatre. Whereas, Inspiration breathing with full power upon Wagner, resulted in his turning the Baireuth theatre into a temple of the Holy Grail.

Said a cultivated Hebrew to me once, "At Baireuth, I sat between a Turk on my right and an English Agnostic on my left. Before *Parsifal* began we discussed the meaning of such a play in this enlightened age. But before *Parsifal* was half through we were all in tears, and we remained good Christians to the end of the play."

It is interesting to inquire how and under what circumstances the inspirations of Wagner took possession of his soul, heart, and mind. The origin of one of his greatest works is thus described by his friend Praeger, who was visiting Wagner at the time. It was during Wagner's first marriage. "Every morning after breakfast

Wagner would read to Minna from her favorite newspaper, the Leipzig *Tageblatt*, a paper renowned for its prosy character. Wagner's imagination and improvisation played her some woful tricks. With a countenance blameless of any indication of the improviser, he would recite a story, embellishing the incidents until their coloring became so overcharged with the ludicrous that Minna would exclaim, 'Ah! Richard, you have been inventing again!' Wagner had spoken to me of Godfrey of Strassburg, saying 'To-morrow I will read you something good.' He did next day read me *Tristan* in his study, and we spoke long and earnestly as to its adaptability for operatic treatment. But at the time it appeared to me that he had no thought of utilizing it as a libretto. This intention presented itself to his mind only while we were at breakfast on the following day. He was reading aloud the Leipzig paper, with the customary variations, when, without any warning, he dropped the paper on his knees, gazed into space and seemed as if he were in a trance, nervously moving his lips. What could this portend? Minna had observed the movement, and was about to break the silence by addressing Wagner. Happily she caught my warning glance, and the spell remained unbroken. We waited until Wagner should move. When he did, I said, 'I know what you have been doing.' 'No,' he replied somewhat abruptly; 'how can you?' 'Yes; you have been composing the love-song we were speaking of yesterday; and the story is going to shape itself into a drama.' 'You are right as to the composition,' said he, 'but as to the libretto—I will reflect!'

The results of modern psychic research throw much light upon such instances of self-induced, though involuntary, trance as Praeger here describes. The passive attitude, with open eyes uplifted to some suggestive object, as a cross, crucifix, emblem, symbol, or picture, or with closed eyes and thought focused on but one idea, is the attitude most conducive to self-hypnotism, by which the preponderance of the objective mind with the five senses is caused to cease, and the subjective or spiritual self is brought forward with greatly enhanced powers. This magic art, recognized by Schopenhauer as the basis of Swedenborg's clairvoyance, as also of clairvoyance in general, was consciously practised by Wagner in the conception of his musical

motives, and underlies his explanation of otherwise inexplicable traits of Shakespeare's genius.

Thus in some counsel to young composers which appeared in print in 1879, Wagner wrote: *

"I never have been able to compose at all before something had occurred to me. I would say to the young composer, never adopt a text before you have found in it an action carried on by persons in whom you take a lively interest. Of these persons, regard with closest scrutiny the one who interests you most in the light of to-day. If it wears a mask, away with it; if it appears in theatrical costume, tear it off! Place the figure in the twilight, so as to perceive only the glance of its eye, and now the shape itself will manifest a vitality which may perhaps startle you, but that is something you will have to put up with; and now its lips will move, and a spirit voice will say to you something real and thoroughly comprehensible, yet never before heard, as did once, say, the Marble Guest, and the page Cherubino, to Mozart. On hearing this, you will awaken as from a dream. Everything will vanish from sight, but in the spiritual hearing the message will sound on. Something has occurred to you, and that is a musical motive."

We are now prepared to appreciate the significance of a striking passage in the libretto of Wagner's "*Meistersinger*," where Hans Sachs is made to say to the young poet and musician, *Walter*:

"Precisely this is the poet's art,
His dreams to cherish and impart.
Trust me, the best ideas of men
In dreams are opened to their ken:
All author's art and poetry
Are naught but dreams made verity."

Wagner elsewhere writes: "Only one state can surpass that of the inspired musician; namely, that of the saint—and that because this latter state is at once enduring and imperturbable; while, on the contrary, the enrapturing clairvoyance of the musician alternates with a continually recurring state of individual consciousness, which is only the more miserable in proportion as the inspired state lifts him above all limits of individuality. With keenest sufferings must the musician pay for the state of inspiration in which he enraptures us so inexpressibly."

We have learned from an eye-witness how Wagner's inspirations came to him, or, in other words, whence he derived material. The posing of his ideas, and their composition into symmetrical works of

* "*Parsifal*," by A. R. Parsons.

musical art, were done at the pianoforte. "In composing," says Praeger, "Wagner did not shake the notes from his pen like pepper from a caster. For a work to live, to go down to future generations, Wagner held that it must be the product of reflection. Wagner did not seek his ideas at the pianoforte. With his idea already composed, he went to the pianoforte and made the instrument his sketch-book, where he worked and re-worked his subject-matter, steadily modelling it until it assumed the shape he had in his mind."

"One morning," Praeger writes, "I had retired to my room to read Schopenhauer, when the pianoforte was hammered more vigorously than usual. The incessant repetition of one theme arrested my attention. My book was discarded. I came downstairs. The theme was being played with another rhythm. I entered the room. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'you have been listening?' 'Who could help it?' was my answer. 'Your vigorous playing fascinated me more than the most skilful philosophical dialectics.' And then I inquired as to the change of rhythm. The explanation astonished me. Wagner was engaged on a portion of *Siegfried*, the scene where *Mime* tells *Siegfried*, while under the magical influence, of his murderous intentions. 'But how did you come to change the rhythm?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I tried and tried, and thought and thought until I got just what I wanted.'"

This narrative of Praeger's reminds one of a saying of the inventor, Thomas Edison. Being asked to describe how to succeed as an inventor, he replied, "One must be patient and persevering. One must sit and persistently watch like an entomologist seeking a specimen, which, he believes, inhabits a certain crevice. Most people watch only until *they* are tired out, and then abandon the effort. The successful inventor is like one who sits and watches until the *insect* is tired out, when it comes forth and gives itself up."

IV.—WAGNER NEVER WAVERED IN HIS ALLEGIANCE TO HIS IDEALS.

His family had been the staunchest of Lutherans for generations, and he said that, even as a boy, he was strongly attracted toward the great reformer by his dauntless energy and fearlessness. In later life he often ruminated on this as an instance of the true instinct of chil-

dren: "For," said he, "had I not also to preach a new gospel of Art? Have I not also had to bear every insult in its defence, and have I not, too, said, Here I stand, God help me, I cannot do otherwise?"

"The key of Wagner's success," says the same author from whom we have quoted so much valuable information touching Wagner's personality, "was his truth, his earnestness. It was his sincerity which made him great. Autocratic in bearing, and the intimate of a king, he was democratic in his music—no domineering there of one voice—and democratic, too, in his last days when he declined imperial distinctions, preferring to remain one of the people."

To those to whom Wagner's art had been the great formative inspiration of their lives, his death could not but seem like the closing of the last chapter in the history of the Evolution of Music. Henceforth, it would seem that music must exist only as Grecian sculpture and architecture still exist among us—as a priceless legacy of a matchless and irrecoverable past. Melody, harmony, counterpoint, and rhythm, in their various combinations and their distribution among the different species of the human voice, and the various instruments, string, wind, and percussion, constitute the material of music. This material no one has utilized in so many ways as Wagner. It would really seem as if he had spoken, if not the final word, at least the last *original* word in music. Hence his death was felt to be in a very special and peculiar sense a loss to the world.

To this feeling, Swinburne gave eloquent expression in his poem, "On the Death of Richard Wagner."

"Mourning on earth, as when dark hours descend,
Wide-winged with plagues, from heaven; when hope and mirth
Wane; and no lips rebuke or reprehend
Mourning on earth.

The soul wherein her songs of death and birth,
Darkness and light, were wont to sound and blend,
Now silent, leaves the whole earth of less worth.
Winds that make moan and triumph, skies that bend,
Thunders, and sound of tides in gulf and firth,
Spake through his spirit of speech, whose death should send
Mourning on earth.

The world's great heart, whence all things strange
Take form and sound, that each in separate part

May bear its burden in all tuned thoughts that share
The world's great heart:
The fountain forces, whence, like steeds that start,
Leap forth the powers of earth and fire and air;
Seas that revolve and rivers that depart,
Spake, and were turned to song; yea, all they were,
With all their works, found in his mastering art
Speech as of powers whose uttered word laid bare
The world's great heart.

Time does not give back what it takes away; but it softens the sense of loss by gradually bringing us into harmony with changed conditions. Hence, now even those who revered Wagner most highly and unreservedly can comfort themselves with the truth that though Wagner is no more, Music still lives, and will continue to live, even though the age of the Prophets of musical Art shall prove to have ended with the life and work of Wagner. For to quote the words of Paracelsus—alchemist, mystic, and philosopher—words which seem almost as if they had been the prophecy of a Wagner to lead the way to new conquests in art, after the achievements of a Bach and a Beethoven:

"If all the musicians in the world would die in one day, Heaven, being the original teacher of music, would not die, and it would teach other persons this art. Many ideas exist which men have not yet grasped. If a new comet appears in the sky, it fills the hearts of the ignorant with terror; if a new and grand idea appears on the mental horizon, it creates fear among those who cling to old systems and accepted forms. Physical man takes his nutriment from the earth; but the spirit has his wisdom from God." *

ALBERT ROSS PARSONS.

Above, below, all around are the movements of the elements. But the motion of virtue is in none of these; it is something more divine, and advancing by a way hardly observed it goes happily on its road.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

We must not judge of a man by his ornaments, but strip him of all the advantages and the impostures of fortune, nay, of his very body too, and look into his mind.—*Seneca*.

* See "Paracelsus," by F. Hartmann, M.D., p. 182.

INDUCTIVE ASTROLOGY.*

(I.)

The sophist and the bigot differ only in this: the former deduces a false inference from an assumed premise, while the latter attains an inference without even the formality of assuming a premise. Neither often arrives at a truth or a fact, for artifice and self-sufficiency are rarely favorable to fairness in investigation. Voltaire, in his aspersions upon a science of whose true principles he exhibited a woful ignorance, was a good specimen of the sophist; the bigot obtains chiefly where knowledge cries in vain for recognition, even at a discount.

No branch of learning has been more falsified and impeded by these two types of reasoners than Astrology; for the one has persistently attacked it with the subtlety of his venom, while the other with equal malice, though with enmity less cleverly directed, has doggedly uttered his cries of derision, that the notes of discord might go echoing throughout the halls of Wisdom. Consequently, so little is Astrology understood, and so seldom investigated, that the writer deems it pertinent to present a few of the facts of this divine science (divine, because it reveals the *soul* of the Universe), that the lay mind may grasp some of its truths without the necessity of acquiring an extended acquaintance with its principles and nomenclature.

Usually it is the lack of familiarity with a fact that makes its acceptance a matter of difficulty. One need not, however, delve in mystic tomes to learn of the theory of correspondence between man and the stellar world. Since time immemorial the family almanac has apprised the world of this fact through a well-known figure, more or less artistic, representing the "Man of the Zodiac." Having once recognized the identity of the Microcosm and Macrocosm, it should

* The time for the figure on page 275 is from Lossing's account of the Declaration as given in "Harper's Magazine" for June, 1851, p. 153.

not be difficult for the inquirer to go a step further, and to learn that there is also a magnetic relationship existing between the signs of the Zodiac and the terrestrial divisions. This connection is of an irrelative character, being regarded in a purely symbolical sense. Thus, from Aries to Pisces each sign is qualified to dominate over certain countries, as well as over certain cities, a strict consonance in the apportionment being observable in the different authors on the subject, from Ptolemy to the moderns. To one unaccustomed to regard these symbols as expressive of certain potencies in the laboratory of nature, this adjustment may perhaps seem perverted or arbitrary; yet centuries of experience and observation in the realm of astral physics have disclosed in it a wisdom too marvelous to have been the result either of whim or of guesswork.

An excellent example of vaticination based upon the ruling sign of a city, was the prediction made by William Lilly, a well-known astrologer of the seventeenth century, who, fifteen years before the event, foreshadowed the great fire of London which took place in 1666. That city is accorded the sign Gemini as its ruling emblem, the exact degree of the ascendant, based upon astrological computation, being $17^{\circ} 54'$. Lilly, perceiving the close proximity of the *Bull's North Horn*—a star of the second magnitude, of the nature of Mars—to this ascendant, calculated the time of its conjunction therewith; and with the discernment of the skilled seer he not only foresaw the fatality, but certified to the exact period of its consummation. Deride astrology as one may, who is there to contradict the cleverness of this judgment? Besides, Lilly knew wherefore he was wise in deducing so important a judgment from a direction of the ascendant to a fixed star; for while these arbiters are rarely observed in the resolutions of nativities, they are deemed of the utmost significance in their effect upon cities and governments. We find distinguished authority for this in "The Considerations of Guido Bonatus," wherein that excellent philosopher maintains:

"The Fixed Stars are most slow in motion, and consequently in mutation; whence it comes to pass that their impressions require subjects and patients of the same nature, that is to say, such as are the more lasting, and carry a conformity with them to perfect or accomplish their effects. For the Revolution of the Fixed

Stars is finished but in six and thirty thousand years,* whereas the 'Viventhipolis,' or life of man, generally exceeds not three revolutions of Saturn, that is to say, the space of ninety years. . . . As an Eagle cannot exercise the complement of her flight or power on a Fly, nor a Stone coming forth (a Sunda trabathi) do any great execution (in Musciovem), no more can the Fixed Stars complete the effects of their impressions; and, therefore, their gifts continue no longer with men, for men are of so small a duration, and subject to a swift mutability in respect of their motion. . . . For the impressions which a solid thing makes in a more solid thing, continue much longer than that which it makes on a less solid thing; and yet less in a very slippery transient thing, than in a thing less lubricous or changeable."

The unprejudiced mind seems constrained to admit that if these astral philosophers were mad, there was an amazing nicety in the method of their madness; and that though Lilly was characterized a charlatan by the bigotry of his age, his deductions were obviously made legitimate by conformity to mathematical law, as well as to the inductive principles of his art.

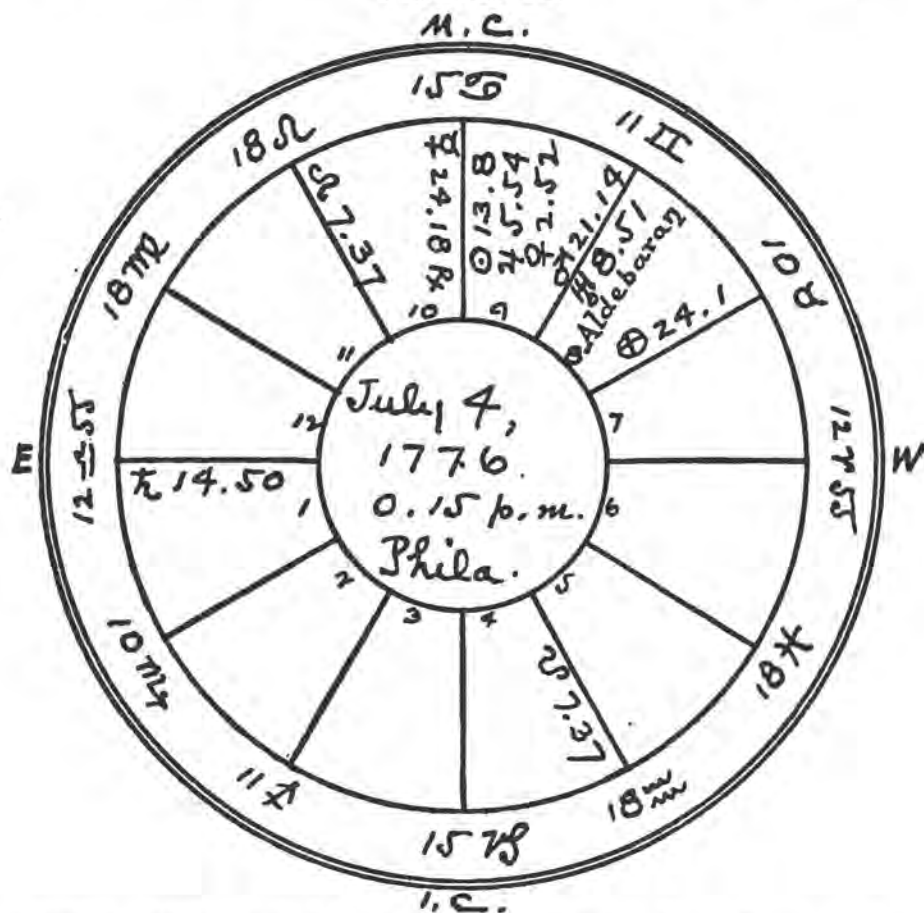
In the selection of Gemini as the ruling emblem of North America by the astrologers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is contained the suggestion of a familiar mythological incident; for with Columbus as the modern Jason in search of the land of the Golden Fleece, it became most fitting—though perchance with a deeper reason—that the sign of the twins should stand sponsor over our destiny. Certainly its later assignment to the zodiacal regency of the United States has, in the light of subsequent facts, proved most felicitous, and manifestly agreeable to the laws of nature; which we shall endeavor to substantiate in the interest of truth and to the credit of a science which, because little understood, has been most unfairly dealt with.

This sign, the *Mithuna* of the Sanscrit, significant of the duality of Being, the house of Mercury, and imaginative and humane in nature, portrays in a strikingly truthful manner the restless, progressive, aspirational temperament of our people, and rules the ninth mansion in the Horoscope of the Declaration of Independence, a diagram of which accompanies this article. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that the ninth house governs mind, science, commerce, religion, and inventions, and it will be observed that quite a satellitum of celestial

* The correct figures are 25,848 years.

arbiters—including Venus (♀), the ruler of the scheme, in conjunction with the benefic Jupiter (♃)—are posited therein, strongly corroborative of the phenomenal growth to which we have attained as a

HOROSCOPE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



nation. Sibly, a noted English mathematician and astrologer, wrote in 1788 regarding this figure: "The State of America shall in time have an extensive and flourishing commerce, an advantageous and universal traffic to every quarter of the globe, with great fecundity and prosperity among the people." The doubtful stability of an experimental democracy, confronted with the gigantic problems in-

volved in the period of its infancy, could not alone have prompted so sanguine a judgment!

The national horoscope is replete with testimonies most interesting from an astrological stand-point; but as a full appreciation of these would necessitate a technical understanding of the science, for our purpose it will be needful only to direct the attention of the reader to the position of Uranus (♅) in the ninth degree of Gemini (♊) on the cusp of the ninth house, in close proximity to Aldebaran (α Tauri), a fixed star of the first magnitude, of a fiery, martial nature, at that time in $6^{\circ} 42'$ Gemini. Uranus as the eighth planet is the octave expression of Mercury; but whereas the vibrations of the latter are correlative with those of the external mind, the former's plane of activity is on the odyllic sphere, whence emanates spiritual or psychic perception. In operation Uranus tends to iconoclasm on the material plane, while spiritually his activities are reconstructive. He speaks to the soul, and not to the mind; to intuition rather than to reason. He accordingly produces in the world of causative effect a marked antagonism to the conventional order of things, independence, opposition to all restraints, reconstruction, remarkable changes, etc.

It has been ascertained that Gemini among the constellations bears chief rule over our affairs; therefore it will be interesting to note the electro-magnetic effect upon this country of the passage of Uranus through Gemini, which occurs once in every eighty-four years—giving seven years to each sign of the Zodiac. Astrology, far from being a visionary science, is founded upon inductive methods of observation, and these examples will afford one the opportunity to reflect on some of the quaint analogies in nature; though a more extended acquaintance with its arcana would doubtless disclose a systematic design which knows neither chance nor coincidence, but is regulated by that immutable law of cause and effect which neither the sophist with his subtleties, nor the bigot with his obstinacy, can decry.

Though Uranus did not come within range of our telescopes until 1781, his mutations previous to that are easily determined by mathematics. Thus, in 1690 we find him entering Gemini, and this entrance was followed by an epoch in our history made marvelous by a num-

ber of crude manifestations of a psychic character in Salem, Massachusetts, which were strenuously objected to by some lantern-jawed sticklers for religious ceremony as not being altogether orthodox. Had an astrologer at that time ventured to suggest the influence of the Uranian ray upon the psychic auras of the poor unfortunates, he would no doubt have been treated to a coat of tar as a preliminary to his introduction to the stake.

A most independent and aggressive spirit was rampant in the Colonies at this period, and the first specific action against taxation by the mother-country was taken, through laws passed at the first session of the legislature under the new charter. The colonists were also involved in difficulties with the French and the Indians. Hale's History of the United States records:

"The war with the French and the Indians, which began in 1690, was not yet terminated. *For seven years* were the frontier settlements harassed by the savages, and the English employed in expeditions against them. A history of these would consist only of repeated accounts of Indian cunning and barbarity, and of English enterprise and fortitude. Peace between England and France, which took place in 1697, was soon followed by peace with the savages."

The visitation of the witchcraft mania, so abnormally strange to the narrow concepts of our forefathers, who knew naught of psychism, has for all time to come claimed a page of its own in our country's history. The abatement of this excitement and the cessation of hostilities between the warring factions were coincident with the passage of Uranus out of Gemini.

Circling in his orbit he again entered this sign in the spring of 1775, contemporaneous with which we find a spirit of independence asserting itself among the colonists, a belligerent condition of mind which culminated in the Declaration when Uranus reached nine degrees of the sign. Nor were matters finally adjusted until 1782—just seven years from the commencement of the difficulties—when Uranus left the house of the Twins. The English nation might have profited much at this period through the good offices of a Court Astrologer, for the nativity of George III. was sadly afflicted by an evil transit of Uranus over his radical Sun.

His revolution of 84 years brought Uranus again into Gemini in June, 1858, and this entrance was immediately followed by grave

interior complications. The first decisive measure of secession was when South Carolina declared her independence, on December 20, 1860, a date that corresponded with the arrival of Uranus at the ninth degree of the sign! One of our best known astrologers at that time made the following prediction concerning the crisis: "Until Uranus gets out of Gemini, which will not be before the summer of 1865, I do not look for any peace for this country." * The men of State, versed in the craft of political chicanery, declared positively that the conflict could not exceed six months; the astrologer, wise in his contemplation of nature's laws, knew differently.

Facts similar to these are what help to constitute the logical basis of judicial astrology; they are the irrefutable evidences which go far toward entitling it to the dignity of a reasonable and exact science.

From these inductive processes it requires but little facility in seership to anticipate the revolutionary changes in existing theories and institutions that will mark the next transit of this planet through Gemini, which will begin in June, 1942. He will attain to the ninth degree of the sign in October, 1943, at which time his influence upon our affairs will be accentuated as never before, for *Aldebaran*, the fiery fixed star to which we have referred, will, through his annual motion of $50\frac{1}{3}''$ have advanced to a partile conjunction with the radical place of Uranus. What inferences are to be deduced from the concentration of these electro-magnetic potencies around this vital point in the national horoscope? Our country will pass through extraordinary scenes. Grave questions, affecting alike our domestic and political economy, will seek their adjustment, perhaps through methods of force. There will be radical changes in the constitution of government. Seven years will be consumed in the solution of some of the gravest problems which shall so far have confronted us. But this transitional era, superinduced through turbulence and confusion, will be followed by a reconstructive period that will usher in a new order of things, and we may then look for the enfranchisement of man into a brotherhood of truer equality, and a socialism broader and more practical than any hitherto espoused. *Tempus omnia revelat.*

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

* Broughton's Planet Reader, Philadelphia, January, 1861.

THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE.

"Kings may reign, but health is lord of all."

The term "health" has come to have a very broad significance; no longer confined to the physical, it extends into the labyrinths of the Mind, the Soul. To attain heaven, it is said, we must have it within us; and so it is with what is termed health. It is not confined to any particular soil, to any one clime, but is everywhere indigenous; it is native to all airs, for it is Omnipresent Good. And the measure of health we become conscious of is quite dependent upon our recognition of this truth.

All concede that health is the normal state of man; and yet few believe that the proposition can be practically verified. The wisdom of the ages has not sought to verify this question, so vital to all humanity. Yet no question is more momentous.

To the limited vision of the natural man, sickness and death are essential and ordained of God. "Why, the earth would not contain the people born upon it, if health were universal; death is necessary in order to rid the earth of the surplus population." If this be true we must reverse our first proposition, and affirm that "disease is the normal state of man." But why heal the sick if disease is normal? Why did Jesus heal the sick and raise the dead if sickness and death are normal? Maturity cannot mean loss of power, loss of faculty, decay and death, but only the coming to perfection.

With Job shall we not look to Supreme Wisdom alone for the solution of our problem, and ask only for an understanding heart? "Let there be light" is the first proposition presented for our consideration, at the dawn of creation or consciousness. With the light of wisdom we perceive that the normal state of man is health. With that light we perceive that health is not dependent on decaying or perishable things, but is the establishment of the law of God in the heart. Health is the constitution of man. Health is the manifesta-

tion of the perfect law written in the heart, by the hand of the Almighty. "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The term "square" in ancient philosophy means perfect, and indicates health. Simonides speaks of a man being "square as to his feet, his hands, his mind."

The man who perceives his relation to God, man, and the universe; the man who is true in all his relations with his fellow-man, whose integrity is unquestioned; who recognizes his true Source of life, of wisdom, of power; whose poise, whose equilibrium is in God, creates a health atmosphere by his trueness, his perfectness; and all who come within the influence of that atmosphere become partakers of its quality. He is consciously, or unconsciously, a healer of disease. And in times of disaster or danger people turn to him as plants turn toward the sun for light, for warmth, for strength, for energy. They see in him an embodiment of truth, of law, and of order, and therefore the instrument through which these may be restored to them. Thus the ideal man is the real man; in approaching to the ideal, man becomes his true self. Realism, in so far as it denies the ideal, is a delusion; it is not representation but misrepresentation.

Man has never put himself to the proof. The poets and the prophets have sung his praises and foretold his wondrous possibilities; but these remain to be demonstrated in life. This is surely an age of transition; yet, in taking a broad outlook, we observe that the truth-seeker is confused with much doctrine, immersed in much meditation, at the present time. The Evolutionists are telling us how the highest faculties are evolved out of matter; the Reincarnationists are teaching what is involved in being evolved; and each of the various theories has some bit of truth as a nucleus, but each is encompassed by much illusion in the form of misleading doctrine, and assumes a hypothesis of preparation which may cover millions of years.

The mind is dazed with this extended term of preparation, and all that is therein implied.

But in turning our gaze toward those whose words and life have shed radiance over the world we find comfort in their disregard of complicated theories; we may say, in the words of Emerson, "I don't

wish to expiate, but to live." We learn to concentrate our scattered forces on the one idea of "true living"; because we are longing for Life in larger measure.

During the quarrel between Pope John the 22d and Louis of Bavaria, which lasted sixteen years, the people were not allowed any form of religious worship. The power and infallibility of the Pope and King was therefore questioned, and the outcome of it was a society called the "Friends of God," which included no Pope, no King, or priest, nor any mediatorial personage whatever. Each soul looked direct to the Creator for help and salvation from all sin and error. Their teachers (one of whom was John Tauler) were laymen, whose dominating motive was to cultivate in the mind of each man pure individualism, and therefore the elimination of the self-idea—the "Me and Mine" of mortal thought, and thus was revealed in them the Christ-spirit; the Impersonal Christ; the saviour of the world. Metaphysics in its scientific aspect has come to us to-day much in the same way but with broader scope—without creed or priest or mediatorial form. It teaches, as John Tauler taught, that purity of heart and simplicity of doctrine which is included in the two great commandments, love to God and love to man, and whose purpose is the release of the spiritual faculties from natural bondage.

Metaphysics has come with a healing balm that is immediate, permanent, and abiding. It has brought the Ruler of the Universe from an imaginary far-off throne and placed him in the consciousness—made him a companion and friend, an ever-present help in trouble, a healer of our diseases through the simple recognition of his presence.

It deals with the Eternal Now, recognizing no past, no future, but realizing the greatness and completeness of man *now*. The mortal is ever in a state of becoming, but the real man *is* now, and we would bring him forth—make him manifest.

It is the province of the healer to take cognizance of the perfect. "Be ye (ye are) therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." And it his work to establish that which *is*, and always was. How does he do this? By the realization of truth from the stand-point of true Being, recognizing that the word of Truth

possesses the power to call forth life, "raise the dead"—to awaken dormant faculties; but it changes nothing. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," says the Christ—"The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins."

He who would be healed of his error or disease by the light of wisdom, is led to drop out of mind all that does not make for righteousness—to erase from the mind all his false conclusions however derived; all that does not bring life and health and peace; to cease carrying the trappings or burdens of other ages, for his responsibilities are in the present only. Thus health, the healing, consists in simply ceasing to be what one is *not* and being what one is.

Be and not *seem*," says Emerson. "Let us take our bloated nothingness out of the path of the divine circuits. Let us unlearn our wisdom of the world—suffer the law to transverse our whole being without obstruction. Let daylight shine through us. Lie low in the Lord's power."

The supreme wisdom of the Greeks was, "Know thyself"; and this is the all of health. Jesus "needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man"; we should seek the same wisdom. And he told us how to attain it: To identify ourselves with the Father—Supreme Wisdom—and thus be able to live from the stand-point of Principle.

He who desires only to be relieved of physical pains and aches is on the plane of the physical, and seeks only to be cured as drugs cure. But true healing is regeneration; it is to be born of the Spirit here and now, knowing no other time than the present. The young live in the future, the old in the past; the present is therefore barren of results. The real man knows no age; he was never young, never will be old, but always *is*.

We are clearly taught that if we would prove what *is* that good and perfect will of God, we must be transformed by the renewing of the mind. What is meant by this, but the putting away of thoughts, beliefs, opinions, conclusions—the *débris* of the past, and in fine all that has not stood the test of truth, retaining in the mind only those thoughts which have life in them? "My words are Spirit, they are life," said Jesus. "Old thoughts," said an eminent orthodox divine,

"thoughts which belong to other ages, are the clothes which Jesus left in the tomb when he arose. The ideas of Calvin and Jonathan Edwards belong to their time only."

In the mind of man, as in the realm of Nature, there must be this continual separation of the wheat from the chaff. Does not Nature teach us the lesson of constant renewal in her periodical house-cleaning? Her housemaids, the wind and the rain, do their work well; there is no money value in their movements. They are working in obedience to a higher law inherent in them.

How effectually Nature sweeps up and washes away all that is not proving itself as having life, or health, that they may be transformed by her ministering spirits! The same law is working in man; the same regenerative process must take place in him. He must renew the substance of his earth (the body) by the renewing of his mind, until the perfect law is made manifest in beauty and perfectness. For only through perfect organism can the Spirit prove its perfection. There must be a perfect medium for perfect manifestation. Man need not go away from this body to be renewed, vivified, spiritualized; but he should stand like the tree and see the glory of God manifest in him. For he is the instrument of Power Omnipotent, not in the future, but in the present—*now*.

When the mind is illuminated by the spirit of Truth, then may we see and know what the wisdom of the world cannot perceive or understand. Man has failed to find the key that will unlock the mysteries of life because "His idols are the works of his own hands, that which his own hands have made." He has trusted to his own power.

It is very evident that we have now reached that period in transition when the Pentecostal idea should be verified. Let us ask ourselves what significance it has for us. What was the significance, the sign of its appearance?

It was said to be like unto "a rushing mighty wind," which filled the house. And there appeared "tongues like as of fire," and "sat upon each of them." "And they began to speak with other tongues" than their own, and to say wonderful things, "as the spirit gave them utterance." What is the office of these ministering spirits (wind and fire) but to "prepare the way of the Lord." Natural processes

and methods are swept away by these mighty powers, the *débris* of mortal thought is burned up like chaff by the fire of this transforming Principle.

All wonderful processes are wrought in the kingdom of the mind, the realm of ideas. Why should we longer seek to analyze Matter (shadows), when the realm of the real, the eternal, is waiting to be revealed to us? Let there be light! is the command of Truth.

Why continue our phenomena-hunting, when we may be imbued with the power of the Holy Spirit now, and be made ministering spirits rather than the slaves of Matter and limitation? It is not the cultivation of the marvelous in man that is the great desideratum, but the awakening of dormant faculties. It is not the getting outside of law, but living the law of God in manifestation. Man is a storehouse for the riches of God. All supply must come through him. And only Love—Divine Love—can open the door to that supply. Only Divine Love and Wisdom can open "the book of Life."

Whoever pretends to foretell sickness, misfortune, or danger, or aught that can create fear, or may close up avenues in you which were created for the manifestation of power; or whoever seeks to destroy in any measure the free use of your God-given faculties, or to stand in the way of your spiritual freedom to any extent, is a false prophet, and is dealing with delusions only.

The true prophet or healer foretells only good, being the messenger of wisdom and love. For he deals only with the real, with clear vision he takes cognizance of what you really are. He perceives in you powers and possibilities unknown to yourself, and makes you conscious of them by revealing to you the intuitions of your own soul. It is when the word of truth is spoken that light dawns and danger is made impossible. We should desire only the spirit of "All Good" to tide us over the ills of life. Divine Wisdom and Love conjoined in you make you your own seer and prophet. Once your vision is made clear, the doors of heaven—the knowledge of divine harmony—are open to you.

Perfect health transcends every attainment which man has ever reached, or can conceive of. It is the embodiment of power. It is the perfect poise of mind which may be likened to that attained by

the eagle in perfected flight—when it ceases from flapping its wings, and yet soars onward and upward. It is that self-poise which results from equilibrium of all the powers.

Perfect health being attained, the body remains in such perfect relation, and in such normal subjection to the mind, that it may be compared to a piece of tempered steel over which external influences are powerless. Its entire organization is in such intimate and happy relation with the mind, the *rappor*t existing between mind and body is so perfect, that error or inharmony cannot abide in that house.

To be self-centred in truth and love, is to create such life-currents about you, that you attract only good, and you thus become a law unto yourself.

He who has attained to perfect health needs no civil law for protection, for he has on that "charmed armor" which is said to resist arrows, and lances, and to turn the edges of battle-axes, as if they were thistle-down. It is the law of true relations which is our protection, our defence.

H. LOUISE BURPEE.

THE POTENCY OF MIND.

This wondrous world of ours I think would be,
A place of greater joy and peace, if men
And women, girls and boys would ne'er again
Send out a thought of hate or jealousy.
Each thought we think brings to us happiness,
Or makes us bow in sorrow dark and deep.
Good thoughts are true companions we should keep;
Their mission is to comfort and to bless.
Then let us try to banish bitter strife,
And study out the potency of mind.
'Twill not be then so difficult to find
Solutions for the problems hard of life!
When man is from all selfish thoughts set free
The world will join in one glad symphony!

F. BOOKER HAWKINS.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(III.)

The profoundest of all subjects is at heart the highest; the most complex of phenomena are in their reality the simplest. To know in all their fulness of real meaning the constituents of truth, the first essential is to correct the mind for all the sources of error to which the delicate organism of intellect is liable.

The brain may be compared to a system of lenses, each faculty requiring adjustment, and the results of both perception and conception requiring correction for the imperfections of sense and sentiment.

As the astronomer looks forth upon the starry heavens, so must we peer into the depths of that vaster, grander space wherein suns and moons, stars and planets, comets and meteors, each in its own orbit, revolve in cycles and systems, in galaxies and nebulae—aye, and in universes—some so dim and distant as to appear upon the very confines of eternity.

How does the wise astronomer enter upon his investigations of the night? He begins not with the star he seeks, but with the instrument he must employ. Not with his great equatorial does he at first seek to turn his eye upon that far-off world, but with a little telescope called a "finder" he picks out the tiny spark glowing in the blue-black void. Having thus found his object, the line of vision of the greater magnifier may be readily established.

Of that great equatorial how many are the adjustments that must be made before the results it records are accurate! It must—like the philosophy of the divine man—be founded upon a rock; the material of its construction, the brass and steel of its supports and cylinders must be reckoned with for variations due to heat or cold, to the sway and change which are the result of nature's seemingly inconstant variations; of days longer or shorter and of nights that vary; of sea-

sons that change; of the round world oscillating on its polar axis, trembling and pulsating with the speed of its pace.

It is not a simple instrument—this vast equatorial—but even with all its adjustments, the mechanism of its clockwork, its lenses ground to mathematical exactness, its carefully adjusted foci, a seemingly harmonious and mechanically perfect whole, it yet fails to give correct information without other and further corrections. The mechanical eye must be corrected for its aberrations, spherical and chromatic; verniers and micrometers, thermometers and other aids in their refinements give at the last approximations so close as to satisfy. But yet this is not all; the calculations resulting from the observations must be corrected—allowance must be made for proper motions of stars, parallaxes, and aberrations of light. Then, too, the astronomer must correct *himself*—his own eye for its slowness of vision, his own hand for its tremors, his own perception for its general inadequacy. Such are the difficulties, and such the demands of imperious science.

So long has the world taken its credences from the past; so long have the devout seekers after truth viewed their heavens with the naked eye of unasking faith, so long have the priests of the old dispensations taught the doctrine of epicycles, that sometimes it seems almost futile to attempt to demonstrate a science which nearly all ignore, and hopeless to claim to be of the race of the Magi—to follow the star till it rests over the manger where the young child lies. But hear Emerson's prophecy:

"There will be a new church founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again—the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come."

I do not claim to be a prophet; I do not seek to found any new cult, to inaugurate any new sect; I do not pretend to invent or to discover; I am not a goal, but a guide-board. The philosophy of the divine is a science, but can become so only to one who divests his senses of all superstition, and corrects his mind for all its aberrations due to the seeming accidents of life. If he has inherited a sanguine temperament eager to seek the new-born gawds that Shakespeare says make all men kin, he must make himself conservative;

the truth is very stable and very, very old. If he has inherited a stubborn will—a fixity of purpose content to repose upon the downy pillows of dogma, whatever those dogmas may be, if he thinks the ancient is good enough, he must give up his conservatism; he must be content to be radical. If you do not hate all opinion, all views, all doctrines, of father or mother or wife or child; yes, if you hate not your own life, with all its preconceived ideas, you cannot be truth's disciple.

The thinker must first and always guard chiefly against the vagaries of his own imagination; he must learn to eliminate entirely the personal equation, and to reduce all his fancies to a common denominator. It is permissible that he employ imagery, but he must stamp indelibly each figure of speech; he may use coloring, but his pigments must never be employed in the vile service of distracting attention from a faulty drawing. He must be so truthful that of everything he says it shall be said—not "how fine," or "how wonderful," or "how able" but—"how true!"

Believe not those who seek to prove the bondage of man. Man is free; between the inevitable and the impossible he is (what the Germans call) the "mayable."

When we look upon the rainbow as it arches the eastern hills how few of us understand the completeness of its being and meaning! Some of the pious unlettered find only there the sign and token of the great Being who, they are told in the Book, placed his bow in the heavens as an assurance that never again a flood should desolate the earth, and that thenceforth seed-time and harvest should never fail. The artist and the poet scan its dazzling brilliancy of color, moved to joy over a surpassing beauty; and the mathematician revels in this illustration of nature's fundamental laws made manifest in an optical illusion.

Yes, it is true, it is all an illusion. No Deity commanded the bow to be; for from the first time the eye of man looked forth over the horizon when the sun hung low and the raindrops fell afar off that bow glittered with the same primary colors. And man must have felt its glory even in that remote time when the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

And it is an illusion in many more ways. There is not one but countless bows—one for each perceptive mind, and (as some count reality) it is not a real thing at all, but rather a matter of impinging and immaterial sunbeams, each with its own greater or less velocity thrown against the down-rushing spheres of rain, bursting through the tiny ramparts of water, overcoming the outposts of refraction, hurled back and out by that invincible garrison the reflected light, in mad retreat to their safe citadel, and all in the twinkling of an eye. Because scientists—knowers of truth—comprehend all this, shall we say of the rainbow, “it is unreal”?

And the mirage, too, what fit symbolism is here!—outlined upon the sky, sometimes so seemingly real as to deceive the senses, and again distorted, inverted, as if the powers of nature, in mad perversity, sported with sensation, and mocked at man's perception.

Of old, ignorance and the rude rabble of thought fell into abject terror at so amazing a spectacle, and on their knees poured out petitions to the power that was supposed to rule the destinies of men. But this old order has changed; two little sprites, envoys from the fairy court of the great optician, Dioptrics and Catoptrics waved their wands, and lo! an explanation; sines and cosines take the place of hopeless guesses, and equations banish the hideous afreets, Ignorance and Fear.

What marvelous symbolism is here, in the mirage and in the rainbow, of the inevitable result of science in the region of religion! Soon or late, the iridescent myth of imagination shall be believed in for what it really is—not a negation, but the image, howsoever faulty, of a Supreme Reality: the only reality, the inheritance that fadeth not away, the “house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” the house whose many mansions find inhabitants—to every consequence as to every seed his own body.

All earthly phenomena are like the rainbow. That, to effectually arouse sensation, to be perceived, must arise out of a certain definite mathematical relation between three co-ordinates: the sun, or other source of illumination; the rapidly changed locations of separate transparent spheres having the optical value (from their frequent recurrence and faces of reflection) of a prism; and the perceiving eye.

The rainbow seems to be real, to be outside of us, to be made of color, to be stationary, to be a unit. But all these things are illusions. It has no reality outside of ourselves; its dependence for existence is within, not in the eye—the humors and the lenses—nor even in the retina itself where the image focuses, not even in the optic-nerve itself, but in profounder depths where the conscious soul, or that faculty of the soul which we call sight abides; there the divinity within recognizes its own self mirrored on the cloud.

All the sciences are built up from foundations of material facts cemented by experience and experiment. The ultimate atoms of which the sciences are made are isolated and disconnected perceptions, often discordant, and sometimes contradictory.

In the effort to reconcile and explain, the observer is not seldom driven almost to despair. He finds, as he thinks, sufficient facts to justify a plausible hypothesis; and yet, even while he felicitates his fancy that at last he has constructed a stable edifice wherein to garner his knowledge, an inconsistency appears, the foundation is undermined, and he pauses dismayed, fearing lest the work of thought has been all in vain. Or his very energy and industry prove his direst impediment; when the harvester of examples offers a new sheaf from the great crop to the keeper of the staple storehouse of science—lo! it is already full; the hypothesis is not sufficiently ample, and the scientist finds that he must pull down his barns and build greater.

Indeed, it is only as hypothesis becomes eliminated, as the guess gives way to the certitude, that the sciences erect any sure foundation at all; only at last, as they converge toward the ultimate of a fixed principle, do they become worthy of the name exact.

Geology has its foundations in mineralogy, that in turn in chemistry, and the span of chemistry rests upon the two abutments—constant mutation in manifestation, absolute fixity in principle. And that principle is mathematical.

It is the same, by variant paths, with all the inexact sciences; soon or late we must discover that the one basic element for reliance, and the only one that may not make us ashamed, is that solid substratum of *fact*; that basis of mathematics; that foundation of metaphysics. Manifestly, so far in the world's progress, it is only those

sciences that are directly and strictly mathematical which the intellect of man has been able to reduce to their absolutely lowest terms.

It seems as yet a quite futile thought that such branches of knowledge as botany, physiology, or biology, or any similar science, can be taken out of the region of laborious, prolonged, and patient practical investigation and be made to yield up treasures from the original matrix. And, above all, it seems beyond the dreams of even Idealism that the realm of Religion itself should be invaded and that the "lost tribes" of exact science, now weeping by the rivers of Babylon, should be restored to the Zion of Truth.

The quest for the scientific absolute, for the reality transcending phenomena, for the unknown cause of which the universe is a manifestation, has been the dream of thinkers since ever thought was. In the categories of Aristotle's "Organon" is found a list of Simple Ideas which claim to be considered "predicaments" or "things in themselves." This list is as follows:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| I. Substance. | VI. Passivity. |
| II. Quantity. | VII. Position (in space). |
| III. Quality. | VIII. Position (in time). |
| IV. Relation. | IX. Situation. |
| V. Action. | X. Possession. |

John Stuart Mill, in criticising this catalogue, says its imperfections are obvious; but in his criticism he makes a blunder as radical as those he criticises, by including the idea of "Action" as a factor of "Relation," when it is in fact a change of Relation.

Then Mr. Mill, with a bland perversity that would be humorous if it were not unspeakably dreary, enunciates his own analysis of Ultimates, not ten, but four; and these are they:

- I. Feelings, or states of consciousness.
- II. Minds experiencing feeling.
- III. External objects of excitation.
- IV. The relations between feelings.

Every one of which can be reduced easily to its lowest terms. For instance, a state of consciousness is a function of Relation, either between the whole (I.) and a part, or between parts (IV.). Mind and

feeling are synonyms. The idea involved in the word "experience" is a function of Action, or succession of conscious states.

Consciousness is that condition where the objective and subjective unite, where exoteric and esoteric become one; where the universe without and that within poise on a balance of ultimate reality.

If we say, with the gross materialists, that nothing is real but matter, that man is nothing but the spark of fire, and that the steel and the flint are the sole realities, we are wrong.

If, on the contrary, we say, with Berkeley, Hume, and Hamilton—philosophers of the dream—that this dream is the only reality, that all this earth inherits is the baseless fabric of a vision—if we say this, we are wrong also.

Both objective and subjective are realities, not because of their mode of impressing us or of expressing themselves, but because both are functions of Relation, moved upon or moving by some function of Action, or impelled by a will-power determined by brains, or a brain-substitute, which is a function of Volition.

You "determine" (as you say) to go somewhere; let us assume, to cross a river one mile wide. Because of having had experience in making the passage, you know that in the boat you intend to use it will take you just twenty minutes. On the dualistic doctrine of things, in other words, on the assumption that there are only the two co-ordinate powers, Mind and Matter, to deal with, let us try a little analysis to find how long it would be before you could cross that river. Assuming that one-half the distance could be rowed in half the time, in ten minutes you would have gone one-half of a mile. If, however, it requires ten minutes to go half way, half of the remainder will take five minutes. Follow the decreasing ratio and you will obtain this table:

20 minutes to go 1 mile.			
10	"	"	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
5	"	"	$\frac{1}{4}$ "
2.50	"	"	$\frac{1}{8}$ "
1.25	"	"	$\frac{1}{16}$ "
.625	"	"	$\frac{1}{32}$ "

And so you may go on, *ad infinitum*. Of course we know that this in principle is the ancient riddle of "Achilles and the tortoise,"

akin in its puzzling properties to that of "the babe and crocodile"—it is the problem of the Cissoid of Diocles and the asymptote, and doubtless of the same order as "Squaring the Circle."

The solution of these logical dilemmas is found in the undoubted fact that practically you can do what mathematically you cannot do. You cross the river in twenty minutes because though your path or course is a function of Relation, your journey is a function of Action. But this is not all. By another application of the above table of ratios you discover that not only has the great factor of Relation to be harmonized (I do not say, overcome), but Action also must be satisfied, as without some potency to influence Action you could never start at all.

You say you "determine"; does Action determine? You say you "intend"; can muscular, or any other form of energy, intend? You say you "start"; is starting conceivable without a motive to initiate movement? Certainly not; and therefore we find, without very stupendous mental effort, the absolute necessity of employing a function of the third co-ordinate. The path and the boat and yourself (as body) exist as functions of Relation; the journey and the exertion of the rowing—all the *going*—exist as functions of Action; but the starting and the continuance, and the stopping—the motive of it all—exist as functions of Volition.

This Volition is independent of time and space, but is manifested in time and space; it is independent of Relation and Action, but in manifestation it is interdependent with both.

The logic of the foregoing statements, axiomatic to thought and common to all sense-perception, reconciles, as nothing else by any possibility can, the difficulties which have heretofore beset thinkers who have thought only upon a dualistic plane. It gives, at a stroke, the third co-ordinate of truth; elevates the universe of mentality from an unnatural space of two dimensions to the natural one of three; divests the ancient goblins, "fate" and "chance," *a priori* and *a posteriori*, esoteric and exoteric, subjective and objective, and foreordination and free-will, of all the uncanny ferocity of their antagonism, and raises man from the degradation of his slavery to the tyrant "Effect" to the throne of the universe as a Cause incarnate.

We can never by dividing something continually by two finally arrive at nothing. We shall always have something. A continual halving of that which is will never gives us that which is not. Efficient causes are functions of the final cause, but the final cause (like the abstract principles of three-dimensional geometry, present in all practical problems of mensuration) is ever with the efficient, and—in the time and space of the especial phenomena considered—is both final and efficient.

Volition, the basic principle of motive, is coequal in action with Action, and coextensive in all its relations with Relation, coefficient of an infinite base, consubstantial with an eternal progression. It is that which is felt, not reasoned upon; apprehended, not comprehended; known but not understood; received by faith in taste, not testimony; and tested by love, not by logic. It is the x in the equation—the unknown quantity, which in solution becomes the equal of all that may be known. It is not only will, it is also willingness, the light of the world, and the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Relation is found expressed in that which we know as the “indestructibility of matter,” and Matter is that which finds expression because it is a function of Relation.

Action is that by which matter is changed, permuted, or combined. It finds its expression in what is known as the “conservation of energy,” and its mode of operation as the “correlation of forces.”

Volition is that which initiates; it is that which begins and which compels continuance. Volition is absolute in itself, but cannot *be* apart from its great co-ordinate Relation, nor *do* apart from its equally great co-ordinate Action; in other symbols of thought, Mind cannot exist apart from Matter, and cannot live apart from energy in some form, force in some form—some function of Power.

Antinomies are laws, or portions of the same law, which conflict, or seem to conflict.

The very first essential of a stable universe is inexorable and fixed law, everywhere prevailing, the inflexible justice of Truth, not to be thwarted by opposition, diverted by sophistry, cajoled by artifice, or bribed by flattery. This is the infinite necessity of the Supreme Being.

But if this infinite necessity, rigorous and exactly mathematical as it must be, were the sole primal prerogative of the Infinite, a universe such as we know it, of complete and abundant changes, would be im-

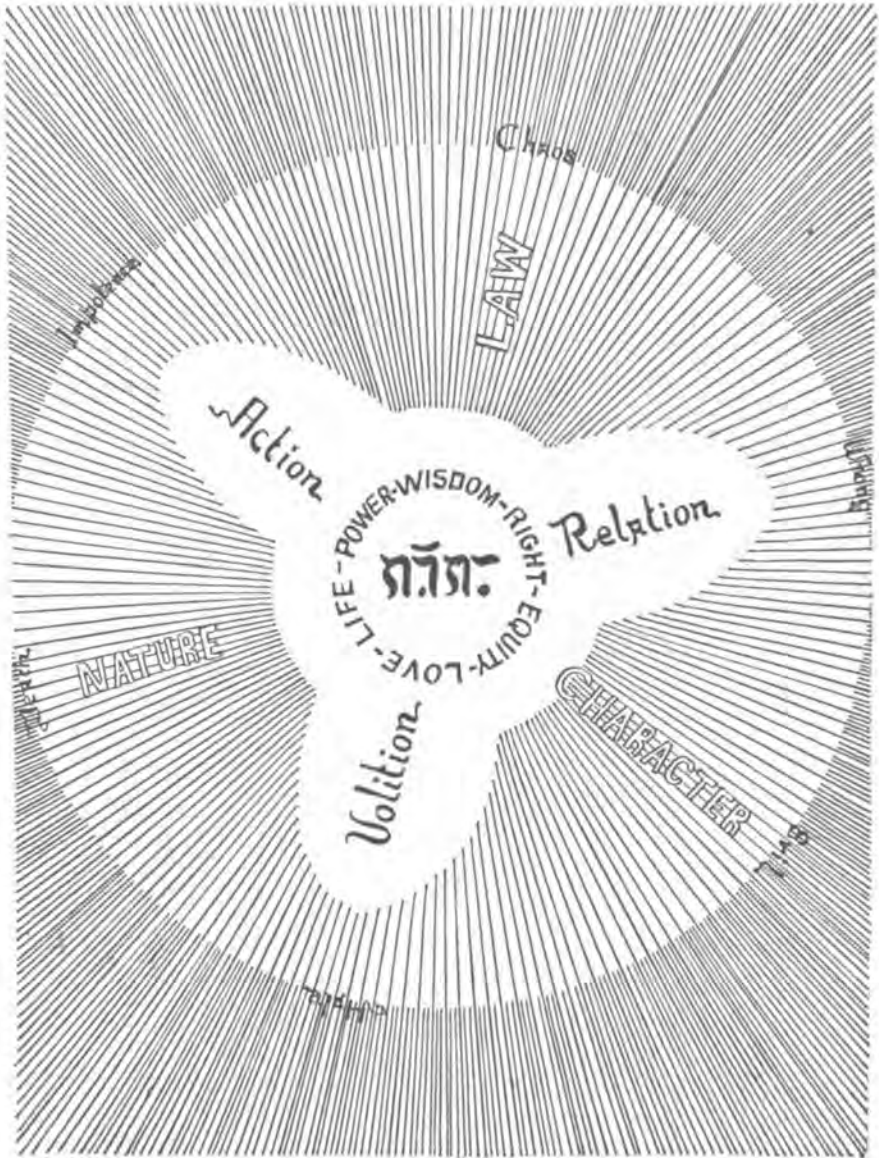


DIAGRAM OF PRIMAL FACTORS.

practicable; and, because Necessity is essentially static, creation would be impossible. God cannot change, but is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Jesus enunciates repeatedly that doctrine of the divine necessity. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" is not as some, misapprehending the nature of the divine will, imagine, the deliberate edict of a consciously foreordaining God, but the just result of causes—the constant in that equation of man's life of which his own will is the only variable, the infinite will being without variableness or shadow of turning.

The idea that the Supreme Being is "a person" is essentially fallacious. The very idea of a capacity to vary, to waver, to favor, nullifies the potentiality of the power to be just, and degrades the divinity of Justice.

Justice is potential not kinetic. Man draws upon it as the fountain from a reservoir. As without tremor or doubt we may call upon the spirit of mathematics in our calculations, just so may we draw upon the great spiritual reservoir of Justice till we ourselves are just.

How is it that the architect erects his stable structures, the bridge-builder swings his spans and arches? By what majestic mystery does the captain sail his ship thousands of miles across the watery waste? It is because of their knowledge, the knowledge of their faith, the certainty of their science.

The usual method of all investigation in matters of religion has been to assume certain things as self-evident, and these things have been—unfortunately for religious progress—the very ones that are most in doubt. The devoutly disposed have been, and many still are, unwilling to disturb the beauty of their traditional beliefs by investigation into their intellectual foundations; they accept God as unknowable and truth as unfindable, fearful lest in the process of investigation they might become convinced that there was no God and no truth.

But while the truth of the beautiful and of sentiment may be found in the region of taste, and while such truth is a pure relation between the individual and his fancy, the truth that is scientific is found only by a pure logic, which, to appeal to all alike, to be uni-

versal, as science must be in its conclusions, must necessarily be universal in its premises.

The science of mathematics seems to be an exception to the rule that all knowledge comes by experience and experiment, as mathematical conclusions are based upon certain declarations of fact called axioms. But an axiom is only self-evident because anyone can make experiments and have experiences which are self-satisfying.

It was but a few years ago that opinion respecting the ultimate and absolute was practically limited to the crude question: Is there or is there not a God? But of late years the minds of men have grown more and more agile; views have chased opinions; hypotheses, guesses, and suppositions have followed in quick succession till—perhaps most nimble of all—Herbert Spencer's profound dictum: "Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that man is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

And yet this is essentially fallacious. Energy in any of its protean forms is powerless of itself. It is inertia, at rest till started, in motion in a right line forever till arrested or diverted. It is the tool, not the hand; it is the hand, not the muscle; it is the muscle, not the nerve; it is the nerve, not the molecular motion of the brain; it is the molecular motion of the brain, not the impulse, the impelling, the real master—the will that starts and stops; action without the actor.

It is only by recognizing and acknowledging the existence of an ever-equal and co-ordinate principle of Action, culminating in perfect Power, as Relation culminates in perfect Justice, that it becomes possible to conceive of the orderly course of nature at all. But the union of Action and Relation, producing a condition of continuous and exact legality, puts only in another shape the doctrine of the infinite necessity. What was static—at rest—becomes active—in motion. Yet, in all the motion, whenever and wherever it be, from the first gleam of light to the latest movement of the tiniest particle of matter, was ever present the constant requirement of unyielding law. That action which implies change of state, also demands implicit obedience to the exactions of mathematical accuracy.

The practical application of these two coequal and co-ordinate factors in the world of nature is found in the orderly working of man-made machines, and extends up to and includes the infinite machinery of stars and suns and planets.

Therefore the unconditioned original of the universe exists in three co-ordinate and coëqual factors, primal, ultimate, and indivisible:

I. RELATION (which is mathematical).

II. ACTION (which is mechanical).

III. VOLITION (which is initial).

SCHOLIA AND COROLLARIES.

I.

The perfection of Relation is Right.

The perfection of Action is Power.

The perfection of Volition is Love.

II.

The antithesis of Right is Wrong.

The antithesis of Power is Impotence.

The antithesis of Love is Hate.

III.

Relation and Action produce Law.

Relation and Volition produce Character.

Action and Volition produce Nature.

IV.

Right and Power produce Wisdom.

Right and Love produce Equity.

Power and Love produce Life.

V.

The perfection of Law is Wisdom.

The perfection of Character is Equity.

The perfection of Nature is Life.

VI.

The antithesis of Wisdom is Chaos.

The antithesis of Equity is Evil.

The antithesis of Life is Death.

VII.

Relation becomes personified in Right (or Justice).

Action becomes personified in Power (or Intelligence).

Volition becomes personified in Love (pure motive).

VIII.

Law becomes personified in Wisdom (Right Judgment).

Character becomes personified in Equity (or Mercy).

Nature becomes personified in Life (Immortality).

IX.

There are innumerable forms of wrong relation, of weakness, of distaste, but one form of perfection; there are innumerable forms of imperfect law, temporary forms in nature, inequitable manifestations of character.

X.

Nature is the effect of heredity—"to every seed his own body"; character is individuality or the modification of antecedent natural causes in the individual or by the individual.

XI.

The godliness of man consists in his ability (through the merit of the method of Jesus) to become not principle, but principle incarnate; not God, but isomeric with God.

XII.

Equity is the correction of that wherein the law (because of its universality) is deficient.

Wisdom is the correction of that wherein Nature (because of its conservatism) is inert.

Life is the correction of that wherein character (because of its mutability) is transient.

The chief of all conclusions from the preceding premises is that our thought, our mentality, is not alone a complex mode of motion of brain-substance; it is that, and more than that. As mechanical movements of matter these are compelled to conform strictly with that factor of their being and are of necessity; but the mechanical in its turn must conform to will.

Choice, when conscious, is free, but free only within the limits determined by its coadjutors. Here, as elsewhere in science, action and reaction are ever equal, contrary, and simultaneous.

If we went into the depths of space a million times further than the remotest star of the most distant nebula, whatever forms nature might there assume, we could go confident of finding all the phenomena of that natural manifestation in entire harmony with these eternal truths.

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

"If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

This spirit is from all eternity; it is that which fulfils all the demands for an unconditioned original from an imperious science; it yields to orthodoxy insisting upon a deity without body, parts, or passions; adjusts itself without effort to the claims that doctrine makes for a sovereign ruler, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and yet it satisfies the yearning and the hope of the tenderest sentiment, pitifully beseeching the world's sagacity, in all the ardor of its destructive distillation of dogma, to leave to lowly and forlorn humanity the sweet comfort and promise of a God of love.

Jesus said: God is Spirit: and they that worship must worship him in spirit and in truth.

It was this Spirit which he continually called his Father, and with whom he continually claimed to be one. It is this Spirit which Jesus called God, and this truth of his worship which he compared to a rock; it is the truth whose yoke was easy and whose burden light; this is the way, while yet he declared there should be few to find the way, but that that way was by himself who was also the truth and the light.

All the venerable systems of religion have had their mystical triads: the ancient Norse, the Persian, and the Egyptian; while even now the pious Hindu, never uttering the great name of the Unifying Aum, worships, in countless shrines and under various guises, the Holy Trinity—Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer.

Lessing and Hegel, among modern rationalizers of mythology, indicate their ethical triunities; Swedenborg enunciates as inspired the trinity of Love, Wisdom, and Use, while Spinoza (closer perhaps than all to a genuine science) regards the Absolute in the triune form of Substance, Attribute, and Mode.

But none of these is absolute, none indivisible into simpler elements. Each may be resolved into simpler forms, to lower terms, to prime factors. All are complex, none simple, because all are ideal, not practical, products of imagination, not pure reason.

We must regard the other primal persons of the Godhead, Action, culminating in the person of Power, and Volition, culminating in the

person of Love, as we look upon Relation, culminating in the great person of Justice.

We never doubt the omnipotence nor omnipresence of that principle of right relation which we know intellectually as the truths of mathematics. We never doubt those same universal qualities in the domain of Action, when it is demonstrated that the working of this person of the Godhead is known to us as mechanics, physics, dynamics, chemistry, all the sciences whose function is the interpretation of the modes of operation of Nature in all those departments where force (as it is called) or energy, in any of its manifold shapes, manifests itself in matter, and becomes thereby intelligible to sensation and perception.

We recognize without difficulty the eternity and immutability of mathematical truth, and, with more difficulty, but still always in the end effectively, the equal stability and constancy of all truths of action, or the effect of Power in some form of its potency over the inert thing—that function of Relation which with our present nomenclature we call “matter.”

From the effect of a blow to the mode of molecular motion which we know as thought, it is all strictly mechanical, and, being so, of necessity not free to act of itself, but inevitably acting within the limits permitted by its co-partner, mathematics.

The rigor of the laws of mechanics is of the same order and strictness as that of mathematical laws—the one, while entirely separate and apart from the other, is yet always functional to that other, and all regular phenomena of any department of action may be stated in terms of algebraic symbols, and reasoned upon accurately and practically by means of equations.

We never think that this impedes the efficiency of energy in any of its modes of action—that the action, such as it is under given circumstances and conditions, must conform to absolute law. On the contrary it is this one fact which gives us confidence in the result of our investigations, and an assurance that those objects which we have attained in theory can be safely worked out in practice.

It is by this—the metaphysical certainty of reason—that the navigator sails his ship over the trackless deep; by this the builder sends

his towers skyward and swings his catenary curves and spans across the water-courses and abysses.

It was by this that Leverrier and Herschel prophesied that planet which we now call Neptune, and by this, step by step, the wilderness of ignorance has been reclaimed and man has replenished the earth and subdued it; and it was by this that Leibnitz and Newton simultaneously promulgated that truth of the constitution of Number called the Calculus, which, as we shall see, has so great a bearing upon the practical results of the divine order.

HUDOR GENONE.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

"Man, know thyself!" Without this knowledge, all
Beside is vanity. Though thou couldst scan
The heavens above, and count the myriad stars,
Trace through its orbit every planet,
Mark the true course of the eccentric comet,
Its journey prophesy, foretell the time of its
Return: couldst read the history of each
Far nebula as in an open book;
Though thou couldst sound the depths of ocean
As with a plummet—calculate its tides;
Know all the various forms that dwell within
Its wide expanse, and all the mysteries
Hidden beneath its waters; though thou couldst
Well describe the form, the motions, and the
Growth through countless ages of our Mother
Earth, and all the forms of life that have come
Into being, and have fed upon her bosom,
Have lived their allotted time, and passed away,
Yielding to other forms and higher types
Evolved from those below: though thou couldst,
With a prophet's ken, pierce through the endless
Ages of eternity, and couldst know the secret
Counsels of the Infinite, and wert able
To interpret them to men: and thereby
Fix their destiny through all eternity
By thine own fiat, calling it God's will,
Though thou shouldst in thyself embody *all*
The human knowledge of the past, and yet
Knewest not the good and evil in thyself,
And how to cultivate, or to restrain

The thoughts and actions of thy mind
 And bring forth tones of sweet accord—of
 Harmony, through that most wondrous instrument
 The human brain; then all thy learning
 Were as nought, and thine Earth-life a failure.
 Then hast thou still to enter once again
 The primal school, and learn to rule thy Spirit
 With a master's hand. Better to rule thyself
 Than all the world beside. Better to know
 The powers and capabilities of thine own mind,
 Than to hoard up what men call wealth, yet know
 That thou art destitute of nobleness
 And truth, and hast no store of moral worth
 To make thee rich indeed.

What art thou, Man?

Dost ever stop to think, and ask thyself
 The question? Not oft, I ween! And yet
 Thou lookst around upon the various forms
 Of life, and knowest thou art nobler far
 Than these; and why? Because thou hast a power
 They have not. Thou canst think and utter forth
 Thy thoughts; compare, and analyze all things
 Beneath thee: and feel within thy quickened
 Soul the germs of immortality. And yet
 It is a fearful gift, unless thou knowest
 To use it rightly.

Thou art a child of God!

Formed in the image of Divinity, endowed
 With infinite possibilities, yet these,
 Perverted or misunderstood, have wrought
 Thee misery instead of purest happiness.

Learn now to use thy powers aright
 And like some skilled musician, whose deft hand
 Can touch the insensate keys or strings of
 Some dumb instrument, and thence call forth sweet
 Sounds of harmony: learn thou to so call forth
 The sweeter chords, the music of thy soul,
 Through that grand instrument the human brain.
 Thy keynote is, and ever must be, *Love*.
 No grander sentiment can e'er be known—
 Love of the good, the grand, the beautiful;
 Of children, home, and all the world as well,
 And of thy fellow-men, to do them good.
 Perverted into love of self alone,
 It hath wrought thee misery in countless ways.
 Learn, then, to here obtain the perfect chord

That thy whole life may be attuned to music sweet
And thou mayst make of it an Anthem grand,
Praising the All-Wise Giver.

Yet not alone the keynote makes the Hymn:
Still other tones and chords must enter in
To make or mar its harmony. The grave,
The gay must intermingled be, to form
The perfect whole: else it would tire the ear
With its monotony. The dirge, or chant,
Too long continued makes us sad; we sigh
For sweeter, wilder tones, to soothe and calm
Or rouse our souls to quicker, fuller life.
In all things imitate the Divine Musician,
And Diviner Artist, God—whose handiwork
Above, around, beneath, within thee, speaks
Of endless change and progress.

Thou art His child!
And all eternity is thine, in which
To live and learn. In thine own hands, thou holdest
Thy destiny for good or ill. Choose wisely
And act nobly. Learn to utilize thy gifts
Aright, and strive for perfectness: then thou
Mayst rightly claim thy kinship with the
Infinite, and know thy work "well done,"
And thy soul anchored in sweet hope and peace.

L. T. R. AKIN.

UNDER THE BO-TREE.

Under the Bo-tree once I learned,
What all the Devas knew and saw:
How Buddha taught the boundless law
Of love—for hate returned:
That he who knows this law supreme,
Has found the Noble Path of life:
The way of peace, the death of strife,
Nirvâna's endless dream.
For this the Sâkyas knew and taught
In Sûtras old divinely sent;
And though some knew not what it meant,
Love was the Vedic thought.
And down the myriad ages hurled
By mystic hands the truth has sped;—
That love shall resurrect the dead,
And rule at last the world.

DAVID BANKS SICKELS.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"FLUNG TO THE BREEZE!"

In planning the future of this magazine we have determined to make it more than ever a great reform organ for the true advancement of *knowledge of the Right* in every phase of religion, philosophy, science, and art. All of these, we are entirely convinced, belong together and must grow in unison in the human mind, that there may be a well-balanced brain, mind, and soul, for the understanding of any spiritual truth.

The fundamental errors of modern theology will be met and disposed of by the foremost thinkers of the day, and in a way to bring forward the *true religion* underlying the dogma—to show its *strength* through its scientific aspects and its *power* through the real philosophical foundation which all true religion possesses.

The occult basis of all philosophical teaching will also be employed in this handling of the subject, to explain and make clear the points which in previous discussions have remained mysterious mainly because incomplete in illustration.

The truth is beginning to become apparent to the befogged theological intellect, that all true religion has its right foundation in philosophy. It is equally clear and certain that all sound philosophy has an occult basis, and that every tenable ground for religious teaching at the present time has existed for centuries in the occult philosophies of the East, as well as, under certain forms, in the prehistoric times of the West which teemed with a civilization while the East was but an uninhabitable wilderness.*

Based upon the clearly demonstrable ground of occult philosophy and science, there are disclosures near at hand that will shake the unstable framework of bigoted theological dogma—and creedal insanities

* See *Queen Moo and The Egyptian Sphinx*, by Dr. Le Plongeon, and *New Light from the Great Pyramid*, by Albert Ross Parsons.

in the form of blind beliefs—to the very foundation of their already quaking structures.

The upheaval will as certainly bring forward truths so grand as to bewilder the intellect of him who has only a "belief" whereon to rest his weakening credulity, yet shining with a light so soft in its mighty effulgence as to bring peace, joy, happiness, and content to the soul of every one who comes to realize its marvelous purity. That every man whom God created is necessarily divine is as certain as that the shining of the sun yields light; and the real truth of Being, as expressed in the divinity of man, becomes a revelation which makes necessary the reconstruction of every opposing theory of life.

Those of us who are blessed with the privilege of existence on earth at this time are just on the verge of great and important disclosures; and true religion is flowing to us through channels as numerous as the phases of human life.

Many publications have been placed in the field principally to quarrel with theology—many also to uphold religion; but we have yet to hear of one which has come forward ready, willing, and able to deal *fearlessly* with the errors, *lovingly* with the truths, and *understandingly* with the deeper and grander occult principles of all reality. These principles have stood for unnumbered ages, among all peoples, and are to-day recorded in all languages and in every variety of character—in books, manuscripts, painting, sculpture, and architecture; in the monuments, pyramids, mounds, and structures of all nations; in the development of the human form and frame—frequently recorded enduringly in cities so long buried beneath the earth's present surface that none can tell when their inhabitants lived their busy, searching lives.

The universal testimony of these records goes to prove—whether we would have it so, or no—that there is a unit of religious truth, and that a unity of religious feeling responds to the one source of reality in all phases of understanding. We propose to deal with this vital subject under the triune power of fearlessness, feeling, and understanding—*courage, love, and wisdom*; and the clarion cry sent forth as we enter the arena, is—*On, to the inevitable Victory of the Right!* And this even though so-called good and evil, as such, both meet the fate of the shadows under the searching light of the eternal substance of never-ending Reality.

To those, if any there be, who would continue the conflict for the selfish purpose of maintaining the wrong because personally chosen, or wilfully set up as right—a "golden calf" in their "wilderness" of erroneous reasonings—we say: Stand aside, lest the blood and ashes of your errors and false opinions strew the ground! Reconstruct your views, lest the everlasting night of the shadows envelop you in homeless wanderings amid your own befogged illusions!

In declaring this line of action, it is our purpose to become a fearless medium for the strongest and purest thought along all lines that give promise of advancement to mankind in understanding the intricate problems of their own being, and of the universe which they inhabit; and we shall allow no scholastic bigotry to bind our hands, fetter our intellect, bias our judgment, or blind our perception in any manner whatsoever.

Our columns will be open to thought which fulfils the purpose outlined and it will be judged entirely without prejudice of any sort. Our basis of balance shall always be the *eternal duration of truth* as found in the pure philosophy of Eastern, and occult, as well as in the best of Western teachings, each judged solely by *its results in human life*.

We earnestly ask all true and honest thinkers of the world to join hands with us in this noble work for the enlightenment of the race. The density of present understanding makes necessary a material medium for the conveyance of pure thought to the minds of those who need and will respond to its uplifting teachings. We are prepared to act as that medium, and we believe that no other publication in the world can so effectively respond to the needs of the time. Bound to no school, given over to no fad, opinion, or precept, devoted only to that which can be proved true—be that what it may—we are open to everything *real*, and we scorn every self-appointed authority based on opinion or selfish purpose, and supported, as such always is, by dogma. Dogma and the menace of damnation go hand in hand—the one cannot be supported without the other; both are the offspring of ignorance and maintained through superstition. The only devil present in this beautiful universe is the *infamous belief* that evil is necessary in a true scheme of life.

Bring in the light of fact and the shadows of illusive opinion will inevitably be dispelled; establish the Right, and wrong can find no foothold.

FRONTISPIECE.

Dr. Franz Hartmann, whose portrait appears in this issue, is well known to the majority of our readers as a prominent writer on metaphysical, occult, and religious subjects. He was born at Donauwoerth in Bavaria, and pursued his education at Kempten. In the year 1862 he received the degree of M.D. from the University of Munich, and in 1863 occupied the position of surgeon on the U. S. Ship "Mercury." Making a trip through the United States, he spent some time among the American Indians of the Shawnee, Seneca, Choctaw, and Cherokee nations, and visited Mexico for the purpose of studying its mysteries. At various times he has practised his profession of medicine and surgery in St. Louis, New Orleans, Fredericksburg in Texas, Hot Springs in Arkansas, and Georgetown, Colorado.

Being a born mystic, Dr. Hartmann was from his earliest youth attracted by everything mysterious and occult; indeed, his very cradle was surrounded by occult phenomena. Educated in the Roman Catholic Church, he soon became dissatisfied with its teachings, and disgusted with the hollowness of this faith, and of materialism, he investigated Spiritualism, becoming acquainted with the principal mediums of these days. There is perhaps no person living who has had more opportunities to witness all of its phenomena. But as Dr. Hartmann's investigations proceeded, he became at last convinced that these "spirits" were not what they pretended to be, and that the phenomena were produced by a variety of invisible causes, which cannot be explained in a few words. Having thus become ripe for receiving higher instruction, he was attracted by the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, with whom he entered into correspondence. This led to his receiving an invitation, through Colonel Olcott, to come to India and join in the theosophical movement. Accordingly, in 1883, after short visits to Japan and China, Dr. Hartmann went to Adyar (Madras), remaining nearly two years in charge of the management of the affairs of the Theosophical Society during the absence in Europe of H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott.

Later he went to Germany to study the German mystics, and joined a Society of Occultists, with whom he remained for seven years. During this time he wrote several books on the Rosicrucians and their secret

symbols. In 1886 Dr. Hartmann visited Philadelphia to investigate Keely's discoveries of the ethereal forces of nature; he returned, fully satisfied in regard to the reality and importance of the Philadelphian's invention, although as unable as the inventor himself to explain its principles to the satisfaction of a scientific public, unable, because of their materialistic point of view, to comprehend the explanation.

Having become intimately acquainted with another great inventor in Austria, Dr. Karl Kellner, of Vienna, the world-renowned electro-chemist and inventor of chemical paper-pulp, electrical soda-manufacturing, and a great mystic, occultist, and student of alchemy, Dr. Hartmann settled at Hallein near Salzburg, one of the most beautiful places in the Austrian Alps.

He is the author of many valuable books on the occult sciences, and is editor of his "Lotusbluethen," a theosophical monthly in German.

Dr. Hartmann has lived among many different nations and sects and has studied the various important religions of the world, and even joined the Buddhist Church; he, however, has never been "converted" from one belief into another. He believes that a real Theosophist is he who has outgrown all blind beliefs and dogmas, and entered that realm of wisdom where man does his own thinking and where exists the self-realization of truth.

PROFESSOR EBERS ON "NEW LIGHT FROM THE GREAT PYRAMID."

After reading "New Light from the Great Pyramid," Professor Georg Ebers, the famous German Egyptologist and historical novelist, sent a fine photograph of himself to the author, with the autograph inscription: "To Albert Ross Parsons, with heartiest thanks for his most interesting and suggestive work."

Professor Ebers studied jurisprudence at Göttingen, then English, French, and Oriental languages and Archæology at Berlin. In 1865 he became docent in Egyptian language and antiquities at the University of Jena, and in 1870 he was called to Leipsic in the same field. In 1869-70 he made a journey to Egypt, which was repeated in 1872-3, when he discovered the "Papyrus Ebers," published in 1874 under the title of "Papyrus Ebers, a hieratic handbook of Egyptian Medicine."

THE FUTURE OF HINDUISM.

Hinduism to-day is attracting the attention of the learned everywhere. We find that it has many times received shocks during different ages—different stages of civilization. We find it has influenced nearly all ancient religions, the Eleusinian epopts, and we believe the Pythagorean teachings of the past. If we study the Neo-Platonists of the second or third century after Christ, or the Christian era, we see its influence on their thought. Indelible traces of it are seen here and there in Greek philosophy. The Christian gnostics have arrived at the same truths on subjective thought as is revealed in Vedanta philosophy. To-day we find people in the West embracing this religion, and I believe the time is gradually drawing near when there will be a general adoption of Vedantic Truths, which will influence largely the character of all nations. . . .

A student of philosophy in the West has many creeds to study. He begins with the creeds and dogmas of Christianity. He may examine them minutely and carefully. If his spiritual intuitions are quickened, he must go deep and further examine more deliberately. He must examine something more liberal—perhaps the mystical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg or the transcendental philosophy of Anna Kingsford in her "Perfect Way." He may go further and take up German metaphysics, and in Germany we find to-day Vedantism is gaining ground. We have no gradual studies, but all conflicting schools, whereas, in Hinduism they have reached the most beautiful and transcendental ultimates—the "I AM BRAHMAN, I AND THE UNIVERSE ARE ONE," and have left the filling in of man's gradual progress for lesser thinkers. Those who have reached these heights have been jealous that any of the minor sciences should in any way influence the mind or interrupt it during its ascent, or in the reaching of these lofty conclusions. All other sciences—the minor sciences—have at once been relegated to that of Maya or illusion. These teachers have called the objective an illusion. Materialists cannot understand this, but the Hindu Rshis thought it necessary, that the ultimate might be practically reached. This is the opinion of the best thinkers to-day.

Let us trace man's progress, or in other words, man's gradual development through the misty past until to-day; and let us see how Hinduism can affect him. The new science of anthropology reveals that man has

lived long, long ages ago, contrary to what some theologians would have us believe; and here we find religion rather in an ignoble position—that of being contradicted by science. Anthropology has undeniably shown primitive man to be little better than an animal with tiny perceptions living in forests, caves, and on mountains. Let us watch him and see the first dawn of his higher nature. He is alone with nature, the stars, the running streams, the golden sunshine, living and breathing—we would scarcely care to claim relationship with him. Can we imagine him asking, “who am I,” “why am I here,” “where am I to go,” “whither am I going”? In his solitude he finds how nature acts, how the great storms and cosmic disturbances happen, and one of his first ideas is that there is an Unknown power; he does not understand and therefore he fears it. Fear was the beginning of his worship. Brute force is what he craves. Hercules is his god to fight his battles. We can see the culmination of this stage in the Spartan’s perfect physical body, where the warlike nature becomes fully developed.

Psychologists have called this the Adamic Man or the Animal Man. The next stage is the intellectual, sometimes called the Hermetic. At this stage his fears grow less—love of something higher grows a little stronger. His intellect now dawns. This is the period when he gains ideas—seeing things in different lights. He is not yet serving others. He is still serving himself. Sometimes he is full of faith in his own being. He becomes aware of the elements of his own nature—perhaps becomes materialistic. All souls are incarnated, differing in experiences, all seeking expressions, finding different paths: one says come and drink of my water—it is the only pure water; another says, don’t take that water, poison is mixed with it. So according to one individual’s intelligence, we have the world of creeds and beliefs—narrow or broad according to his development or evolution. Peak after peak does he ascend, showing that intelligence is higher and mightier than brute force, as the arts of war and military power become a science where brute force held sway before. He has been serving himself. He has been the master of himself, building his own body. Let us watch him in his next development—the higher man where he no longer serves himself but others. Here is the turning point. His perception advances; he begins to understand creation. He understands why he is here, where he is destined to, where he has been

eternally progressing. The spiritual man is born. By this time he feels his higher spiritual intuitions, that reason cannot follow. Instead of being satisfied with his five senses, he wants others with which to interpret this higher man; a sixth sense, as one of the French philosophers calls it, is the "magnetic" or "psychic" sense. Not only has he these physical senses but their counterparts in his spiritual self. Clairvoyance, or Devic Seeing, I believe is what the Upanishads call it, whereby one can discern intelligence at the back of every object. Clairaudience is another sense whereby he can hear sounds too subtle for the physical ear. He can taste sweetness and discover aromas which are not discerned through the physical senses only. Contrasting with his physical sense of touch he finds the power of psychometry awakened. This is a wonderful sense. If I take up this letter I imprint on its aura, or astral atmosphere—which is around every object in the universe—my image; the state of my mind is photographed and recorded in the Great Book of Life. His intuitions, just referred to, become inspirations; he feels divinity within him. Divine power comes upon him. In fact he is inspired by the Divine Spirit. The soul speaks and the words carry conviction. Let me say something of another sense through the help of which one can speak with the Higher Intelligences at will. It does not matter by what term we call them—gods, angels, Buddhas, those who are free from cares, desires, from the trammels of the material world. By this time our pigmy man with his puny perception has become a spiritual man—perfected. His heart is now in the breast of everyone and the blood of all living creatures is running through his veins. He has one sense,—an ALL-SENSE—united with and to all beings. The sorrows of all are his. His heart is full of sympathy, full of love. He is all love; his wisdom is sublime; he is prophetic. He no longer possesses a so-called discordant element in nature. He has simply unfolded his potentialities. This is the spiritual man. These truths are better understood by the Hindu, who is naturally godly—who is ever holding to the idea, "I am approaching nearer my God." This is the true Hindu spirit,—trying by head and heart to become Divine or to gain that exalted consciousness of his Divinity. . . . (Hinduism, I say most emphatically, supplies spiritual provision for all sorts and conditions of individuals. Hinduism is an all-inclusive religion open to all. It envelops and reverences all religions. It reflects universal truths for all.) + . . .

We are approaching the dawn of a new day for humanity. Man is understanding himself, his soul, and finds that he is not the mere outward senses but that there is something greater within him. He sees he has nothing to fear. Fear is banished. Man's progress has always been kept back through fear. Fear not anything. Search for this All-Wisdom within you, and all matters will at once become clear—all questions whether political, social or religious will be answered from that centre. It is easier for the Hindu, I believe, than for an American. Why? Let us compare the two for a moment: The American people are energetic, always in a hurry, never satisfied—always trying to go ahead of others, forgetting that we shall all get there on time—flesh eaters and centring attention closely on material welfare. While on the other hand, the Hindu is proverbially mild, godly, religious; he can and does easily reach that centre. It is this country that has sent the newest and last great thoughts. The world is turning its eyes on India for the solution of the many problems of this universe. Everywhere its study is being eagerly taken up. We are only gradually becoming aware of the sacrifice and unselfishness of many of the leaders both past and present, and of the touching history of the noble Sannyasins. I say it is a very hard matter to understand this devotedness and the cultivation of that spirit of renunciation. To give up home, friends, family, dress and the surroundings which we hold so dear is undoubtedly a very difficult task for the Western people. This idea of renunciation can only be grasped from the highest feelings in the human heart. This is an idea just going through our understanding—that of intense realization to become united with the Para-Brahman. In this country we expect to see the Atman manifest in man. Your past has produced many such ideal men, and more will yet be born. No matter what upheavals and shocks India meets—this is her ideal. . . . Have beautiful thought and you will become beautiful, have spiritual thought and you will become spiritual.—*Coulson Turnbull, Esq., Ph.D., in "The Dawn," Calcutta.*

When we miss the leap in the gymnasium we do not allow it to disturb us. We gird ourselves anew and try again and again till we have accomplished it. Then we raise the vaulting-bar to even a higher level, and find delight in the fresh effort.—*Charles B. Newcomb.*

THE MESSAGE.

By some grand mountain's surging stream, where sombre pines cast gloomy shades that speak of night and pain, where clouds drop down from overflowing hands the fruitage of the sea, where sunlight gleams like smiles of joy amid the tears of sorrow, there falls a tiny seed.

The miracle and mystery of life lie there, enfolded close within, the power that draws from all environment the forces that transmute the waiting elements until they manifest themselves in higher forms.

Time's changeless change goes on; the day's new birth attends upon night's death; the music of the wind throbs with the joy of life, and sinks to silence in some strain of voiceless suffering.

And then, born of the strife and clash of elemental powers, product of forces working since the birth of time, holding the secret of the patient years, the perfect flower holds up to heaven a message from the heart of Love for souls that read the mystery aright.

J. B. MILLER.

TWO HYPNOTIC EXPERIENCES.

Among my subjects at Bonner Springs, Kansas, was a nervous little girl of about eleven or twelve years of age. I succeeded, to my surprise, in obtaining physical control, and then she received the suggestion of heat. A silver dollar, which I told her was hot, had such a fascination for her that she kept touching it with the fore-finger of her right hand. She would say to me, "That is not hot!" but immediately upon touching it, she would exclaim, "It is!" Her reason nevertheless insisted that the coin was not hot.

She returned to her mother, who was in the audience; but before the close of the lecture, she returned to the platform, and said, "See—that dollar blistered my finger!"

That there was a blister upon the finger many of the audience can testify; and her mother the next day confirmed the fact.

In El Reno, Oklahoma Territory, among my subjects one evening, there was a very bright boy about twelve years old. I fastened his hands together; but while talking to him I discovered that he did not understand me, and I was told that he was deaf and dumb.

I then thought he had only imitated the action of the other subjects, and so I experimented upon him.

Taking a silver dollar from my pocket, I laid it in his hand. He held it, showing no sign of pain. I then pointed to the stove, and drew back my hand as if it were hot. Then I touched the dollar, with a similar gesture, and the same expression on my face. In a few moments he jumped, cried out, "Oh!" dropped the dollar, and rubbed his hand. This showed that the suggestion had produced its effect.

So far as I know this is the first instance of the hypnotic influence being exercised upon a deaf-mute subject, and the experiment seems to me worth recording because of the possibilities it suggests for future investigation.

H. H. BROWN.

CALLED BACK IN A DREAM.

Caroline Sackruiter, a young German woman, who has lived for nearly three years with the family of Ferdinand Kroemer of Beltzhoover, suddenly started for her home in the old country a few days ago under circumstances of an interesting character.

When she rose on the morning of the day before she started she claimed to have a presentiment that all was not well with her younger sister. She said that in the early hours of the morning she had been awakened by her sister's voice calling her, in a plaintive manner, and that when she sat up and gazed around her room she seemed to see a picture of her home in the outskirts of the city of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, and that on a couch, under a lattice window, which in her childhood days had been the favorite play spot of herself and sister, she saw the sister lying with her arms stretched out toward her.

She told her friends, after telling them of the call she thought she heard and the vision she had seen, that she was prepared to hear bad news from home. Inside of three hours she received a letter from her mother containing the information that her sister was fast dying of consumption. Caroline lost no time in preparing to start for home. She came to Pittsburgh that afternoon and purchased her passage, and left for New York the next day to sail on the steamship *Iser* of the North German Lloyd line, for Bremen.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swift fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before the men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead,
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For this such reverence is lent
To well established precedent.
A moral lesson this must teach
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
And do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood gods laugh,
Who saw that first primeval calf!
And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—*Exchange.*

We are all working together to one end; some with knowledge and design, and others without knowing what they do; as men also when they are asleep, of whom it is Heraclitus, I think, who says that they are laborers and co-operators in the things which take place in the Universe. But men co-operate after different fashions; and even those co-operate abundantly, who find fault with what happens and those who try to oppose it and to hinder it; for the Universe has need even of such men as these.

Thus he lives as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends, a peacemaker, a lover of peace, impassionate for peace, a speaker of words that make for peace.—*Buddha.*

Nature keeps herself whole and her representation complete in the experience of each mind. She suffers no seat to be vacant in her college. It is the secret of the world that all things subsist and do not die, but only retire a little from sight, and afterward return again. Whatever does not concern us is concealed from us. As soon as a person is no longer related to our present well-being he is concealed, or dies, as we say.—*R. W. Emerson.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

ASTROLOGY. By Ellen H. Bennett. Cloth, 330 pp., \$1.00. Published by the Author, New York.

This work has been compiled after years of careful study, the chief object being to render it useful to the student of Astrology. The author calls attention particularly to Horary Astrology, "a subject which may be speedily learned by any person of even moderate education." The book opens with an account of some of the noted writers of ancient times, upon this subject, foremost of whom is Claudius Ptolemy who flourished about A.D. 133; and, in more modern time, of Placidus de Titus, who in 1647 wrote a book interpreting Ptolemy. In Chapter XL. is given an explanation of the signs and characters used in Astrology. The book is interesting and, we judge, of value among the more modern books on this ancient subject.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY CROSS. By F. B. Dowd. Third Edition. Cloth, 240 pp., \$1.50. The Rosy Cross Pub. House, Chicago.

The sub-title of the book is, The Soul, its Powers, Migrations, and Transmigrations. It seems to be a rambling and burdensome discourse, attempting to touch on every known or imagined topic of the subject of life here and hereafter. It says a great deal, but tells little or nothing that helps to understand the subject in any of its intricate phases. There is much good thought that is common to other writers, but little that is new which teaches anything definite. Hundreds of books of this sort are in the field, all containing good teaching for those who are sufficiently advanced in knowledge to be able to select the grains of wheat, but the verbiage under which the thought is buried renders reading difficult for those who really need the help. The personality of the writer overshadows nearly every page. Its intrinsic value in the literature of the day is not great.

A METAPHYSICAL OCTAVE. By C. Hellmann. Paper, 49 pp. Elliot Stock, London, Eng.

This little booklet, with its unique and attractive title, is a vehicle for the author's speculations upon such subjects as Religion, Faith, Eternity, Resurrection, Conservation, and Causation, all treated from the philosophic stand-point with pleasing success. These are topics which vitally concern every earnest mind, and the pen that can aid in making them better understood becomes an instrument for good to mankind.

THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. Cloth, 219 pp., price by mail, \$2.00. M. L. Holbrook & Co., 46 East Twenty-first Street, New York.

This subject is treated by Dr. Holbrook in an original manner, and from the stand-point of common-sense. He advocates purely hygienic remedies—food, clothing, the dwelling, horseback riding, enlargement of the chest and lungs, pure air, light, the scientific use of the sun-bath, and vocal culture. In addition to these he lays great stress upon such psychical agencies as the will—will-power, courage, and similar forces. The use of drugs and medicines is entirely set aside. The au-

thor considers the psychical treatment peculiarly adapted to the sensitive natures of consumptives. All of this is a step in the right direction, and we recommend the book to those interested in this subject.

THE GOD IDEA OF THE ANCIENTS. By Eliza Burt Gamble. Cloth, 334 pp., \$2.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The design of this work is to show the influence of sex upon the formulation of religious conceptions and creeds, and is a continuation of the thought expressed in the author's earlier book, "The Evolution of Woman." A brief outline of religious growth is given in the present volume, at the same time the object is to show the effect which each of the two forces, male and female, has had on the development of the God-idea. Chapter V., "Separation of the Female and Male Elements in the Deity," elucidates the fundamental thought of the author. The book will certainly prove interesting to the student of ancient religions.

A SPIRITUAL TOUR OF THE WORLD. By Otto A. De La Camp. Cloth, 207 pp., \$1.25. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

The author of this attractive book states in the Preface, that it is "an appeal to those who are interested in studies concerning the spiritual motive of our Universe and the nature of our destiny." The Evolution of Life is studied from the spiritual stand-point and the reader is carried along a path, the view from which opens out into a world of mysteries, and is made acquainted with an ideal universe, the foundation of which is harmony. It is a noble theme and full of interest to the Truth-Seeker.

THE GHOST OF GUIR HOUSE. By Charles Willing Beale. Cloth, 184 pp., \$1.00. The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati.

To the lovers of romance and mystery Mr. Beale's book will prove intensely interesting. The hero, through an impulse of curiosity, finds himself involved in circumstances more or less intricate, and at the same time is plunged into an atmosphere entirely new to his experience. The story is a mingling of love and occultism and is treated in a philosophic manner.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. By Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reifsnider. Cloth, 292 pp., \$1.00. A. C. Reifsnider Book Co., St. Louis.

THE NEW DISPENSATION AND MISSING LINK BETWEEN JEW AND GENTILE. By Mrs. Florence Cecil Gilbert. Cloth, 329 pp. 38 West Sixty-fourth Street, New York.

YE BOOKE OF YE CARDS. By "Zuresta." Paper, 113 pp., one shilling. The Roxburghe Press, Westminster.

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING. By J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. Cloth, 136 pp. Vegetarian Jubilee Library. Published by The Ideal Publishing Union, Limited, London.

PEARLY GATE BIBLE LESSONS. Part I. By A. G. Hollister and C. Green. Cloth, 255 pp. Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

PHILOSOPHY OF PHENOMENA. By G. M. Ramsey, M.D. Cloth, 208 pp. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for August, is a "Special Educational Number," and contains many articles of interest on the subject of Phrenology. The opening article, by Jessie A. Fowler, is a character sketch of Mayor Strong and of a few prominent educational magnates of the recent Convention of the N. Y. State Teachers' Association. \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents a number. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first Street, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL.—The July and August numbers both present the usual make-up—Biographical Sketches of Authors—Tales from Foreign Tongues—Articles on Timely Topics—Matters Diplomatic—Letters from Abroad, etc. The July number opens with an article on The Walls of Constantinople, by Emma Paddock Telford. The August number offers a variety in translations from Swedish, German, French, Dutch, and Italian authors. \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy. Union Quoin Company, 358 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

THE FORUM, for August, has a long list of important and interesting articles by notable writers, among which we note: The Growth of Religious Tolerance in the United States, by Rev. Lyman Abbott—The Evolution of the Educational Ideal (II.), by Dr. Friedrich Paulsen—The Future of the Red Man, by Simon Pokagon—Statesmanship in England and in the United States, by Senator George F. Hoar. The price of single copies of The Forum, beginning with the September number, is to be advanced to 35 cents. The yearly price—\$3.00—to remain unchanged. J. M. Rice, Editor. Published by The Forum Publishing Co., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MODERN ASTROLOGY, for August, presents an attractive contents, having the additional feature of a frontispiece portrait and horoscope of the Editor, Mr. Allan Leo. This publication easily stands at the head of the Astrological journals and is a means of instruction and help to students of this science, and it is ably edited by Mr. Leo. Annual subscription, 12 shillings, post free. 1 and 2 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E. C.

PLANETS AND PEOPLE. Devoted to The Science of Occult Forces, Astronomy, Vibration, Magnetism, Life. \$2.50 yearly, 25 cents a copy. Planetary Publishing Co., 69 Jackson Street, Chicago.

THE NEW THOUGHT. Monthly. \$1.00 yearly. Melrose, Mass.

UNITY. Semi-monthly. \$1.00 yearly, 5 cents a copy. Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

THE LITERARY DIGEST. Weekly. \$3.00 yearly, 10 cents a copy. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH. \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents single copy. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE PHILISTINE. A Periodical of Protest. \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents single copy. Published by The Society of the Philistines at East Aurora, N. Y.

MERCURY. Devoted to the Study of Theosophy, Oriental Philosophy, The Occult Sciences, and the Brotherhood of Man. \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents a copy. San Francisco, Cal.

INTELLIGENCE.

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THE DOGMA OF INSPIRATION.

The orthodox indoctrinated student fervently insists that none can rightly be denominated a Christian who refuses to believe that the Bible is the inspired and infallible Word of God. This doctrine has held the scepter of authority for many ages. It is true, nevertheless, that it is not the primitive Christian doctrine of inspiration, but is comparatively modern.

The common notion, regarding the manner of composing the Gospels, which prevailed in early Christianity, is expressed by John, the Presbyter, who is believed to have been one of the Lord's Disciples. He says of the Second Gospel, "Mark wrote it with great accuracy as Peter's interpreter. He committed no mistake when he wrote down things as he remembered them"! (Vide Eusebius's Ecc. His., III. 39.) The notion of infallible and verbal inspiration did not assume dogmatic form until the seventeenth century. It was then declared of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament that "it is inspired [theopneustos] equally as regards the consonants, and the vowel points, or at least their force." *

The dictum of orthodoxy, however, has long since been modified by varying and confusing qualifications. It still insists upon the infallible inspiration of the Bible, relegating simply the manner or method of inspiration to the investigation of the student.

This article is written to challenge and disprove this interpreta-

* McClintock and Strong's Cycl. of Bib. Lit.

tion of the doctrine. I shall seek to prove, out of the mouth of Scripture itself, and of other competent authority, that the prevailing and accepted dogma is unwarranted either by history, the sacred writings, or philosophy. First then,

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF INSPIRATION?

There has been a vast deal of word-clashing and hair-splitting over this problem. Dogmaticians have elaborated innumerable differences without distinctions. They have piled up Ossas of qualification on Pelions of explanation till the vision is obscured and knowledge confounded. Out of this confusing mass perhaps the clearest orthodox exposition may be found in the following quotation from an article in Kitto's *Cyclo. of Biblical Literature* (*in loco*). "No part of that Holy Book was written without miraculous influences; all parts were equally inspired; in regard to the whole volume the great end was infallibly attained, namely, the commitment to writing of precisely such matters as God designed for the religious instruction of mankind [By what mysterious pathway did this author thus confidently creep into the mind of God to know his thoughts?]; the sacred penman wrote what had for its object not merely the immediate benefit of individuals or churches but what would be useful to Christians in all future ages; in regard to the most minute and inconsiderable things which the Scripture contains we are compelled to say, this also cometh from God!"

Dr. Leonard Woods, a learned orthodox scholar, in commenting on Dr. Henderson's position as above expressed, and assuming a somewhat more liberal attitude, remarked: "When God inspired different men he did not make their minds and tastes all alike, nor did he make their language alike. Nor had he any occasion for this; for while they had different mental habits and faculties they were as capable of being infallibly directed by the Divine Spirit, and infallibly speaking and writing the truth, as though their mental faculties and habits had been all alike."

It is very manifest that the idea here involved is that a certain chosen set of men (quite infinitesimal as compared with the billions of earth's inhabitants) were set apart by God that in some mysterious

manner they might be made the safe instruments through whom the Almighty could voice his sentiments; and that these chosen few, alone of all the inhabitants of the earth, perfectly and unerraneously conveyed the thoughts and purposes of the Eternal Father. But we may find in even more modern and immediate declarations of Christian teachers assumptions as conservative and unyielding as those of Dr. Woods or Dr. Henderson.

In 1861 Dean Burgon preached in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, as follows: "No, sirs, the Bible is the very utterance of the Eternal: as much God's own words as if high Heaven were open and we heard God speaking to us with human voice. Every book is inspired alike and is inspired entirely. Inspiration is not a difference of degree but of kind. The Bible is filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit of God; yea, the books of it and the words of it and the very letters!" *

According to the same authority even here, in free America, we have as stanch defenders of literalism. So eminent a scholar as Dr. Hodge of Princeton, exclaims that "the books of Scripture are one and all, in thought and verbal expression, in substance and in form, wholly the work of God, conveying with absolute accuracy and divine authority all that God meant to convey, without human additions and admixtures;" and that "infallibility and authority attach as much to the verbal expression in which the revelation is made, as to the matter of the revelation itself."

Surely, then, these inspired writers must be possessed of some rapt and supersensuous consciousness: of some rare sense of unapproachable superiority and adaptiveness. Could a man be so absorbed of God, in the extraordinary manner contemplated in the above definitions, hold such visible communion, see the very countenance of the Almighty, and hear his holy voice ringing through his being, without instinctively recognizing his superior allotment in life's opportunities, and proclaiming with unrestrained joy and exultation the fact that he was the chosen of God above all the adoring masses and worshipping congregations of earth?

The Psalmist, at one time, breathed somewhat of such exultant

* White's "Warfare of Rel. and Sci.," Vol. II., p. 369.

consciousness, when he exclaimed—"I was dumb with silence, I held my peace . . . ; my heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue." (Ps. xxxix.) Or again, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me . . . , and he hath put a new song in my mouth even praise unto our God." (Ps. xl.) But in Psalm cxliii. on the contrary he seems to speak of his experience as purely natural and often discouraging. He cries out: "My spirit is overwhelmed within me; I meditate on all thy works; I stretch forth my hands unto thee; my soul thirsteth after thee as a thirsty land." These words certainly do not sound like the outburst of a soul suddenly possessed of a conscious divine intelligence, superior to that attainable by the majority of the human race and especially endorsed for the peculiar and significant uses of the Lord. The Soul of the Psalmist apparently is not as conscious of a divine possession as are the souls of our poets when they invoke the inspiration of a "Heavenly Muse." Does not the poet often hear

Voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night;
And he listens and needs must obey,
When the angel says "Write!"

Is not the poet's implied injunction as imperative as the voice of God or the power of the Spirit when ordering the words of the sacred writers?

"Take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Matt. 10, 20. This scriptural passage is often regarded as a specific proof of the infallible inspiration of the Apostles "who have the constant assistance of the Holy Spirit, whether engaged in speaking or in writing, and of course were liable to no mistakes either as to the matter or the manner of their instructions." (Kitto, *in loco*.)

But has not every true poet and orator felt as well these kindling fires of the Sacred Spirit, when burst from lips and flowed from pen such spontaneous eloquence and wisdom as in his normal state he could not possibly have created?

Milton, methinks, reaches an equally lofty consciousness of Divine possession and inspiration when he adoringly exclaims:

Of man's first disobedience . . .
 Sing, heav'nly Muse, . . . I
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
 . . . while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me. . . .
 What in me is dark,
 Illumine; what is low raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Here, although Milton seems to feel sufficiently the weight of his great task, he nevertheless does not hesitate to claim as divine an inspiration as the Psalmist, while he assumes as much importance in the purpose of his poetic mission and the achievement of his aim.

THE CRUCIAL QUESTION IS,

Did any of the writers of the Bible ever define, or claim for themselves, such extraordinary and significant experiences as we know they would be conscious of, if they, of all the people of the earth, were the especial few that were the accepted confidants of the Almighty? There is one event in the Bible that may well afford us the suggestion of what this general experience would have been among the inspired elect. When Mary, the mother of Jesus, according to the accepted records, was informed by the angel Gabriel that she was to become a mother by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, she expresses her amazement: is overwhelmed at first with extreme sadness and then with ecstatic joy, which at last finds a tongue in the sublime Magnificat:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

But among all the writers of the Bible we find no glad acclaim of their conscious and exceptional possession by the spirit of God, of their intelligent apprehension of the peculiar and significant inspiration above that which is possible to all men; and in their in-

vocation and prayers they ever seem to write and think and sing but as other inspired poets and seers and minstrels in all ages have done. In the face of this fact we ask, Whence came this strange conviction on the part of the believing masses of Christendom that they who wrote these books called the Holy Bible were so inspired to write them that they have even since been an infallible and absolutely perfect volume, in which no error can be traced, whose authority is final and supreme in all the realms of thought and morals, the only Rule of Faith and the unqualified guide of life?

Perhaps we can best appreciate the vulgar popularity of this conception of the Bible by pursuing the course of its historical development. That we may cover the survey of the entire Bible we will begin with

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Now we are wont to hear divines declare with most stubborn insistence and certitude that every book in the Old Testament is positively inspired and infallibly true, notwithstanding the fact that the highest scholarship even in conservative ranks is continually taking exception to the canonicity of certain accepted canonical books; e.g., The Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, Ruth, Jonah, and others.

There are many eminent conservative scholars who unqualifiedly declare that these books should not be classed among the authorized books of the Old Testament canon. Now, I ask, how has such a conclusion been reached? By what means do our modern scholars become wiser than their great ancestors and rise in supposed authority above them?

Because modern scholarship has discovered a curious fact in the historical development of the Old Testament canon which seriously qualifies the entire problem of its accuracy and authenticity. It has been discovered, to begin with, that the ancient Jews held no such ideas of the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible as those of our modern Christian theologians. For instance, these theologians put such interpretation upon the dogma of inspiration, as we have seen in the definitions above quoted, that they leave no room for a secondary or semi-authentic inspiration. They claim that all the writers

are equally inspired, although the character of the deliverance of such inspiration may vary according to the education or idiosyncrasy of the individual writer. But the ancient Jewish doctors differed materially from this conception. Maimonides, for example, the greatest light of Jewish wisdom in mediæval ages, distinctly avows that there are at least *twenty-nine different degrees* or stages in the inspiration of the sacred writers. But who can conceive of a variability or gradation in God's infallible wisdom? If, then, God spake in the language and thoughts of the inspired sacred writers, how can there be any gradation or variability in the quality of God's inspiration, that is, in the imparted infallibility of God's communication? Manifestly, therefore, the ancient Jews held no such ideas about the infallibility of the Old Testament as our present Christian divines insist upon.

When we study still further into our subject we discover that there was only one portion of the Old Bible which the Jews regarded as inspired in the same manner as our modern divines consider that the entire sacred volume, both old and new, is inspired. They so understood only the Pentateuch. Here was authority. Here was infallibility. Mr. Greg, in his *Creed of Christendom*, has said with worthy emphasis: "It will be readily conceded that the divine authority or proper inspiration (using the word in our modern, plain, ordinary, theological sense) of a series of writings of which we know neither the dates, nor the authors, nor the collectors, nor the principle of selection—cannot derive much support or probability from the mere opinion of the Jews; especially when the same Jews did not confine the quality of inspiration to these writings exclusively; when a large section of them ascribe this attribute to five books only out of the thirty-nine; and when they assign to different portions of the collection different degrees of inspiration—an idea quite inconsistent with the modern one of infallibility" (page 80).

Thus far, then, we have discovered that nowhere in the Old Testament is any claim made by the supposed inspired writers to such infallible inspiration as, according to popular theology, we are led to assume that they did claim. If they themselves did not make clear the fact that they were so overwhelmingly and peculiarly possessed of divine knowledge, what right has any subsequent student

of these Books to incorporate in these same writings the foreign and illy warranted idea of their absoluteness and infallibility?

Secondly, we have discovered that the people who anciently were the most concerned in preserving the dignity, integrity, and authority of these noble writings were themselves very unwilling to ascribe to them any such a degree of superior knowledge and authority as the much later and far less sympathetic students of modern times insist upon attributing to them.

The very natural conclusion to which we seem to be forced, then, is that the farthest removed and least sympathetic interpretation of modern theologians, concerning these disputed books, must be erroneous, inasmuch as it is antagonistic both to the purport and intimation of the authors themselves, and to the students of and believers in this Book who were anciently of all people the most nearly allied to and associated with it.

What stupendous audacity pure argumentation has assumed when, ages after a book has been written, it seeks to demonstrate that its origin and purport were absolutely the reverse of what its original authors conceived them to be! But scholarship has revealed even more concerning the historical developments and preservation of this wonderful volume.

The limitations of this article will not permit the introduction of minute details. Suffice it to say that we have now learned that the text of the old Bible, as it has been preserved to us through all the Christian centuries, acquired but a comparatively recent authority as the final and absolute canonical text. We now know that the Synagogue of Jamnia, in about the first Christian century, under the leadership of Rabbi Akiba, determined upon the selection of the Hebrew masoretic text as we now have it, and ordered all other texts then extant to be destroyed or burned. The result is that there is not a single variation or uncertain letter in the entire Hebrew text of the old Bible.* This is remarkable, if not amazing, when we recall that there are at least fifty thousand discrepancies between the different Greek texts of the New Testament manuscripts. We may, there-

* See W. R. Smith's "Old Test. in Jewish Church," p. 74. Also Brigg's "Biblical Study," p. 130, for various authorities.

fore, justly suppose that there were very many differences existing between the texts of the old Hebrew manuscripts, before this astute Rabbi merged them all into one.

Indeed this latter insinuation has been demonstrated almost to a certainty by what is known as the Septuagint translation; a Greek rendering of the original Hebrew text which was made nearly three hundred years before the birth of Christ. There are so many differences existing between this translation and our accepted Hebrew text that they give rise to much discrepancy and confusion.*

Therefore we are permitted by historical evidence to claim no more for our present Hebrew Bible than that its text was determined upon,† and at the same time freely interfered with ‡ and in places absolutely garbled,§ by purely human and in no sense inspired Hebrew Rabbis and teachers, no earlier in the ages than in the first century of our present epoch. Does it not then seem almost farcical to claim absolute and imperative obedience for this Book, as though in every particular it were the voice of God, ordered to be printed by His holy command, and feared as if it were literally His very rod and scepter overshadowing our disobedience?

The simple truth is that this book was manufactured as all other books have been; only that its key is pitched to a higher note of inspiration and sublimity than ordinary literature. It imparts to the soul a holy zeal, while it is perused, merely because the thoughts that breathe and words that burn upon its every page emanated from profound and sacred spirits who wrote out of their own deep experiences their songs of sorrow and melodies of gladness. It thrills because the minds of those who wrote were thrilled with lofty visions and the voicings of a sublime prophetic future. They were the true seers because they caught a foreglimpse of the hope of suffering hearts, and from the promontory of their exalted lives, purified through pain, they beheld the promising future. They

Dipped into the future far as human eye could see,

Saw a vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.

But they saw as any human soul may see who lives in the Temple

* See Brigg's "Biblical Study," p. 151 seq.

† At Jamnia A.D. 70. See W. R. Smith, "O. T. in Jew. Ch.," 172 seq.; and 412 seq.

‡ Brigg's "Biblical Study," p. 156.

§ Ibid., p. 126, for authorities.

of Truth and abides under the shadow of purifying love. They wrote as any heart would be inspired to write which has been washed in the blood of persecution and oppression, of slaughter and crucifixion, for truth's and righteousness' sake; as any one would sing who would willingly suffer martyrdom if but the glorious orb of wisdom shall arise to shine upon a benighted world through the melting hues of divine and hallowing mercy.

Thus far in our study we have been dealing chiefly with the Old Testament. We have learned that the old idea of its inspiration and infallibility cannot face the advances of modern scholarship and maintain itself. But before leaving this branch of the subject I should like to review a few more passages of the Bible which are ordinarily believed to emphasize the claim of the authenticity of the ancient scripture. There are, for instance, passages where Moses or Joshua is commanded to write down certain events or laws in a book. This has been claimed as a sufficient showing that the Pentateuch was the work of Moses. But it cannot be demonstrated from these passages that Moses did more than write the law which was to become the moral and ceremonial code of the inchoate nation. This much doubtless Moses did himself indite. But as to the authorship of the entire Pentateuch and the poetical and historical books, Spinoza's bold conjectures several centuries ago no doubt approach the truth. He held "that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch, and that the historical books from Genesis through the books of Kings constitute one great historical work, a conglomeration of many different originals by one editor, probably Ezra, who does not succeed in a reconciliation of differences and a complete and harmonious arrangement. The books of Chronicles he places in the Maccabean period. The Psalms were collected and divided into five books in the time of the second Temple. The prophetic books are a collection of different fragments without regard to their original order." (See Briggs's "Biblical Study," p. 197.) This is in the trend of modern scholarship, and his analysis of and insight into the original structure of the Old Testament so long in anticipation of modern development is truly marvelous. But the common reader may discern for himself certain hints in the Old Testament as to

ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

Josiah the good King (2 Kings, chap. xxii.) reigned in the seventh century before Christ. During his reign it is said his priest made a marvelous discovery, nothing less than the finding of the Law in the unfrequented recesses of the neglected Temple. A great feast is proclaimed and a solemn covenant engaged in by all the people to re-establish and uphold the Law. Now, how could it be possible that all memory of a law which had become so thoroughly inwoven into the civil fabrics and commonplace relationships and practices of the people, could have been so utterly obliterated within a period of 700 years? When we recall the fact that the original law was said to have been written amid surroundings of unparalleled grandeur upon a tablet of stone, and that this event was solemnized and preserved in tabernacle and temple, and its glory repeated in song and prophecy from generation to generation, how can we believe that every vestige of this ancient register of deeds and legal restrictions could have utterly passed out of the minds alike of king and priest and people? When we consider the twelve imperishable Tables of the Roman Law, the indestructible unwritten Law of England, and recall the fact that any legal enactment or social and civic usage, which becomes woven into the every-day transactions and common relations of life, has been in all modern experience inerasable from the memory of man, the story of the sudden discovery and reinstitution of the ancient Mosaic Law becomes wholly incredible.

We are safe in saying, therefore, that the establishment of these ancient ceremonial laws cannot be traced further back than the seventh century before Christ; and by a careful reading of the book of Nehemiah we will doubtless be compelled to agree with modern criticism and be forced to place the books of the Old Testament, in anything like the form in which we have them, not earlier than the fifth or sixth century before Christ. This date, however, must apply only to the earliest of the historical books, for many of the other books are thrown far forward in history and become comparatively modern compositions.

We see then how plainly ridiculous is the hue and cry which a crumbling conservatism uplifts while being undermined by the continuous burrowings of scientific scholarship. The reactionary onslaught of orthodoxy, denying the right of fellowship to those who reject the conclusions of an antiquated criticism when applied to sacred writings, will be of no avail in quenching the tremendous enthusiasm of modern research, and the irresistible determination to bring to light every iota of evidence which will explain their mysterious origin, and enable all honest students to wrest them from libelous distortion, and finally to establish their place in literature where they will become intelligible, verifiable, and practicable.

Let us now turn to the question of the

INSPIRATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Our method of study will be similar to that which we have pursued in searching for the evidence concerning the composition of the Old Testament. We therefore repeat that if the writers of the New Testament believed and realized that they were in an especial and unparalleled manner inspired of God to utter such truths as were never before conceived by the human mind, they themselves would be so conscious of this conspicuous experience as to declare it in language unequivocal and indisputable.

We well know that Paul, and no less Peter, never hesitates to dilate upon his marvelous experiences, as, for instance, when he was overcome and fell blind in the presence of the resurrected Jesus upon the Damascus road; when he was caught up into the third Heaven and saw and heard things unspeakable, etc. Why, then, if he so carefully particularizes all his especial spiritual experiences, does he not clearly and unqualifiedly emphasize this one, which would assuredly be the sublimest and most incontestable of all his spiritual perceptions and rapturous revelations? He does not, however, say that he was so possessed by the Holy Ghost that he could utter nothing but what was absolutely true and which came from God himself. Yet certainly Paul would have said this if he had been conscious of it as an actual intelligent experience. However, that we may be sure of our ground and not assume more than we can demonstrate by procurable

evidence, let us resort to conservative orthodox authors and discover their opinion in regard to the position we have assumed. As to the claim of authentic inspiration by the authors of the Gospel narratives Dr. Thomas Arnold in his "Christian Life" distinctly affirms his inability to discern the claim. "I must acknowledge that the scriptural narratives do not claim this inspiration for themselves," he says. Coleridge in his *Confessions* says: "I cannot find any such claim made by these writers either explicitly or by implication."

Indeed, the personal motives of the writers of the Gospel narratives are so clearly revealed in Luke's singular exordium to his Gospel that it were well to review its positions. He says: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most assuredly believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word [an implication that these eye-witnesses left no orderly but perhaps fragmentary writings]; it seemed good to me also, having [. . . been commanded of God and infallibly guided and instructed by the Holy Ghost? Oh, no!] had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order," etc., etc.

What is the implication here? Manifestly, that it was the custom in those days to write what one knew about Jesus, either by personal observation or by hearsay, and that such inscriptions were purely human and unguided by any special divine oversight, save only as any good man may be guided who gives himself to a pure and noble undertaking. How absurd, then, in the face of Luke's explanation of his own motives and purposes in writing his narrative is the claim of its absolute divine guidance and its invulnerable infallibility? How absurd such language as Dr. Henderson uses, which I quoted in the beginning of this article: "In regard to the most minute and inconsiderable things which the scripture contains we are compelled to say, this cometh also from God!" But as to

THE APOSTOLIC WRITINGS

Mr. Greg ("Creed of Christendom") well says: "There are, scattered through these, apparent claims to superhuman guidance and

teaching, though no direct assertion of inspiration. It is however worthy of remark that none of these occur in the writings of any of the writers who were contemporary with Jesus and who attended his ministry—in whom, if in any, might inspiration have been expected; to whom, if to any, was inspiration promised. It is true that we find in John much dogmatic assertion of being the sole teacher of truth and much denunciation of all who did not listen submissively to him; but neither in his epistles nor in those of Peter, James, nor Jude, do we find any claim to special knowledge of truth or guarantee from error by direct spiritual aid." Elsewhere he pointedly puts the issue thus: "The question asked by inquirers and answered affirmatively by the current theology of Christendom is 'Did God so confer his Spirit upon the Biblical writers as to teach them truth and to save them from error?' If he did, theirs is the teaching of God; if not, it is the teaching of man. There can be no medium and no evasion." ("Creed of Christendom.")

We shall discover that there are but a limited number of passages in these Apostolic writings which make the apparent claim to inspiration referred to.

In the first chapter of Galatians, Paul delivers his certificate of recommendation as an inspired Apostle. He says: "I certify that the Gospel which was preached of me was not after man—but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." He then says that after he was smitten down on the way to Damascus he went not to the Apostles at Jerusalem but to the wilderness of Arabia, then returned to Damascus, when, after a period of three years for the first time he went to Jerusalem and met with Peter. Now, before critically examining this passage we cannot refrain from comparing it with another recorded saying of Paul with which in my opinion it is utterly impossible to reconcile it. In the 22d chapter of Acts Paul is making his defence and giving a very detailed and minute account of his conversion. There he says that after he was smitten on the way he was commanded (v. 10) that he should go into Damascus: "and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do." This is certainly contradictory of his statement that he was not instructed of man; especially when the very man ("Ananias, a devout man ac-

according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews") was indicated as the person who should instruct him! But a more damaging discovery is that there is a flat contradiction between Paul's assertions in Gal. i. 17, 18, and Acts ix. 26 to 28. In the former passage he positively asserts, "Neither went I up to Jerusalem—but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus; then after three years I went up to Jerusalem."

But in Acts ix. the narrator declares that Saul (Paul) came to Jerusalem and was set upon by the Jews, but Barnabas took him and brought him to the Apostles, and declared how he had seen the Lord in the way, etc. This palpably refers to Paul's (Saul's) experience immediately following his departure from Jerusalem while yet "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" he sought the dwellers of Damascus "that he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." What then becomes of Paul's unqualified declaration that he did not at that time go up to Jerusalem and not until after a sojourn of three years in the wilderness of Arabia? Until these two contradictory statements concerning Paul's conversion are reconciled there can be no especial emphasis placed on his insistent declaration that inspiration came "by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

These discoveries are enough to destroy any claim to inspiration if the passage really claimed it. But if it proves anything in the way of special inspiration for Paul it proves entirely too much. For out of the words of Paul's own mouth we shall be able to prove that if he was truly and infallibly inspired then Peter, Barnabas, and others were lamentably at fault in making similar claims for themselves. In Gal. ii. 11-14 Paul makes a ruinous admission. There he says he withstood Peter to his face at "Antioch" "because he was to be blamed"; he "dissembled" and "walked not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel," and intimated unequivocally in verse 16 that Peter taught that men were to be saved by the works of the law and not simply by "the faith of Jesus Christ."* Here then is an evident admission by Paul that he was preaching a Gospel which was very dis-

* The entire argument of Paul set forth in Galatians ii. and iii. is against the doctrine of salvation by works, which Peter apparently had, by his acts (ii. 11-14), been upholding. Peter dissembled, first eating with Gentiles till, after an apparent rebuke from James, he separates himself and would make it appear that

tinct from and averse to that of some of the other Apostles. This fact is made still clearer by Paul's constant reiteration of what he insists on calling "My Gospel"! He would not insist upon such a claim if he were not provoking an attack upon the Gospels of others which were seeking recognition in opposition to his own.

Hence we are forced to decide that if Paul was infallibly inspired then the other Apostles, for whom equal infallibility is claimed, must be admitted to have been merely human authorities. If Paul was directly instructed by God what to do and say then Peter could not also have been so instructed, for, if he had, he never could have made himself obnoxious to Paul and the subject of his condemnation. But if one stone is removed from the foundation of the structure of the dogma of infallibility then the entire structure falls to the ground. There can be no partly inspired and partly uninspired portions of the Bible if all is equally inspired and it must ever be said even of its most inconsequential passages that "these too come from God."

But a curious and suggestive section of 1 Corinthians (vii. 6-15) calls for special examination. This passage is often used to prove that it was Paul's very evident intention to be understood, by all his followers, as a special subject of infallible inspiration. But we shall here discover another illustration of how often that which apparently affords the very foundation of an argument becomes, on more studious investigation, but the support of its exact opposite. I think I shall be able to show that instead of this passage proving the infallibility of Paul's inspiration, or that of any of the others for whom infallibility is claimed, on the contrary, it forces the irresistible conclusion that Paul himself entertained no such notion of inspiration as is demanded by our modern divines. Let us investigate this curious passage. Paul is called upon to solve a great problem. Evils had crept into the church because perverted sentiments concerning the necessity and sanctity of marriage had been promulgated among the members. Paul was confronted with two serious questions: First, whether Christians should marry at all, and second, if after marriage it is discovered that they are unequally yoked, some believing he violates the law by eating forbidden things, he cannot obtain the salvation of Jesus. It is this inconsistency in Peter which Paul is rebuking while denouncing his apparent doctrine of salvation by works.

ing and some disbelieving, whether they should continue united or separated? Now, in answering these questions Paul assumes two modes of authority; first, "by permission," that is of his own accord; and second, "as commanded of the Lord." But is it not unintelligible, if not stupid, to assume that a man, who believed himself to be absolutely and definitely instructed of the Lord concerning any of life's great problems, would, while declaring the will of God, venture to interpolate and commingle therewith his own views? Would it not be sacrilege and blasphemy for a man who had such familiar access to the Lord that he could receive wisdom freely and without upbraiding for the mere asking, to confuse the utterances and instructions of the Almighty by the interpolation of his own personal conceptions at the very moment when one of the most momentous of all of life's problems was confronting him? For it must not be forgotten that it was not concerning any matter of minor importance regarding which Paul seems to be willing to interlard his own views while proclaiming the Lord's will relating to a kindred topic. Is it not an equally solemn and responsible duty to advise the young who are anxiously applying for knowledge whether it be wise and spiritually proper to marry, as it is to advise those who are already married whether under certain circumstances it be right or wrong to separate? Nevertheless, concerning the former Paul assumes to render his own opinion, without so much as seeking from God any superior information, while concerning the latter he professes to be directly instructed by God.

Now, it must be manifest to all that a man who so wrote and spoke could not have honestly and seriously entertained any such notion regarding inspiration as that which orthodoxy assumes to be the only correct interpretation thereof.

But a still more detailed investigation of this curious passage will reveal a fact which is not apparent on the surface and which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere exploited.

I think I can demonstrate that when Paul says he speaks "by commandment of the Lord" he meant nothing more in his heart of hearts than that when Jesus was on the earth he taught in like manner himself. This will become very apparent when we examine all of

Paul's teachings and discover that he uses this expression only when he is reiterating Christ's earthly sayings. Never does Paul use this expression when delivering an original opinion, but in such cases he makes it very clear that he means to speak merely as man to man. That we may better understand the important contention I am here introducing, let us study this very passage in detail. He is advising about the propriety of divorce. He says that he is commanded of God to teach that the wife shall not "depart from her husband. But and if she depart, let her remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband: and let not the husband put away his wife." Now, we know very well that this teaching does not accord with Christ's instructions, as recorded in Matthew, concerning the propriety of divorce, but it does concur with Luke's record. In Matthew, Jesus allows one cause for divorce (adultery or fornication), but in Luke he allows none. There marriage is absolute and indissoluble. Now, it is admitted in scholarship that Luke's Gospel is a reflection of Paul's preaching and teaching; that Luke was himself a disciple of Paul, and doubtless refers to him in his exordium as being one of the eye-witnesses from whom he procured accurate information. Manifestly, then, when Paul declares that he is commanded of the Lord, he merely means to convey the inference that he had learned that when the Lord was upon the earth he himself had taught in similar fashion. Therefore, in regard to this particular "inspired instruction" concerning the propriety of divorce he was but giving that version of Jesus's teaching, which, according to tradition, prevailed in that region where Paul was converted and preached. There apparently seems to be no other possible just construction of this section of Paul's teaching. It seems to me that scholars will henceforth be forced to declare that this passage so long held up as a strong bulwark of evidence in support of absolute and infallible inspiration must be surrendered to the antagonists of orthodoxy. In this special declaration by Paul of his supposed inspiration by God he is merely contending that his instructions are the same as were those of Jesus and they are therefore to be obeyed as "commanded of God."

It remains for us to examine but one more passage which has long been regarded as sufficient evidence of divine inspiration. I

refer to 2 Timothy iii. 16. "All scripture is given by inspiration," etc. Of course it must be apparent that this proclamation can have reference alone to the ancient scriptures of the Jews, for there were no Christian scriptures when this was written, and it is therefore not relevant to the present discussion concerning the inspiration of the New Testament. We have, however, already discovered that the Jewish conception of inspiration was wholly diverse to that of modern Christian orthodoxy. Hence, at best, this special text should have little weight in its general bearing on the question of inspiration. But it has been made to do valiant and aggressive service. Quoting from McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature" (*in loc.*) I find the following: "But . . . there is evidence still more specific, in the writings of the Apostles. Particularly in one passage 2 Tim. iii. 16) Paul lays it down as characteristic of 'all scripture' that it 'is given by inspiration of God'; and from this results its profitableness."

Apparently this author has lost sight of the fact that this passage could not refer to all of what the Christian understands as Scripture from the fact that when the passage was written there existed, as I have above said, no Christian scriptures.* But, quoting further: "The doctrine which is plainly asserted in the text under consideration, and which is fully sustained in the current language of the New Testament, is, that all the writings denominated the scriptures are divinely inspired." How strange all this sounds now in the presence of the newer scholarship which has completely demolished this famous passage as a successful weapon in the hands of polemical orthodoxy! The New Testament Revisers of 1881 impliedly now make us read this passage as follows: "Every scripture which is inspired is profitable," etc. With the downfall of the authority of these few words falls the entire and magnificent structure of infallible inspiration. For this was the only specific passage that seemed distinctly to declare that the Scriptures were written under the especial care and guidance of God.

* When Paul wrote this Epistle even the canon of the Hebrew (O. T.) books had not yet been established. The text was in a confused condition and the Jewish Councils had not yet accepted, as final, the Masoretic text, or even the Old Testament books which should constitute the authorized canon as it is to be found in our Bibles to-day.

We have now reviewed every passage of any importance and prominence which can even apparently lay any claim to inspiration. Are we not a little amazed to discover how limited the passages are, and when exposed to the white light of modern scholarship how completely their force is dissipated, so far, at least, as their support of orthodoxy goes? But many may suppose that we are now entering upon dangerous ground. Many doubtless fear we are so thoroughly throwing away all safeguards of inspiration that there will be no virtue left in our Bible. But when we recall that this Bible has been the inspiration and solace of many of earth's noblest who accorded it no mechanical inspiration nor worshiped it as an idol, but loved and lauded it, adored and obeyed it, because of its intrinsic value, its lofty sentiment, its ennobling impulses, and its divine beauty—then we will realize that Truth is ever her self-sufficient expositor; and that if the Bible is influential and world-wide in its power, it is not because it is infallibly and mechanically inspired, but because it is replete with truth and permeated with divine and hallowed love. Surely conservatives would be loath to deny that the early Christian fathers were devout followers of the Bible and were inspired by its truths; nevertheless we have already shown that many of them entertained no such ideas of inspiration as some would still insist that we must accept. We read, for instance, that so revered and learned a Christian father as Justin Martyr believed that "Socrates had known Christ, though but in part, for Christ was and is the Divine Reason which is universally diffused. God had revealed himself to the Heathen world as well as to the Jewish people, and that he had done so through his Son who is the Divine Reason in every man." *

Another famous Christian Father, Lactantius, reveals the loose idea of inspiration in the early Church when he says, "If there had been any one to collect the truth that was scattered and diffused among the various sects of [heathen] philosophers and divines into one, and to have reduced it into a system, he would not have differed from us who are Christians." Faustus, a devout Christian though a heretic, believing in the Scriptures though refusing the vulgar interpretation, says in his famous reply to Augustine (in the fourth cen-

* *Vide* "Allen's Continuity of Christian Thought," p. 20.

ture), "It is an undoubted fact that the New Testament was not written by Christ himself nor by any of his Apostles, but a long while after their time by some unknown persons who affixed to their works the names of the Apostles or such as were supposed to have been their companions." * We see, then, how needless is the cry of polemical orthodoxy that they are not Christians who do not believe that the Bible is an absolutely and infallibly inspired book. The Bible will ever retain its position of honor and power, of influence and attractiveness because of its own intrinsic merits. These will ever live despite all criticism and ridicule. But its over-zealous friends who are so determined to make mankind accept all—all of the Bible—as infallibly and mechanically the work of God, or procure the benefit of none of it, are doing more to discredit the popular value and practical use of this volume than a hundred Voltaires or a legion of Ingersolls!

Let the Bible stand on its own merits or let it fall. Nothing but its merits can save it from falling. This padding and upholstering process, this bolstering and kneading on the part of orthodoxy to make the Bible presentable to scholarship and science, is all of no avail; the Bible must be its own defender or it has none, and all the efforts of orthodoxy to assist it are simply nauseating and ineffectual.

As the result, then, of this study of the Bible's inspiration, I suggest the

FOLLOWING SIXTEEN THESES

as a survey of the entire field:

1st. The ancient claim of inspiration was that every word, letter, and syllable in the canonical books, was literally delivered by God to man, and therefore was the very word and thought of God himself.

2d. Slowly the claim was shifted concerning certain portions of the earlier historical books, to the effect that there were certain documents in existence before the Biblical writers began to indite God's thoughts; but that inspiration directed them to these documents, pointing out which were authentic and to be accepted; which spurious and to be rejected.

* *Vide* Dr. Lardner on "Credibility of Gospels," Vol. II., p. 221.

3d. At first it was claimed that the Old Testament was absolutely impregnable against all attacks and criticisms of scholarship,—historical, scientific, philological, geographical, etc., etc.

4th. Slowly the Biblical defenders were forced by aggressive research and scientific scholarship to admit the fact of existing errors of different character and degree; but they assumed that these were not in the original texts but were unwittingly introduced through the faults of uninspired copyists.

5th. Suddenly the conservative defenders were overwhelmed by the discovery that our Hebrew Bible does not contain the original manuscripts; but was constructed from various originals, put into one text by the Jewish teachers in the first Christian century and promulgated as the true canonical Bible.

6th. This fact utterly destroyed all claim of the Old Testament, as we now possess it, to absolute authority and invariable infallibility, as a revelation from God.

7th. As to the Gospels of the New Testament, it was originally taught that they contained the only accepted history of Jesus which was ever written or ever read by the early Christians.

8th. Now we know that primarily there were innumerable Gospels concerning Jesus, which are now known as apochryphal, but many of which were originally accepted as authentic and correct. (See introduction to Luke's Gospel.)

9th. The Gospels, as we now have them, were not accepted as authentic or canonical until the fourth century after Christ.

10th. The highest criticism now proves that the Gospels were not written at all by any of the authors to whom they are attributed.

11th. All criticism now admits that these Gospels, as now known, were not written at any one time, but were slowly developed by many writers during the period of the first one hundred and fifty years after Christ.

12th. It was once argued that if our Gospels were destroyed we could replace them almost in their entirety by the quotations therefrom in the works of the Christian Fathers of the first and second centuries. This argument is now absolutely exploded.

13th. Criticism now establishes that originally there was very lit-

tle written down about Jesus; that there first existed certain traditional writings, long since extinct, from which our four Gospels were made up by slow development.

14th. Criticism, therefore, compels us to admit that we cannot take any and every statement in the Old or New Testament as absolute, but that the entire story of Jesus must be examined elsewhere, and only that accepted as true which history does not force us to declare untrue.

15th. Therefore the statement that the Bible is an infallible book of divine revelation to humanity, an unqualified and undeviating Guide to Faith and Practice, and the only book in all the world containing a so-called revelation, is unhistorical, uncritical, and undeniably false.

16th. The true explanation of the Bible will be found only when it is accepted as a national literature, revealing the deepest thoughts of a serious people, and oftentimes voicing sentiments which may truly be said to be inspired by the thrill of a divine afflatus, but inspired only as all men may be who will place themselves in the temple of Truth and become ministers of Love and Mercy.

HENRY FRANK.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while to listen
 To ought that the world may say?
 Is it worth while to heed the praise,
 Or blame—of Life's short day?
 Let men slander as they will,
 And whisper falsest words of ill—
 Don't mind—but keep thy spirit still,
 Noble, pure, and true.
 For in this mortal life of ours,
 We form the life that is to be—
 Our habits form our characters—
 And character our destiny.
 It matters not what men may say—
 Of no avail is slandering spite;
 For nought can harm the steadfast soul
 That trusts in God, and does the right.

REGINALD B. SPAN.

SOCIAL RELATIONS OF THE KOSMOS.

The Kosmos which formed the model after which man was created (as described by Plato in the *Timæus*), is not so much an organism as it is an association of organisms, that is, of gods, men, and animals of various kinds. It is, indeed, a society, the members constituting which form together an organic whole. And such is the nature of a human society, which is now generally recognized as being "organic" in its relations, rather than an actual organism, in the biological sense of the term at least.

That a society has many features of an organism cannot, however, be denied. They have been insisted on by Herbert Spencer, though other writers, and particularly M. De Gref in his *Introduction à la Sociologie*,* have pointed out differences between societies and organisms which require the making of still broader generalizations. And yet it is no more difficult for a human individual to think of the social body of which he is one of the members as an organism, than it would be for one of the numerous cells which enter into the composition of the human body—supposing the cell to have the power of thought—to conceive of this body as an organism of the same general nature as itself, which is really the case. Nor would it be more difficult than for an individual member of a genetic series of organisms to think of the series as constituting an organic whole or extended organism.

The latter case is really more analogous to that of a society than is an independent organism. Every individual forms one of the links in a vast chain of being extending through an almost endless succession of generations. A society is made up of a similar series of connected units; but their seriation is different, as they may be regarded as ranged side by side, horizontally instead of perpendicularly. In modern societies individuals appear to be associated by mere aggregation;

* M. De Gref's arguments are fully considered by Professor Arthur Fairbanks in his excellent "Introduction to Sociology."

but in primitive societies exhibit marked segregation, often arising from descent through common ancestors. Hence, although a visible society may not be entitled to be called an organism, it is made up of units organic in their nature, and these units at the same time are members of another series of units which, although invisible, just as truly constitute a social unity as does a visible society itself.

Here we have the true explanation of the analogy above referred to. Every human being is a member of two societies, one constituted by a series of persons who are visible to and tangible by one another, the other constituted by a series of individuals who are intangible and invisible. The former association may be termed a living or present society, and the latter may be called, for the sake of distinction, a past society. But this invisible association can not really be said to be past, for it continues to exist, not only in the world of spirit, but also in the organism of each individual man, who is in a sense the society itself.

Every organized collection of units constitutes a society, a term which thus includes an organism, as well as a nation or a Universe. The only essential difference between these bodies is to be found in the nature of the units of which they are composed. Those of a biological organism are cells which unite to form tissue; those of an enlarged family group or a nation consist of individual organisms; and there may be still larger social groups composed of federated states, each of which is then regarded as a unit.

The units of organized Nature vary with the stand-point from which it is viewed. Those of visible nature may be taken to be either the stellar and planetary spheres which are organized into systems of worlds, or the molecular combinations of atoms of which such cosmic bodies are constituted. The cement of human society is sympathy; and the molecules, as well as the atoms of which they are composed, exhibit their social nature by the exercise of special affinities among themselves. Matter is built up through the action of the sympathetic attribute of physical nature; and through the continuance of this attribute, supplemented by the action of molar or mechanical forces, are formed the material bodies of the visible universe. Every material body is thus a society composed of molecular particles,

which are kept together by the co-ordinating activity of a factor whose real nature is unknown, although it is probably none other than the ether of space. These material bodies are not, however, "societies" in exactly the same sense as that in which the term may be predicated of an organism whose unity and development are from within, although it may be dependent on its environment for continued existence. And yet the growth by external accretion of material bodies could not take place without the exercise of an internal activity which attracts like to like.

Nevertheless there is between the body and the organism what may be termed the organic distinction, the absence of which may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the material elements are in the nature of concretions or precipitates in the course of the evolutionary distillation of Nature, whose social instinct they have inherited in the attractive principle which keeps their atomic and molecular constituents together; although progress would not be possible without the co-operation of the opposing principle of repulsion which enables new and higher associations to be formed.

The ancients often spoke of the Earth as an animal; and the French philosopher, Auguste Comte, who founded the science of sociology, regarded it as an organic existence to which he gave the name of *Grand-être*. The Earth is not, however, a true organism, although it gives birth to organisms of various kinds under solar and cosmical influences. Its real nature is that of a society, the organs of which are the several parts of which it consists, such as the atmosphere, the ocean, and the earthy matter of which the globe is composed. The organisms which live upon the Earth are its products, rather than its organs as Comte supposed. We must remember that the earth was originally a viscous mass in which earthy matter, water, and air were all mixed up together, not in a "chaotic" condition, but in some orderly disorder of the character of which it is difficult to form a conception. It must have contained, however, the conditions of all the development it has since undergone, and therefore, it constituted then, as now, a society or quasi-organism. If space permitted it could be shown, indeed, that the Earth must have possessed originally most of the functions which distinguish the or-

ganism, including those of circulation, respiration, and reproduction, although differing as much in operation from the functions of existing organisms as the functions of animal life differ from those of the vegetable.

There is one test of the truth of the view that the social organization is common to the various kinds of bodies above referred to; and it is to be found in the chief aim of their activity. The active life of animals and plants is almost entirely consumed in the satisfaction of their want for food in some form; and the activity of Nature throughout may be regarded as directed to satisfying its wants. The needs vary, of course, with the character of the social body; but they are in every case some phase or other of hunger—physical, mental, or spiritual. Need or hunger, with the desire which arises from it, is the first law or condition of progress or development; and its second condition is that desire itself grows by that on which it feeds to satisfy the need. It could not be otherwise, as the satisfaction of need is never, from the nature of things, fully attained, although it may appear temporarily to be so. Evolution itself is a continual effort of *what is* to become *what it is not*, under the influence of needs created by changes consequent on changes of environment.

Want is a sign of deficiency; and all things living feel themselves wanting in some respect or other, and seek to supply the deficiency by union with something else. We see this on every plane of existence, and it is the source of the efforts made by man "to find out God," whom we desire to satisfy the needs of our spiritual nature. But evolution teaches us that God is the beginning and end of all phases of activity, and we may see in Him, therefore, the real source of all need, as He is the only satisfaction of need in its ultimate form. In some sense phenomenal Nature may be regarded as the expression of the need of God himself, which need is ever tending toward satisfaction, as the evolutionary products of Nature become more and more perfect, but which is capable of complete satisfaction only when God shall attain to perfect self-consciousness through the full development of the spiritual faculty in man. From this point of view, communion with man is as essential to God as communion with God is essential to the complete happiness of man. God and man may be

looked upon, indeed, as complementary to each other. The existence of man is that of God, or, as Swedenborg would say, God is the *Esse* of all *Existere*.

This conclusion is not inconsistent with the idea which has recommended itself to many minds—that man is a microcosmos. If the divine being underlies all existences, then man, who is the most highly developed phase of existence, may well be regarded as having the “image of God,” and therefore of having the attributes, in little, of the Kosmos. He is, indeed, as the latest-born of time, the “heir of the ages” in every sense, and therefore the concentrated expression of the cosmical whole. Man is thus a focused universe, and there is nothing improbable in the supposition that the actual universe possesses features analogous to those of the human organism.

Swedenborg held certain ideas on the subject which though difficult to accept are not unreasonable from a spiritistic point of view. He taught in his “*Arcana Cœlestia*,” and repeated in his “*Angelic Wisdom concerning Divine Love*,” that “because God is a man the whole angelic heaven in the aggregate resembles a single man, and is divided into regions and provinces according to the members, viscera, and organs of man.” This notion is apparently very different from that of Plato, who affirms that “as there is nothing outside of the Kosmos, it has no occasion for eyes or ears, hands or feet, or for respiratory organs; nor has it need of nutritive or excretory organs, seeing that its own decay supplies it with nourishment, and hence it is self-supporting.” But these functions are not ascribed by Swedenborg to the God-Man, whose attributes are spiritual and not physical. The societies which constitute the angelic heaven are composed of men, but of men who have become spirit existences, whose formal relations are those of the members and organs of the body, and not of their functions, although these may in some way represent their special tastes. We have a similar view in the teaching of St. Paul who, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, speaks of the building up of the body of Christ, and of the growing up “in all things into him, which is the head,” that is, Christ, “from whom all the body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of each

several part, maketh the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love."

The argument in favor of the existence of organic relations among the denizens of the spirit world becomes much stronger in the light of modern physiological knowledge. The body is composed of organs and of tissues, but these are built up of cells many of which have a quasi-independent existence, limited by the exigencies of the organism to which they belong. Each cell is capable, indeed, of independent existence, and thus has a life of its own; although so long as it forms part of the organism its activity is subordinated to that of the whole society of cells of which it forms part. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in supposing that spirit existences, so long as they are in a special relation to other existences of a similar kind, may be subordinated with them to the common interests and activity of an organized whole of which they form the elements. As there is a hierarchy of cells in the human body, those of the brain being of a more complex and therefore of a higher nature than those of the other organs—the brain which they constitute being a kind of summation of the other parts of the body and representative of it as a whole—so it may be that there is a hierarchy among the spirit existences whose head, we are taught, is Christ.

If we can regard the process of evolution as one continuing divine incarnation, then everything in Nature must stand toward everything else in an organic relation, which must continue under all the changes of state which have to be undergone. From this stand-point the Universe must be viewed as an organized whole, and every existence forming part of it must be subordinated to the activity of the whole, as the individual members of human societies, and as the cells of the bodily organism are subordinated to the welfare of the society of which respectively they are constituent elements.

Divine incarnation as here intended must not be taken to be similar to the incarnation which the spirits of men are supposed by Oriental thinkers and their western followers to undergo, through a cycle of existences. For this reincarnation material bodies must in some way be prepared that the disembodied spirits may have new habitations. An analogous view in relation to the divine spirit would

require Nature to be outside of God, and therefore the dwelling-place of God to be outside of the physical Universe; though from time to time, in the course of the divine ages, He becomes enveloped in it as in a garment. Such a notion is inconsistent with the fact that God and Nature are one, in the sense that Nature is an unfolding of the being of God, as seen in the process of evolution—which is a result of the radiative activity of the divine energy—and its concomitant involution, which is the concentrative effect of that energy within the divine substance. Nature under its many phases—among which man must in this relation be included—may thus be regarded as the ever-varying expression of the being of God. God, as distinguished from absolute being, forms a vast social unity, which unity is God or Nature according to the stand-point from which it is viewed. Every individual organism has its own place as a unit in one of the seriations of existences which represent the radii of the vast spiral of being, or rather of the endless series of subordinate spirals of which that vast spiral is constituted; and, so far as man is concerned, that position cannot be lost. On the contrary, the invisible universe itself undergoes continual modification, becoming more and more complex as the spirits of men are united the more intimately with the divine spirit from which they were originally derived, and from which they cannot in any event be lost.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

It is only for a great mind to judge of great things; for, otherwise, that which is our infirmity will seem to be another body's—as a straight stick in the water appears to be crooked. He that yields, draws upon his own head his own ruin, for we are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but struggle with her. Fencers and wrestlers—we see what blows and bruises they endure, not only for honor, but for exercise. If we turn our backs once, we are routed and pursued. That man only is happy who draws good out of evil, who stands fast in his judgment, and unmoved by any external violence; or, however, so little moved, that the keenest arrow in the quiver of fortune is but as the prick of a needle to him rather than a wound. And all of her other weapons fall upon him only as hail upon the roof of a house and skips off again without any damage to the inhabitants.—*Seneca*.

THE METAPHYSICS OF COURAGE.

The correlation of mental powers modifies the action of any one; thus, excessive caution must greatly moderate courage, so that its influence in the mind does not at all correspond to its power; each of these faculties manifests itself, in inverse ratio, to the development of the other.

"I regard courage," says Lord Wolseley, "as the mental correlative and equivalent of perfect physical health. . . . To understand courage, one must have thoroughly studied cowardice in all its phases, and they are infinite; it is the most subtle of mental diseases."

Courage is a mental *power*, not a *condition*; its absence is a deficiency, not a disorder; it may be essential to perfection of mind and character, to its perfect development, but lack of it can scarcely be regarded as organic disease, and mental function may be perfectly healthy without this characteristic. Physical health of course has an influence on all the powers of mind, for they can act only through their material organ, and the condition of the brain necessarily depends on that of the rest of the body; moreover, health may perhaps specially affect the faculties of the animal group.

"This virtue in man follows the same natural laws as obtain in the cases of horses and dogs; the better bred all three are, the greater will be their innate pluck."

Undoubtedly the breeding, that is to say, the superior *quality* of the organization, increases the power of this, as of all the mental faculties.

"In the well-bred man, however, there is found another element of the highest value: the man proud of a brave father, or, still more, of a long list of brave progenitors, even if fate has been so cruel as to give him their blood and a timid disposition, will feel bound to sustain what is commonly called 'the honor of his name.'"

Courage generally acts under the influence of some other faculty, some leading power of mind; it requires a motive, a *primum mobile*,

such as ambition or patriotism. In the well-bred man, deficient in the quality, "the desire to maintain the honor of his name" intensifies and makes the most of what courage he has. The motive power stimulates the faculty, in proportion to its own strength. A military man of strong will and ambition will impart the strength of these faculties to a moderate degree of courage, and thus exhibit the results of that quality as if it were in its full force.

"Novel and unaccustomed danger demands more courage than that to which we are habituated."

So Lord Wolseley remarks; and some one has similarly said: "Repetition decreases the sense of danger and increases indifference to it." Not infrequently, the young soldier, in his first battle, displays anything but the courage of his after-years—very great men have owned to panic at their first smell of gunpowder.*

"The resolute purpose, the force of will, that enables the weak-spirited to act the part of brave men, is entirely distinct from what we call moral courage."

In the former case, the will influences another mental power which is deficient, supplements it, and forces it to act; in the latter case the power itself, in its higher form, exerts its own influence in the mind.

"I have heard it said that small men are generally braver than tall men."

We cannot of course suppose that any distinctive mental faculties characterize either small men or tall men, as such. It may be, that in small men the informing energy is greater in proportion to their size; and therefore gives greater intensity to the whole individuality. On the other hand, Lord Wolseley cites Sir Gerald Graham as one of the bravest men he ever knew, and also one of the tallest. Lord William Beresford, a large man and one of powerful physique, received the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery during the retreat from Ulundi, when he returned alone to rescue a wounded sergeant from the pursuing Zulus; with his sword in one hand, Beresford kept them at bay, while with the other he lifted the wounded man to his saddle and thus carried him off unassisted. In small men the

* Frederick the Great of Prussia fled in panic from the first battlefield he saw.—ED.

quality probably attracts more attention, as many people mentally associate courage with physical power, and doubtless a good physical organization does greatly assist the mental faculty; for its manifestations vary, even in those in whom it is normal, with the variations in the condition of the health. It is modified by "novel and unaccustomed danger," and the same degree of courage in *different* individuals varies in its manifestation with the variations in the constitution of the rest of the mind; again, it varies in the *same* individual at different periods of life, according as there are variations in the mental constitution.

"In writing of courage," says Lord Wolseley, "it is impossible to omit a reference to my friend and comrade, Charles Gordon. His courage was an instinct, fortified by faith in God and in a future life."

Gordon's courage was inspired and directed by his religion; probably it never wavered for an instant, for he seemed to *realise*, in a peculiar manner, the life to come and the providential ordering of all things here.

"Upon natives in action, the influence of a single man, who is known and respected by them as a man of great daring, is most astonishing."

Lord Wolseley is speaking of the natives of India. Courage, like other qualities, is contagious; many an officer has rallied his wavering ranks by an exhibition of personal daring. Great commanders have excited the courage of their men through various powers of mind. Thus Wellington appealed to their sense of duty, and Napoleon excited personal enthusiasm by means of his "wonderful tact," his iron will, the fascination of his extraordinary individuality generally.

"'Tis thus the influence of a single mind,
Makes that of multitudes take one direction."

Probably few have inspired more *confidence* than Lord Wolseley himself; he unites in a remarkable manner opposing qualities: a master of tactics, no detail is too small for his attention; well nigh perfect as an economist of human life, of time, of war-material; his perception of the right instant for attack or advance rises to an intuition; never rash, he is a conspicuous example of true courage; as a military commander he would seem to realize the ideal.

OUR ONLY GENERAL.

"Tête d'Armée!" or merely as head of a corps,
His Plan of Campaign's the true system of war;
Prompt as the Corsican, like energy rare,
Incessantly watchful, unceasing his care.

For critics he hastes not, nor does he retire,
Full confidence never he fails to inspire,
His eye rests on each and yet ranges o'er all,
Ensuring that, needlessly, no man shall fall;

Right quick to perceive when the moment will serve,
Aye ready for action, aye steady of nerve,
No danger he heeds, when his duty's to dare;
Ah! "C'est magnifique! mais c'est aussi la guerre."

CHARLOTTE HELLMANN.

INDUCTIVE ASTROLOGY.

(II.)

Since the mutations of Uranus alone have been cited in connection with certain important epochs in the history of the United States mentioned in the previous article, the question naturally suggests itself, how are we to account for the various other grave disturbances in our history that occurred when that planet was remote from our ruling sign? The intelligence of the reader will quickly surmise the possibility of multiple causes in ceaseless activity in the heavens, of an importance fully as patent to the astrologer, though perhaps not so evident to the lay mind as are the marked influences of the ponderous Uranus. It is this very abstruseness of a science which attempts the explication of the complex mysteries of nature as a whole—comprehending as it does an infinite variety of causative phases—which has rendered it so difficult of acceptance and popularity.

We will touch upon some of these potencies a little later, in considering the relation of comets to mundane affairs.

Referring to the figure of the national horoscope,* attention is

* See "Intelligence" for September, 1897, p. 275.

directed to the second mansion, as numbered in the figure, on the cusp of which is the sign Scorpio (♏). This house relates to substance, and the moneyed interests of the country. Uranus has occupied this constellation and house since January, 1891, and during this transit of seven years he has proved especially disastrous in our world of finance; a condition of instability much augmented by the entry of the malefic Saturn into the same quarter of the heavens in the fall of 1894. To the proximity of these two arbiters with each other, and their platic conjunction throughout the past year, is due that depression and woful lack of confidence so apparent during that period in all branches of industry. Last summer and fall, when these two planets formed a sesqui-quadrant aspect with the place of Venus, the ruler of this horoscope, at the same time being in opposition of *Pars Fortunæ* (♀) and in square with the radical Moon—angles of activity most baneful in their nature—an issue of Government bonds became absolutely necessary to meet the exigencies of a depleted treasury. The student may contemplate the cause, the masses observe only the effect.

In the closing months of the present year, when these planets again form relations similar to those noted, the community may expect an increasing stringency in matters governed by the second house. But an improvement over these conditions will be manifest as the new year advances, for Saturn will then be well centred in the succeeding sign. Uranus will also have left Scorpio, and in the fall of 1899 and the ensuing winter he will be passing the opposition of his radical place in the chart, significant of some very unpleasant complications in national affairs.

These citations will afford some idea of the *modus operandi* of astrological deduction. In the resolution of individual horoscopes methods are adopted identical with those employed in the solution of these weightier problems. Indeed, by reason of their multiplicity, they constitute more practical examples for inductive observation.

Thus, the maxims of astrology are founded upon the observed analogy existing between the constant recurrence of certain operations in the *primum mobile* and synchronal phenomena in the domain of effect. Lord Bacon, himself a votary of the Science of the Stars,

in his "*Novum Organum*" says, "We are not to deny the existence of a cause in favor of which we have a unanimous agreement of strong analogies, though it may not be apparent how such a cause can produce the effect." If in repeated instances a person happened at a particular spot on the pavement, and a brick each time descended upon his head, it would be pursuant to reason for the unfortunate individual to infer that his presence had incited some reciprocal law into action; unless—as in the generally clouded view held of our relationship with the planets—the starting-point of the brick be too far removed from its landing place to admit of a clear mathematical perception of the result. The philosopher, ever on the alert for more remote causes, would be likely to do a little pondering at the first catastrophe.

The subject of comets is a most interesting one to the astro-philosopher, more so than can be possible to the star-gazer who, at the small end of a glass, perceives only the physical minus the soul. As to the contrariety of their affections to things mundane, there exists a cumulation of data sufficient to establish a precedent in any avenue of science where prejudice has imposed no obstacle to fair-minded research.

In all ages, and particularly among the ancient and mediæval astrologers, comets have been regarded as being fully as effective in their disturbance of the cosmic energy as the more conglobate particles of matter; though the difficulty in estimating their movements with that degree of accuracy so essential to a prejudgment of effect—a difficulty due to the fact that their orbits transcend the limits of the Zodiac, and to their eccentric and infrequent visits—has rendered them somewhat of an indeterminate quantity in the practice of astrology, though no less a part of its subject-matter. Nevertheless, the apprehension so universally felt on the unheralded appearance of these fiery messengers seems in every sense to have been justified by the direful consequences which inevitably followed in their train; effects so reiterative in character as to warrant the gravest reflection on the part of those investigative minds that, poring over Nature's pages and ever seeking to interpret her mystic language, perforce stood perplexed at the strangeness of its idioms.

While the ponderous planets, with orderly orbits and systematic mutations, were comparatively easy of observation if not of comprehension, the comet in its idiosyncratic flight provoked a more inspiring awe. The unanimous convictions held by these old philosophers as to their portentous nature, display a consistency of thought which could not have been obtained through any impulse of credulity or superstition. That imputation might be a convenient one for the dismissal of an unpopular subject, but unfortunately it in no measure explains why calamity should continue as if by a supplemental law to succeed this phase of celestial phenomena.

Students of biblical history are aware that Jesus predicted the destruction of Jerusalem (St. Luke, xxi. 10-11): "Then said he unto them, Nation shall arise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and *great signs shall there be from heaven.*"

We have it on the authority of Milichus, a learned mathematician, in his Commentary on the second book of Pliny, that "there is good ground for the usual behavior of men to comets; for they have reason to gaze at them with so much terror and astonishment as they do, because it hath been proved, by a large induction of experience and observation, that they announce great slaughter to the world, the sacking of cities, subversion of kingdoms, and other public disasters." Josephus, in his "Wars of the Jews," makes reference to a comet in the form of a sword that hung over Jerusalem a whole year as a premonishment of its destruction; while Seneca avers that "some comets are very cruel, and threaten us with the worst of mischiefs; they bring with them and leave behind them the seeds of blood and slaughter." The learned Machiavel writes, "However it cometh to pass, so it is, that we have it *vouched by experience*, that some great commotions are the consequences of such signs as these [comets]." To which might be appended the observation of an old English writer, who obviously had reflected deeply upon the true nature of these interactions: "Cometes signifie corruptions of the ayre, of changyng kyngdomes, great dearth of corn, yea, a common death of man and beast." According to Pliny, a brilliant comet was ob-

served during the intestine war of Pompey and Cæsar, and again at the time of the poisoning of Claudius Cæsar and the subsequent reign of Domitius Nero. The comet of 43 B.C. followed the assassination of Julius Cæsar, who was killed March 15, 44 B.C., and was regarded by the Romans as connected with that event. Socrates, in his record of the siege of Constantinople, declares: "So great was the danger which hung over the city, that it was presignified and portended by a huge blazing comet that reached from heaven to earth, the like to which no man ever saw before."

Such scholarly worthies as Cedrenis, Longomontanus, Grotius, Melancthon, and Cicero—who maintained that "comets were the harbingers of the miseries that befell Octavius Augustus and Marc Antony"—including others it would be too tedious to cite, but all of the soundest authority, could not have concurred so strangely in these opinions, were they not founded upon "a large induction of experience and observation."

It will perhaps be interesting to note that the custom of the ringing of noon church-bells originated in a papal edict propitiatory of the comet of 1456 which accompanied the invasion of Constantinople by Mahomet II., and the threatened dissociation of the whole Christian world. *Ave Marias* were also ordered, supplemented by the prayer: "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet." In the eighteenth century Dr. Halley, in an examination of cometary data, identified this comet with the ones which appeared in 1531, 1607, and 1682, and in thus establishing its period of revolution at about seventy-five years he was able to predict its return in 1758, the verification of which proved the correctness of his conjectures. The above periods are all characterized by civil and political disturbances of great gravity, particularly around 1682, when its force was augmented by the precedence of another comet. These appearances were followed by those fearful domestic imbroglios in England which culminated in a ten years' civil war and the beheading of the king, supplemented by the Cromwellian reign.

In tracing the history of this comet back by its seventy-five years' period, some facts are gleaned especially suggestive in this line of inquiry. Its appearance in 1666 was coupled with the victory of

William of Normandy; again, in 1223 it was considered the precursor of the death of Philip Augustus; while its first recorded appearance, B.C. 130, was supposed to have announced the birth of Mithridates.* Its second visit thereafter was the first year of the Christian Era. Could it have been the "Star in the East" which guided the wise men to the capital of Judea? It may seem strange to the thinker that, seeing this star in the east, these learned Magi should have directed their pilgrimage westward. This apparent anomaly finds its explanation in the fact that as the sun at the time was in Capricorn (the house of Saturn, and, according to astrology, ruling stables and places of husbandry), it is in consonance with astronomical law that the comet or star should have appeared in Aries, which is the *eastern* point of the Zodiac; and *vide* Claudius Ptolëmy, who wrote in the first century of this era: "The inhabitants of Coelesyria, Idumea, and Judea are principally influenced by Aries!" Thus, all these scriptural skeins may be disentangled through a fuller understanding of the true astrology, that much-impugned expositor of first principles.

Four comets made their appearance in 1618, at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. In fact, it is a matter of record that these dread precursors have invariably preceded the great conflicts in the world's history. Cotton Mather compiled a catalogue enumerating important incidents that had immediately followed the advent of many remarkable comets, not only going far towards proving the disruptive nature of these dread visitants, but affording incidentally a clever demonstration of the theory of a mutual interaction between the Macrocosm and Microcosm.

To come nearer our own time, the great comet of 1811 foreshadowed many remarkable changes in the political complexion of the globe. The orbit of this comet crossed the ecliptic in the constellation Leo, the sign ruling France, also the midheaven (horizon) in Napoleon's nativity, and the ascendant of George III. The unfortunate campaigns of the "Little Corporal" and his subsequent overthrow, together with the war of 1812 and the successful resistance of the American colonies to Britain's monarch, are attestations of the subversive influence of these harbingers.

* Steele's *Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy*, pp. 214, 215.

Fully as significant to our national destiny was the appearance of Donati's comet in 1858, simultaneous with the Kansas troubles and that state of unrest which culminated in the Civil War and the consequent assassination of the Chief Executive. This comet was followed by a brilliant meteor in 1860 and a lesser comet in 1861. This latter appeared in our ruling sign Gemini, which also rules the city of London, and with its coming occurred the greatest conflagration that city had known for two hundred years.

In the face of testimonies like unto these, is it any wonder that the comet should have been regarded in all ages as the grim genius of confusion and disaster,

"Threatening the world with famine, plague, and war;
To princes, death; to kingdoms, many curses;
To all estates, inevitable losses."

Some stress has been laid on the visit of Biela's comet with the Chicago holocaust in October, 1871. There is no doubt in the writer's mind that as an adjuvant factor it played its part, though there were other celestial influences of signal importance in operation at the same time. It has long been conceded on good authority that Chicago and likewise the city of Washington were allied to the sign Gemini. From an astrological consideration of various incidents connected with the history of the former city, its ascendant would be in close proximity with the *Bull's North Horn*, the malefic fixed star which proved so disastrous to the city of London in 1666. In 1872 its longitude was $20^{\circ} 49'$ of Gemini.

Three comets made their appearance in the year 1881, the largest of which (Comet B) being first observed in the second decanate of Gemini, which ruled the midheaven of President Garfield. Was it pure coincidence—whatever that term may signify!—that his assassin should have journeyed from Chicago to Washington, both cities ruled by Gemini, and then through his act brought woe to a country governed by the same sign?

These are but facts. They do not attempt any explanation of the law behind them, though as stubborn things they certainly reveal the plausibility of a magnetic relationship existent throughout the cosmogony of the universe.

And yet Astrology, which treats of this law of cause and effect thus merely touched upon, has been maligned as having no basis in fact, as a purely visionary science, adapted only to the questionable purposes of soothsaying and prophecy, and affected chiefly by ages of ignorance and superstition. The heliocentric theory of Copernicus was "a rank superstition" until through the discoveries of Galileo it became an accredited truth. And so the dreams of yesterday are the rational and scientific verities of to-day.

Astrology is metaphysical in origin and motive. Its fidelity to first principles is revealed in its interpretation of the law of mutual opposites, of cause and effect, of spirit and manifestation, which pulsates throughout the domain of Being. Its inductive character is apparent in its scientific observation and analysis of these reciprocations. Herbert Spencer says: "When the explorer of nature sees that molecules on earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars, when there is forced upon him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions, the conception toward which he tends is much less that of a universe of dead matter than that of a universe everywhere alive."

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."—Pope.

Division is but a relative term, not an absolute fact; for, logically, there cannot be parts except of a whole. The statement of the one implies the existence of the other.

In this assemblage of parts as understood by the Whole, is suggested Unity; and it is through a comprehension of the law of unity that we accept the truth of a universal interaction between the parts of the whole. This law is comprehended on the physical plane in the Newtonian theory of attraction and gravitation, which demonstrates that "every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle of matter, with a force directly proportional to its quantity of matter, and decreasing as the square of the distance increases." In other words, that there is a sympathetic cosmic energy operating throughout all nature, which acts in direct ratio upon the several parts commensurately with their attracting forces.

The knowledge of the law of correspondence as possessed by the ancients, imbued them with a resolute spirit of research into the cosmical as the explicatory source of all wisdom. They recognized that in order to consistently postulate an effect, there was need of conversancy with the realm of cause; that as the mysteries of the atom were involved in a right conception of the sphere, so was their understanding of the lower dependent upon a comprehension of the higher. They rightly understood God as the universal ether from which were generated the imponderable forces traversing the starry heavens, and their labors were the more indefatigably directed toward the elucidation of these celestial problems, that he who ran might read the origin and destiny of all created form. Their efforts were toward a unification of the parts of the Whole, to a more thorough and intelligent appreciation of their indivisibility with the Indwelling Soul.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

Consciousness, we have been told by scientists, is the result of change. This is only nominally true. It is true—if at all—merely in this sense: Consciousness is modified by experience, as a result of its appreciation of its relation to certain changes in objective phenomena. Prior to a change in its environment, it lacks that expansion which is attributable to an appreciation of the nature of the change, and so by the assimilation of fresh experience its expansion is ostensibly the result of change. But in this instance, as in every antecedent, consciousness precedes change, and is itself the author of the change whereby it is modified. When a man determines upon a certain course of action, he is about to begin a change which will result in the enlargement of his consciousness to the extent of the amount and quality of the experience accruing therefrom; but the change is brought about and the character of it is pre-determined by an already existing consciousness.

Before change can ensue, there must be two existing factors—that which is to be changed, and that which shall change it. Change

is the effect of the latter on the former. So far all are agreed; but what causes the change is a matter of some controversy. Some say "consciousness," others say "force." What we shall attempt to prove is that these two are inseparable, force being the active, energizing principle of consciousness, and consciousness the intelligent, discriminative principle of force.

Change is to consciousness what the gymnasium is to the muscles—it furnishes the means whereby consciousness may exercise itself for the purpose of development. Consciousness may be traced backward until it seems to exist only in potentiality; but however imperceptibly latent it may be, it still exists subjectively, or it could not be evoked. To say that it is the result of change, is to transpose cause and effect, and to make an effect the author of that which produced it. The effect of one cause may be the cause of a subsequent effect; but the first cause must precede the first effect. Therefore consciousness must already exist to apprehend and to be affected by the first change. This is axiomatic and logically incontrovertible. The argument that change preceded consciousness, the latter being gradually induced as the result of it, cannot by the most ingenious sophistry be made to show more than that consciousness was aroused by change into manifestation. It *was* before it showed itself, or how could it manifest? No chemist can exceed the capabilities of the ingredients of any formula; all he can do, in the most successful experimentation, is to demonstrate their latent potencies under given circumstances. Could he generate consciousness, as he can generate gases, from certain compounds, he would only prove that he has discovered the conditions whereby it is possible to liberate the conscious principle of his ingredients. He does not prove that he has made it, or that the change due to his efforts made it. He cannot be assured that his chemicals would act, so that the required change would ensue, were there no inherent consciousness to induce reciprocal action. He must admit a motive power.

Therefore consciousness is evoked, not created by change. It may be little more than a blind desire, not yet apprehensive of individuality or of its relation to its environment; but it is, nevertheless, that which will eventually expand into the individuality of a Sir Isaac

Newton under the conditions essential to its unfoldment. It might be, as it were, the principle of fire, which may become a spark or a raging conflagration. When we have said that fire ensues as the result of a chemical process, we have not proved that man may create the principle of fire. The noumenon of the flame—one of the modes of cosmic consciousness—is objectivized, becomes a phenomenon, as the result of his furnishing the means of combustion. He has not created the spirit of the flame, any more than one may create electricity who generates it by the aid of a dynamo. Without the means, the principle of the flame could not manifest itself in combustion; but the principle, or the power, or that which responds to the incentive furnished by the conditions—call it by any name we please—existed prior to manifestation, otherwise there is nothing to manifest. The scientist might claim with equal plausibility that a flower is the result of change. So it is—that is, the flower we can see, and handle, and smell; but if he will examine the seed with a sufficiently powerful microscope, and sufficiently minute analysis, he will discover the whole plant and its flower in embryo. The planting and culture of the seed only enabled the embryo to germinate and expand into the developed flower. Follow the seed to its most remote origin, there is still that having all the potencies of all it has since become. It may with certainty be predicated that nothing in the universe is ever created; everything is a differentiation of—itself. But what is it—self? Everything. Which is—a nut to crack!

If it be now retorted that consciousness is, therefore, but a differentiation of matter, then matter is consciousness—in potentiality, at any rate—since it becomes consciousness. But this would be tantamount to making the cart draw the horse.

We are now led to the proposition that *differentiation is the result of an effort of consciousness to express itself through Nature*. Inert substances cannot of themselves move; change in the relative juxtaposition of atoms can occur only by the application of "force." What is force? Let us analyze it. First, it operates automatically, which is the chief attribute of consciousness; second, it is agitated and asserts its individuality when obstructed by endeavoring to overthrow the obstacle, another characteristic of the same principle;

third, it discriminates—as in electricity—among different media, choosing spontaneously the line of least resistance, which again identifies it with consciousness; fourth, it responds intelligently to the conditions requisite to its activity, which still more closely allies it with consciousness.

What is "consciousness"? Any definition ventured must necessarily be bounded by the two points, arbitrarily set to indicate where it is supposed to begin and where it finally transcends our ability to recognize it. Whether we begin with the animal and end with man; or try to identify it in the stone and trace it up to the omniscience of God, is a question of import, to be first settled before we endeavor to define even its function. If we analyze it closely, we shall find the task extremely difficult to avoid dogmatism if we undertake to determine its inception and possible point of termination. We shall be obliged to acknowledge that it begins nowhere and ends in the same place. We may avoid many difficulties and be enabled to revel in a phantasy of possibilities if we regard it as an abstract quality of the Cosmos, which manifests itself to the extent of the conditions afforded. Like the principle of fire or light, which may be utilized as a spark, a rushlight's flame, a conflagration, or a sun, consciousness may be present yet not in manifestation; it may emit a feeble ray or it may shine with dazzling effulgence, according to the capacity of its vehicle. It may be latent in the mineral, asleep in the vegetable, dreaming in the animal, and awake in man. What it may be above man, is probably beyond our comprehension. Just as we can hear but such sounds and see but such sights as come within the range of our senses, so we can but appreciate those phases of consciousness which are within the limit of our conception. We can see forward and backward only a little distance between the two extremes; and while we may speak with assurance of that which we can demonstrate, we should not presume to define the possibilities of the beyond. As we are giants compared with types of consciousness below us, so are we pygmies to what we may become; and who knows what intelligences may already exist in the universe, the capabilities of whom it would be folly to gauge with the narrower faculties of a human being?

Can the scientist tell us what vitality is—not how it is propagated, but what it intrinsically is? He cannot. Probably he would define it as something—doubtless the life-principle—transmitted from one living thing to another, and sustained by food and air, from which it is transmuted by an occult chemical process. Having so declared himself, he has described very vaguely its *modus operandi*, and no more. Not even a hint has he given us as to the nature and metaphysical quality of the principle—the real, active agent. He is ignorant of the cause, while studying its effects; because he has made up his mind to deal exclusively with phenomena, and not with that which gives rise to them. He claims that phenomena are tangible facts, susceptible of proof conclusive to his five senses, while the occult causes—if he admits their existence—are wholly beyond the scope of his investigation and demonstration. Believing this, he does not “cry for the moon”; he contents himself with the things of earth—in their outward appearances. This would be all very well could he be assured that what he sees, hears, feels, smells, or tastes is the complete thing itself, and not merely a superficial representation of an archetypal entity.

There are two methods of investigation open to him: (1) That which he has adopted of observing phenomena and tracing them to their apparent source; and (2) the ascertainment by occult processes of perception and ratiocination of the fundamental bases of being, whence the outward effects are traced, analyzed, and synthetized. To succeed with the latter method, in the absence of the requisite faculties for direct observation, requires, in addition to all the qualifications of a physical scientist, a sound, comprehensive philosophy, mathematically perfect and consequently harmonious in all its details, that is capable of explaining and relating all phenomena in strict scientific accord with fundamental propositions and observed facts. Many will deny the existence of such a philosophy; some will admit that it may exist; a few will unhesitatingly affirm its existence, having themselves sufficient knowledge of it to predicate its wholeness and reliability. Whether it does or does not exist, certain it is that without such an esoteric philosophy, whose deductions have been over and over again corroborated and verified by independent students,

man, with his incipient and wholly untrained psychic faculties, can but experiment with and speculate upon the unseen.

Like the flame, which may communicate the active principle of light to innumerable wicks without any diminution of its volume or power, and be sustained in manifestation by that which it consumes, vitality and consciousness exist unseen, unfelt, and unknown until called into activity, and then their power of manifestation is bounded only by the capacity of the media through which they operate.

Evolution is but one half of the story; consciousness is involved in every atom of the universe, or it could not be evolved therefrom. It is the intelligence whereby every atom apprehends its duty and the behest of necessity. How can dead, insensate matter respond even to necessity? What is necessity? Is it a being that works miracles? Or is it simply the inevitable concurrence of events, superinduced by something which discerns what must be done under the circumstances? Can anything transpire without the intervention of consciousness? How comes it that crystals of various salts preserve their peculiarities of geometrical formation? Why should one chemical substance affect another, mingle with others, or escape from an obnoxious companionship by dissipating itself in an explosion? Why should it *act* at all; why not be neutral—dead and irresponsible to everything else? It is because force—intelligent, discriminative force!—inheres in it; and because that force operates automatically, unerringly, and does not exhibit the foibles and idiosyncrasies of the more complex organism, man, we cannot concede that that is consciousness. Therefore we call it "force," and in doing so, make a distinction where only a difference in degree exists. Should we not, if we would be consistent, invent another term to distinguish the consciousness of a babe from that of an adult?

So we see that even the materialist must have something behind his "dead matter" to push it through the process of differentiation. "Force" with him is a name to conjure with. Force!—presto! and there you are! Ask him how the trick is done, and his explanation reminds you of the conjuror who, after a feat of sleight-of-hand, says: "You wish to know how it's done? Oh, yes! Follow me closely. I place this little article on the table—so. I put this over it—so;

make three passes—thus; remove the cover, and—it's gone! There, now you know all about it." After which you are no wiser than you were before. The materialist, in his pretended explanation, will talk learnedly and glibly of the "laws of nature"; but—what does he mean? They have no tangible existence, yet they are invested with the responsibility of controlling a universe. They cannot think; not having consciousness, they do not know anything; yet what do they not accomplish? Marvelous nonentities!

The Eastern esotericists postulate as first principles "*Mahat*," divine ideation, which in spiritual man becomes "*Manas*," and in mortal man "*Kama-Manas*," or consciousness as we are wont to recognize it; "*Fohat*," which is the power of manifestation inherent in *Mahat*, or, as we regard it, force (consciousness and force being, therefore, two aspects of one and the same thing); and "*Jiva*," the life principle in a diffuse state, which in an organism becomes "*Prana*," or assimilated vitality. *Mahat* is mind—the sum total of consciousness of the whole Cosmos, and functions in many modes through every possible "*upadhi*" (vehicle), its unfoldment and differentiation being determined by the possibilities of its vehicle and environment. In its higher cosmic ranges, it transcends the powers of man and controls the movements and destinies of planetary and stellar worlds. Although relatively spirit, it is the base of substance and the noumena of all phenomena. No *Mahat*, no universe. This principle is really what we refer to when we quote the "laws of nature."

To speak of unconscious consciousness would be straining the license even of a paradox; subconsciousness is but a little better, since the materialist might argue that that which is only subconscious is not conscious at all. So little knowledge have we of this the most valuable attribute of human life, that our vocabulary affords no intermediate terms to express gradations between its antithetical states. For the same reason, we feel obliged to say that a body is either alive or dead, when, as a matter of fact, a corpse is very much alive for a long period after the disincarnation of the man, or it could not decompose and disintegrate. Our ideas of consciousness and death are relative to our concepts of the two opposite states, and our con-

cepts are limited by our knowledge. We insist on gauging the possibilities of everything by our own apprehension, notwithstanding the fact that science is constantly being reminded that with the increase of our facilities for observation, the range of the possibilities of nature seems to extend infinitely in the direction of both small and great. As physicists, we resort to analogy when it suits our convenience, yet we hesitate to apply the same method of deduction to metaphysical states of being, although we are more and more encountering their phenomena. To descend in the scale of evolution to that point where consciousness is no longer apparent, elicits the flat denial that beyond this point consciousness is possible; and this because consciousness cannot be seen with a microscope. We can extend the range of our vision on the physical plane by the help of appliances, and what we observe we chronicle as facts. Should we, because we cannot invent instruments with which to enlarge our introspection of the metaphysical inwardness of things, conclude that what we cannot there take cognizance of does not exist?

As we develop the necessary faculties, fresh facts that have been ruled out of existence by the fiat of so-called "Science" crop up without an apology, none the less palpable. The facts are there; we have only to fit ourselves for the task of disclosing them to be convinced of their reality.

To elaborate what have been little more than hints, we may state the matter briefly thus: A spiritual basis of living and "inanimate" things is postulated. Consciousness is that attribute of spiritual energy which, preceding form and manifestation, brings about the development of primordial substance, and from that produces every possible (illimitable) differentiation of it into worlds, their constituents and inhabitants. The spiritual principles—of which consciousness is one—are the living, developing entity, applicable to every order and condition of manifestation, of all which is produced therefrom—the atom, molecule, element, stone, plant, animal, man (gods, if you will), with all their intermediate grades of being. These spiritual principles, involved as they are in everything, seek expression in ever higher and higher modes through the process of the evolution of their vehicles. Just as the reason of a philosopher cannot find

expression through the brain of an idiot, so these powers are restricted as to manifestation by the capabilities of that wherein they inhere. The consciousness of the stone must remain latent; it must await the evolution of the mineral up to the altitude of a man before it attains to the expression of the human stage. Where it exists in man, he must be pushed upward to superhuman levels before his consciousness can reach the limit of those divine natures who, while living, gave evidence of incipient divinity, and, having departed from among men, still exist and still progress. If God be truly "All, and in all," the mystery is solved at the outset. This may be Pantheism; if so, it is not that theory which goes commonly by this appellation, distorted as is the latter by the crude inferences drawn from an incomplete survey of this, an ideal philosophy.

The universe either made itself or was made by an abstract Deity (abstract as regards His apperception in finite units). In both cases, it must have been made from something; and that something must possess potencies approximating to those of the Deity, if that which is developed therefrom is capable of infinite expansion and progress. To postulate a limit to progress is to make eternity monotonous, dreary, and purposeless, since the limit once reached, what excuse is there for an everlasting existence thenceforward?

However repugnant these ideas may at present seem to some, after all has been said for and against them, the final test must consist in their reasonableness and their inability to present aught other than a coherent, complete, harmonious, and rational system of science, philosophy, and religion, if logically and thoroughly investigated.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no pure malignity in nature. The entertainment of the proposition of depravity is the last profligacy and profanation. There is no scepticism, no atheism but that. Could it be received into common belief, suicide would unpeople the planet. It has had a name to live in some dogmatic theology, but each man's innocence and his real liking of his neighbor have kept it a dead letter.—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE SONGS OF THE MASTER.

(II.)

The message of Jesus was delivered among the quiet groves of the Mount of Olives, or the autumn-tinted vineyards and yellow corn-fields of Galilee, or where the ripples lap the shores of Lake Gennesaret.

The wise words of Socrates flowed forth, and all the wit and satire and good-natured raillery of that simplest of the sages, in the dusty market-place of Athens, under the shadow of the Acropolis, before the eyes of those unnumbered statues that Paul, later beholding, took for idols, blind to the frozen beauty of their inspiration.

The Buddha's sermons, with their coldly piercing insight into the life of human passion, their pitiless pity of human misery, their colorless light that throws shadows of utter blackness, and yet, withal, their majestic gentleness, carry with them still the withered scent of the bamboo garden, or the busy, pathetic murmur of some Indian river-bank, where the timid folk gather to bathe at evening; or we are told how they were spoken in some peaceful, woodland refuge, where the peacocks cried out shrilly in their joy, as if they had seen a dark-blue rain-cloud coming; and, leaving the luscious grass, the deer stood, large-eyed, their heads turned toward him; and seeing that kingly descendant of the sons of the Sun, flaming there like the sun himself uprisen, the cows, though they had been milked already, gave milk again, as a holy oblation.

The background of the picture where Krishna is setting forth the world-old message of the gods, is far different; it is the battle-field between two great armies, on the eve of a most bloodthirsty and disastrous war; a war which changed the fate of India, and, if the best indications are to be believed, made way for a priestly tyranny, more complete in its soul-enslaving despotism than any the world has seen; more formidable, that it used only the sightless weapons of superstition and invisible terrors to enforce its decrees.

There is a high, and as yet not fully acknowledged rightness in the thought that gave Krishna's teaching this grim, relentless background; this vividly painted picture of brotherly hate and the keen enmity of kinsmen, tribe against tribe, within the bosom of the common motherland; family against family, to overcome, or be overcome.

For, of many possible views of life, the teaching of Krishna takes chiefly this: that life is a battle; that our visible world is a place of strife, where all things fight against us; where we stand—as Krishna between the two armies—between the relentless heavens and the inhospitable earth; or between the dead hosts of the past and the still lifeless hosts of things to come. Human life is mean, and we feel its meanness; human life is pitiful, yet the pity of it avails nothing. We are face to face with the truth, and we know the truth to be terrible—such outlooks on life as these are the starting-point of Krishna's philosophy.

The dire necessity of physical life, the inexorable law, the struggle everywhere; death, misery, separation; no peace, no resting-place, no possession, even when the object of desire lies within our hands—this is the sense of life that is expressed in the opening chapter of the Songs of the Master, where the hosts of the opposing armies—kinsmen all, or friends as close as kinsmen—are depicted, stately as inexorable law, and full of hatred as death itself.

The presence of death is very near us, all through Krishna's teaching, and indeed all through most of the Indian teachings, after the first glories of the golden age. Freedom is the goal; but freedom from life, rather than freedom from weakness and futility. Liberation—from the chain of birth and death—from the whole of life, as we know life; from all the circumstance and substance that makes up the universe as we have knowledge of it. And this liberation, as the reaction from a passionate weariness and sorrow, from a vivid and intense realization of the worthlessness and hopelessness of things. It is a counsel of despair, a gospel of pessimism; utter and explicit bankruptcy of hope for this our world; nay, even for the heavens with their delights, such as men have ever loved to paint them, quiet resting-places, where we may dream away long days among meadows of asphodel,

“Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose itself hath got
Perfume that on earth is not.”

For, to renunciation of earth, such as the saints in all ages have attained to, the later Indian ideal adds, with pitiless clearness, the necessity for renouncing heaven also. On this point, Buddha and Shankara are equally decided. On the threshold of his renunciation, on the morrow after he had left possessions and princedom behind, Siddhartha, not yet become the Buddha, sent this message to his sire: “Say that I have come to this hermitage, not through any lack of heart’s love, nor through resentment, nor yet from any lust of paradise. . . . As birds come together to a tree to roost, and separate again, in the morning, not less certain is it that the coming together of all beings must end in separation; and as clouds, meeting together, drift away again, so I deem the meetings and partings of all men that live, to be also; and as all the world is subject to separation, how then may we say we possess a union that is but a dream; for as trees even lose the inborn greenness of their leaves, how should there not be separation of those who are already divided from each other.”

This is, without doubt, entirely relentless, pitiless. It is the doom of human love, of human life. And the same sense of the universe and law, the same uncompromising condemnation, the same sense of the vanity of it all, inspires the opening of the Songs of the Master.

We shall see, later, that this is not a total view of life; that it is not the last and highest truth, the final word of wisdom. But this much it undoubtedly is: a profound and piercing insight into a tremendous reality—the vast discrepancy between our life and the demands of the soul. It is to the lasting honor of the Indian teachers that they have seen the magnitude of this discrepancy; that they have not allowed the mean ambitions, the petty sensualities, the low gratifications of the world, to blind their eyes to the majesty of the soul, and its claims; claims so much higher, that, at the mere recognition of them, this life of ours seems to shrivel up like straws cast into the fire.

For, in answer to Arjuna’s pitiful complaints, to his shrinking re-

luctance, his fears, his despair—in a word, his sense of life's misery—Krishna, exultantly and defiantly almost, asserts the majesty of the soul. The soul is, and is everlasting; what matter, then, if life and all its passions are as the grass that perishes? The words accredited to Krishna, in reply to Arjuna's first questioning lamentations, are so full of grandeur, so much higher than anything else in the Master's Songs, that we may well translate the passage that contains them:

" Krishna answered him, laughing, as it were, as he sank down hopeless, in the midst of the opposing hosts.

" 'Thou grieveest for those not to be grieved for, and speakest very wise words! Those who understand, sorrow for neither the dead nor the living. For never hast thou not lived, nor I, nor the princes of the host; nor shall we cease to be, henceforth, forever.

" 'For this soul that rules the body, takes on childhood, youth, and age; so also the soul takes another body—the wise know this well. Our meetings with the outward world, that bring us joy and sorrow, cold and heat, depart as they have come, enduring not; therefore suffer thou them patiently. Whom these move not, the wise man, meeting joy and pain alike—he builds for immortality.

" 'Of the unreal, there is no being; so of the real, there is no non-being. The essence of them both is seen by those that have eyes to see. But know that as inviolable, by which this universe is stretched forth; and who has power to destroy that Inviolable? For the bodies of the eternal soul have their ending—the soul, that is inviolable, unfathomable; fight on, therefore, warrior! Who sees the soul as slayer, who thinks of it as slain—both these know not; the soul slays not, nor is slain.

" 'For that soul is born not, dies not, forever; nor having life, shall it ever lose life. Unborn, eternal, that ancient everlasting is never slain, though the body be slain. He who has beheld that inviolable eternal, that unborn imperishable, how, Prince, can he destroy any, or whom can he slay?

" 'As, putting aside old garments, a man takes others new, so putting away worn-out bodies, the soul, lord of the body, goes to other new ones.

“ ‘ Weapons cleave not the soul, nor fire burns it; the waters wet it not, nor the dry winds scorch it. For not to be cloven is this, nor to be burned; nor can it be wet, or scorched with drought.

“ ‘ This is the eternal resting-place, the all-present; this is the unshaken everlasting. This is the hidden, the unthought; this is called the unchanging one. Therefore knowing this, sorrow is unworthy of thee.’ ”

Thus Krishna triumphantly asserts the soul, serene in the empyrean, above the storm-clouds of life, looking down unmoved on the hills and valleys; beginningless, endless; outlasting even the stars.

This is the answer to our misery, our lamentations; this the true gospel, the golden kernel, hidden within the husk of pessimism.

There is that in us which is above meanness—has indeed a serene grandeur that the immortals envy; there is that in us which is untouched by misery—for it is the heart of joy, fed on even the fragments of which the gods rejoice, each in his own rank and measure. There is the soul, high above this elemental strife, and untouched by it; watching, unconcerned, the struggle for life, failure, misery, death—or perhaps not even heeding these things. There is the soul, from everlasting to everlasting; infinite, mighty, full of joy.

This is Krishna's answer to the lamentations of Arjuna; and, as though it were too high and profound for a mind still steeped in the misery of our shadow-world, he adds yet other reasons, urged by which Arjuna should cease from grieving, buckle his armor on, and quit himself like a man:

“ ‘ Even if thou thinkest of the soul as ever born and ever dying, yet, mighty-armed one, is grief unworthy of thee. For if the death of what is born is certain, so is the birth of whatever dies. Therefore thy grief, in a matter beyond changing, is unworthy of thee. The soul, lord of the body, is eternally unbound, in the body of each; therefore it is unworthy of thee to grieve, even for all beings.’ ”

We had, first, the great and esoteric teaching of the supreme, inviolable soul, serene in the midst of life; or, rather, resting forever at the heart of things, while the shows of life pass by. We have now the lesser and more exoteric doctrine of the soul, as the pilgrim,

wandering hither and thither, in the circle of necessity; passing from birth to birth, from body to body, disconsolate and exiled.

That doctrine of re-birth, or re-incarnation—to use the more common, and worse-sounding word—is perfectly true, so far as the outward world is true; it is as true as the ocean and the hills; true as the blue sky and the glory of the grass; but, with the truth of the soul, it is not true; for the soul is never born nor dies, nor does it enter a body, nor leave a body; for the centre of all things, the heart of the universe itself—which thou art—cannot move, nor ever suffer change.

Yet a great and wonderful truth lies in that teaching of re-birth, so great that Krishna may well put it forward as a second reason for valor and the joy of battle, in the midst of these grim hosts of warriors, menacing as the powers of our own life menace us every day we live.

It comes as a full inspiration of wisdom to those who have thought of their lives as beginning with birth and ending with the tomb; there is, for them, a high revelation in the thought, first grasped and understood, that their life's lord has come from afar to the gates of birth, as the swallows come over the rim of the sky in the springtime; that they have gazed with young eyes on the faces of others beloved, or haply gazed into the same eyes, in life after life, where faces only flitted away like dreams, souls remaining the same, each true to the other. And they learn how they found old wisdom in far-off lands; by the hill, fringed with the desert, or the twining Euphrates, or the Yellow Stream of the East; or perhaps in shrines that have vanished from rivers, gone long with the lands that held them, and sunk beneath the waves of seas that have borne name after name, as the tongues of men changed with the changing ages. And they learn how they have sinned and sorrowed and rejoiced, in other lands, in the days that are done, and are drawn up like a curtain into the night; and haply how they shall sin and sorrow in lives to come, beneath skies into which the sun of life has not yet dawned—lives that still rest like unopened flowers, awaiting the breath of the morning.

So the whole horizon widens; the cloud-wracks lift from our narrow lives, and we see that the phantom of birth, and the phantom of

old death itself, were but bright and lurid wraiths in the mists of the dawning. Great and mighty, soul-strengthening and full of gladness to all valorous hearts, is that teaching of life after life, marching onward, like a grand army, up to the throne of the Eternal. The wrong done lives from life to life, jealously preserved for us, that we, who have sinned, may right wrong again, and with our own hands make reparation, watching the trace of our evil fade and vanish, as sorrow vanishes from the face of a comforted child. Great is the hope for those who feel the doom of separation; for, in fulness of time for both, they shall meet again, drawn with magnetic bonds of love, coming together again even out of the abysmal darkness, not as pale, ineffectual spirits, but as men and women, full of the breath of life. And how many a mystery, of those dim hosts of wonders that haunt even the simplest life, how many a mystery would be solved—if we could only remember! We should know why we hate one, and love another; why we must give to one, but receive generous benefits from another; why our life is sad or merry, full of gloom, or alight with joy. And, could memory, lighting up the way we have come, as the sun lights up the long track of the waves, but go back far enough, we should know, perchance, why we are here at all; and why this mist of impotence, holding us with soft, numb fingers, hangs round all our lives, and keeps us from the splendor of the soul. "Many are my past lives, Arjuna, and also thine; but I remember; thou rememberest not."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, M.R.A.S.

(Concluded.)

It remains then for thee to understand among what kind of workmen thou placest thyself; for he who rules all things will certainly make a right use of thee, and he will receive thee among some part of the co-operators and of those whose labors conduce to one end.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man never so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces. It is a rare thing for a man in great prosperity to lay down his happiness gently, it being a common fate for a man to sink under the weight of those felicities that raise him.—*Seneca*.

"CENTRES OF FORCE," AND BEING.

Parmenides held that change is an illusion. True Being as we find it in thought is permanent. But Heraclitus opposed him, and declared that change alone is real and there is no permanency at all. The Pythagoreans sought to unite these two views, and from them Plato learns and teaches that there are two principles: (1) There is permanent being; (2) there is an actual becoming. The synthesis is the Idea, or the Form. These four stand-points represent the poles between which swings the Greek philosophy of Being.

Though Heraclitus * uttered the principle of the becoming it was only as a fact of experience, that he knew it. He had not explained it. He had not said *why* there is an eternal movement. The Atomists analyzed it. The school of the Atomists was founded by Leucippus and Democritus; but it must be stated at once that the atomic conception is of Eastern origin. It hails from the Nyaga philosophy. Democritus was celebrated in antiquity as "the laughing philosopher," Heraclitus as the weeping one:

One pitied, one condemn'd the woeful times;
One laugh'd at follies, and one wept o'er crimes.†

Democritus (more important than Leucippus) and his modern disciple, Leibnitz, are two philosophers of great importance to the student of Being.

I am not now dealing with the atomic theory, either in a modern or ancient sense.‡ It is conceded all around that atoms may be considered as dynamic centres as well as (or better than) mechanical ones.

* See my articles in this series: January and February, 1896.

† Compare with Horace Walpole's epigram: "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel."

‡ "The modern atomic theory is the law of definite proportions; the ancient theory is merely the affirmation of indefinite combinations. Between these two conceptions there is precisely the difference between Positive Science and Philosophy. Instead of being similar conceptions, they were neither arrived at in the same way, nor have they the same signification."—George Henry Lewes: "The Biographical History of Philosophy," New York, 1873, p. 100.

I shall therefore see in them volitional forces and proper parallels and counterparts to Parmenides's thought of which I wrote in my last paper.* By volitional forces I now mean Being under the aspect of Universal Will, Sephirothic powers, or will as the polar force balancing thinking. Being has been defined under both aspects, and the definitions of the atoms by Democritus and Leibnitz correspond exactly to them. This is Democritus's definition of them:

"Atoms have no weight, but force; it is only the impulsion given by superior force which constitutes weight." Modern savants agree with this, and maintain that atomic weights are nothing but relations. "Atoms are unchangeable, possessing, indeed, extension, but yet indivisible." They are, therefore, as Magy has proved, only resultants of force. In other words, their supposed materiality is now reduced to force. Indeed, we may well cry out with Faraday: "What do we know of an atom apart from force?" and answer: "Nothing! for atoms are only postulates. Nobody has ever seen an atom and no scientist ever expects to."

Wherein lies the ground that the atoms—supposing them for argument's sake to exist—should enter into the manifold combinations which make organic and inorganic forms? Democritus answers this question by declaring that atoms have in themselves a necessary pre-determinateness. But what is this but declaring that they are self-determined and volitional beings?

In order to be atoms, i.e., undivided and impenetrable unities, Democritus attributes to them mutual limitations and sets them up against each other in separateness and impenetrability. Is this not attributing consciousness to them? But the only force of which we have consciousness is will.

Democritus is said to have declared the motion of the atoms to be primordial and eternal. In the formation of the world by the atoms—which presupposes intelligence—the homogeneous and heterogeneous each suggest their own by natural necessity, said Democritus. But what other senses than that of "love and hatred" can we give this "natural necessity," especially as that conception was already familiar to the Greek philosophic mind? Putting these char-

* "Intelligence," August, 1897.

acteristics together, the general conclusion can only be that by atoms as defined by Democritus, we must understand dynamic forces, will powers, "unextended centres of Being," centres of activity or active points.

Scientists claim the success of Democritus's principle of reduction of the qualitative to the quantitative, or the triumph of materialism. Galileo, Bacon, Descartes, and Hobbes are on this side. But though the controversy is not ended as to whether nature is quality or quantity, and though modern science is gaining much ground, the final outcome cannot be doubtful, for only a living content of nature will and can satisfy the human mind and heart. Quality, will, thought must survive.

But I am not now speaking of mere volition, or the so well-known brutal selfishness of daily life, which has its own way and at any price. I am speaking of will in a metaphysical sense and mean more especially the active side of thought.

This is a summary due to old Father Rauch: It is usual to consider Reason and Will as wholly different activities, but the mind is one and the two are therefore inseparable, including each other. What on one side is *liberty* of will is on the other *spontaneity* of thought. Man cannot *will* a thing, unless he knows it. He cannot have any knowledge of it without the influence of will. We must consider, to resolve; and resolve, to consider. Reason, then, is nothing else than will with prevailing consciousness; and will is reason with a prevailing practical tendency.

Spinoza treats "extension and thinking" as modes of Substance (Being), just as willing, feeling, loving are modes of thinking; in other words, they are not radically different. Hegel declares that will is not a faculty diverse from thought, but rather a particular form of thought; it is thought translating itself into determinate being. These two eminent men stand by themselves with this doctrine in the whole history of philosophy. The other philosophers use the term *will* as their key-word to the ultimate fact, Being. Of moderns, Arthur Schopenhauer has spoken most definitely. The way out of the dilemma is not to choose one of the two, but to leave both standing as polar expressions for Being as It manifests itself, now mentally,

now volitionally. That which Democritus expresses in stammering language about Being and Non-Being can only mean that self-duplication of the Absolute which is so commonly expressed in the double-sexed character of the mythological gods, and which later Science calls polarity of nature, and which was Schelling's fundamental principle in the fifth period of his philosophy.

But thus far I have treated only the Democritic philosophy of atoms because the atoms, as dynamic centres, resemble so closely the universal will-principles that I claim Democritus means *the will*, when he talks about *the atom*. In Democritus we have therefore a counterpart to Thought as treated by Parmenides. These two taken together represent the beginning of Greek Philosophy. There are two other points of his philosophy which concern us directly when we study Being.

In the first book of the *Metaphysics*, Aristotle says: "Leucippus and his associate, Democritus, assume as elements *the full* and *the void*. The former they term Being, the latter Non-Being; hence they assert, further, that Non-Being exists as well as Being." In Plutarch (*Adv. Col.* 4) the account is, "Thing is not more real than no-thing." Here we have a direct contradiction of Parmenides's philosophy of Being and the establishment of a new dialectics. Being and Non-Being, as something thought, which—when represented for consciousness as differing in regard to one another—are the plenum and the vacuum, have no diversity in themselves; for the plenum has likewise negativity in itself; as independent, it excludes what is different; it is one and infinitely many ones, while the vacuum is not exclusive, but pure continuity.*

Many anecdotes are reported respecting Democritus. The most interesting is the one which relates that he put out his eyes with a burning-glass, in order that he might be more undisturbedly acquainted with his reason. Evidently Democritus had discovered the value of silence and solitude, for he said that the eyes were one of the great inlets to the soul. Cutting off the inlet, the soul was left to ransack its own depths.

Democritus did not believe in the senses as true guides to knowl-

* Compare, Fr. Hegel, "*Geschichte der Philosophie*."

edge. All sensations are pure matters of opinion and common agreement. We decide not according to reason, but according to custom, what is sweet or bitter, etc. Physical phenomena are uncertain, hence Democritus declared for the noumena.* He says there are two kinds of cognition, one genuine, another obscure. Of the latter kind are the following: sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch. The genuine cognition consists in that which is distinct from the senses. Hence when the obscure is unable to see or hear in minute matters, we must take refuge in the genuine.

The obscure method declares "of nothing do we know what is really true, but only what is apparent to every man as he happens to be personally affected by external objects." "Even though anything seem evident, exact knowledge of it is doubtful." "Truth lies hid as in a well." In other words, the obscure method is sceptical. It is also materialistic, since it declares itself for the physical aspect of things, said he.

The genuine method reveals aspects of Being, when it declares that "Out of nothing comes nothing"; "No existing thing can be annihilated"; "Nothing happens by accident, but all things come of reason and with necessity"; "The primordial constitutive elements of the universe are only plenum † and vacuum, and of endless diversity of form." Statements like these, though strongly realistic, and materialistic enough to be axioms of modern science, reveal deep insights into the nature of Being. This philosophy is beautifully supplemented by Democritus's ethical ideas, all of which are also wonderful revelations when it is remembered that they were in existence at so remote a period and among a people as yet immature.

In conclusion, I offer the opinion of Aristotle on the Atomic system. Than he none has better seen the defects of the system when it is understood as a mechanical explanation of nature; and his judgment upon it is the judgment that must be passed upon all modern

* The thing in itself. According to Kant we have no knowledge of the thing in itself, the noumenon: "Objects are quite unknown to us in themselves, and what we call outward objects are nothing else but mere representations of our sensibility; . . . the thing itself is not known by means of these representations."—Critique of Pure Reason, Meiklejohn, p. 28.

† The theory that there is no unoccupied space in the universe; that space is fully occupied by matter, especially by absolutely continuous matter; a vacuum, in atomism, means that some space exists devoid of matter.

atomistic-mechanical explanations of Being. It is contradictory—says he—on the one hand to set up something corporeal or space-filling as indivisible, as do the atomists; and on the other, to derive the extended from that which has no extension, which the atomists also do. He further shows that the consciousless and inconceivable Necessity, of Democritus, is defective as an explanation of Nature because it banishes from Nature all conception of design. It leaves only blindness, and utterly denies Mind to Being. But all these defects disappear when the atoms are understood as centres of being or will-forces, such as I have above maintained them to be. To those who object that force without matter is a pure abstraction, I say that matter is only an appearance produced by the action of one or more forces. It is a resultant, not a reality. It strikes the senses only. It exists as matter only in relation to our intelligence. It is but a manifestation.

There is, however, one point on which I must object to the atomic system, even though the atoms be will-forces—there are too many of them. The mind craves unity, calls for a One. Another Greek philosopher, Anaxagoras, furnished us with such a principle of unity in *Nous*, Intelligence.

Anaxagoras was born about 500 B.C., and was the first to plant philosophy at Athens, which from his time became the centre of mental life in Greece. Anaxagoras says (writes Fr. Hegel) that it is not gods, sensuous principles, elements, or thoughts (viz., reflections), but that it is the Universal, Thought itself, in and for itself, without opposition, all-embracing, which is the Substance—Being.

The *Nous*, or Intelligence, is itself unmoved, but active everywhere; it is unmingled with anything but the ground of movement, and free to dispose. *Nous* is the world-forming intelligence, the supreme will and the supreme thought, the true and only centre of force. It is Being mainly under the aspect of the *Mover* of matter. This limitation declared by Anaxagoras gives his philosophy much of a mechanical character, and detracts from it. Plato and Aristotle were loud in complaints about it. But even if Anaxagoras's views of *Nous*, Intelligence, was limited to a *deus ex machina*, the *deus* is recognized or at least postulated and for that we are grateful.

It is the recognition of an absolutely immaterial principle to which the existence of the world and its arrangement and design must be referred. In Anaxagoras, philosophy gains an Ideal principle, and from his time the distinction has been set between mind and nature.

If we now turn to Asia about 500 B.C., we find at this period of history the Buddhistic form of mind coming to the front as a reaction against sterile Brahminism; and we find also the Vedanta Philosophy well established. The first is an assertion of will as the fundamental principle of mind, the latter is Intelligence. In China the Great Thinker, Lao-tsze, had already propagated the fructifying thought of Tao,* Reason, as the way, the truth, and the life. In the Persian empire, then just founded, we find the universal genius of Cyrus opening to the world the treasures of wisdom gathered in Babylon, sending home the Jews, and teaching monotheism. The Jews had already furnished the world a marvelous philosophy through its prophets, a philosophy both of will and thought. Egypt, after a thousand years of independent existence, became a mere province of the Persian empire, 525 B.C., and her subjugation helped to universalize Egyptian wisdom, which in the most general way, as regards the point before us, may be summarized in this idea: The primal and intelligent Mind originated all things and permeates them as their soul. In short, the then civilized-world had awakened and had expressed itself in well-defined philosophical formulas. About this time, mankind, represented by its leading nations, had taken a decided step in Love and Wisdom, the two poles of Being manifested through Heart and Mind. We might say that at this time mankind was *born*; for from this time on philosophic Thought is stamped upon the brow. Mankind comes then out of the merely anthropological state, the empirical one, to one of reflection—out of the state of bondage to one of freedom. "Thinking," said Pestalozzi, "leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know anything of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind."

But what is really to be understood by thinking and willing?

* See "Tao, the Chinese 'Being.'" *Metaphysical Magazine*, May, 1895.

The mystics, it seems to me, answer the question best, when they say that the human mind, as such, inevitably, by virtue of its essential constitution finds itself involved in contradictions when it begins to reason about Being as if the mind could fathom it. They insist that of itself the mind cannot attain any positive conception of the nature of the Divine and Infinite, but that such a conception lies below consciousness and it is upon that we must fall back if we want to know about It. Some call this "falling-back process," Faith; others, the opening of the inner eyes, descending into the Ground of the soul. Pythagoras called that primary conception, "the great light," "the salt of the ages"; Plutarch called it, "the inner guide"; the Gnostics knew it as "the true light"; Fox as "the inward voice"; etc., etc. Among modern philosophers, Sir William Hamilton has expressed this axiom by saying, "The Unconditioned is incognizable and inconceivable; its notion being only the negative of the Conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived."

Did not that old sage of antiquity reproachfully reply to his impertinent interlocutors: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" We can not. But this great and beautiful universe is a psalm written in hieroglyphics, which when read by the Inner Man gives all necessary light. The Outer Man does not need that light.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

"Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; and all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East."

—*The Light of Asia*, by Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE INFINITY OF THE SOUL.

Man cannot conceive of the beginning or end of time or space, there being always an antecedent to every conception of beginning and a subsequent to every idea of end. Even in thought, man can neither create nor annihilate space or time, without perceiving infinity external to those mental conceptions. But greater far than space and time is God. He permeates both, is without beginning, end, or limit; and is that which time and space are not—He is Spirit.

The attributes of infinity are intuitive to the mind of man, but he cannot conceive infinity of the finite. The great effort of the age, in physical science, however, is to make Nature infinite. The wonders of Nature, the mysteries of life, the inertia of all physical existence, superficially contemplated, do incline one to believe that Law is the deity which rules all. But law is of no avail without force. All law would cease, without the power and control of One First Great Cause.

This great universe, with its grand system of life-sustaining heat and motion, is but an imperceptible mote in Space. Time, Space, and Deity are infinitely unchangeable, but finite nature is unceasing change. Its final disintegration into space, would mean, virtually, annihilation. We look down at the world and see that all its wonder and glory must fade away. We look out into space and along every radius its awful infinity overwhelms us.

Man is spirit, but his form is finite. His physical nature is purely animal and has no affinity with his higher element. If sense and instinct rule his life, man feels that he lives, when, in truth, he merely exists. Yet his soul, in all the physical sphere, is the single presence which has the possibilities of eternity at its command. Excepting Deity, it is the *sole intellect* in all nature.

In the physical universe, the soul of man alone has the freedom of will. What freedom has an animal? It is a slave to nature. Virtue and vice are not even presented to its will; even were they presented,

it has not the intellect to choose judiciously. Man's higher attributes are compared with and alleged to be simply animal instincts, greatly developed; and not without some justification; a man's life alone can successfully disprove the assertion.

When we hear men claiming of immortality, sensuous pleasures, a continuation of finite surroundings, the mutual recognition in infinite eternity of friends who are only physically related and whose souls are foreign to each other, we do not wonder that science opposes the shallowness of such claims. These hopes are purely animal and contaminate the spiritual hopes; and as such they are only finite, and finite they remain.

Can we hope for any finite existence in infinity? When we look out into infinity, where alone God is, and all else is not, can we trust in a finite animal life in that grand realm of Infinite Spirit? Only by considering infinity can we understand that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Man must *realize* the possibilities of infinity open to his soul.

The soul can feel its infinity only by regeneration. Then the Spirit plunges it in the illimitable depths of Infinity. Immediately, the vanity of all that is finite appears. Man does not dread, then, the loss of finite form; for he sees in death that victory which Freedom alone can give. His soul, freed from the chains of organic existence, flies out of finite weariness into the bosom of Infinity, there to be welcomed with happiness immortal.

The Finite and Infinity have met in man; the Finite passes away, the Infinite remains supreme. Free, It returns to the breast of the Father of Infinity to live with Spirit and Word forever.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

FIGHT NOT AGAINST THY SINS.

Fight not against thy sins, my child!
Better, remember what thou art—
A soul, joined to the living God;
His offspring, from whose boundless Heart
Forever flows into thine own,
Strength, wisdom, truth, and love supreme.
When thou rememberest this, dear one,
Where are thy sins? Thou didst but dream!

MARY PUTNAM GILMORE.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

DOGMATIC TEACHINGS.

In the September number of "Intelligence" we presented an article on "The Dogma of the Atonement," which has attracted wide-spread interest and has received much praise for its clear, straight-to-the-point argument, as well as for the purpose with which it was written and published.

In this number we present an equally strong and well-written article by the same author, the Rev. Dr. Frank, on the Dogma of Inspiration.

Dr. Frank has made the subject of Dogmatic teachings a study during a lifetime of pulpit service, and we believe few to-day are better fitted to deal with this grave question, which, through the ignorance of misunderstanding, has made so many trials in life, benumbed so many intellects, destroyed the reason of so many minds otherwise strong, and sent so many souls to the other world in a despair born of hopeless belief in the dogmatic utterances of those no more fitted to pronounce a doom than their deluded followers themselves.

These two articles open a series on "The Rise and Decadence of Dogma" which we shall bring forward in succeeding numbers of "Intelligence." We hope that they will throw a searching light into this darkened dungeon of foolish belief in self-appointed authority, supported, as it has been from the very first, by falsification whenever deceit became necessary in order to hold the rod of authority over the heads of naturally doubtful victims.

The crimes that have been committed against trusting hearts through compulsory teaching of false principles of life, as regards both the here and the hereafter, would alone make a hell even of an earthly paradise.

More than a year ago the writer was in conversation with a minister of

the Roman Catholic Church when the subject of the definite teaching of the churches on these points was advanced.

The Reverend Father, recognizing that his expressions and descriptions were understood, talked freely, and seemed to find almost inexpressible relief in stating what was evidently a thoroughly honest conviction. In substance he said:

"Of course we ministers of the Church know perfectly well that there is no devil, save the tendency of the mind to do what is wrong; but if we were to admit that to our people we could never control them as a body for any purpose. We know equally well that there is no hell save the scourging condition of mind of a guilty conscience; but, if we admit that to our people, we have no power whatever in places where power is necessary; and we argue that as they are incapable of governing themselves it is justifiable in us even to deceive them into a belief in a hell, which, through fear, they may then attempt to avoid. The Church does not teach this doctrine to us as a *Truth* but as an *expediency* in our relations with the masses."

He also admitted a full conviction of the truth of the metaphysical principles through which mental healing is performed, and stated that the philosophy is well known to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, its *fundamental principles* being an important part of their education and training.

He had read, quite extensively, the literature of the day on the subject, and expressed as his firm conviction that the teachings contained in the philosophy are of the greatest possible benefit to humanity at large. Entertaining these ideas, he had already found the church ceremonies irksome and was contemplating resignation at the time of the last interview. He has since passed to the other side—perhaps to carry out advanced ideas, which the shackles of the position held here made practically impossible.

Humanity needs a Church, *for no other purpose than to set free and liberalize* minds already enthralled by ignorance, because of a misconception of the truth about the pure principles of action in life. This is its true mission, this is what it was originally organized for, and this was its earlier work. But for a thousand years its work has been distorted by sordid minds, bent solely upon gaining power over the masses, for either

personal gain or other vainglory. Its teachings have always been freely distorted, in the beginning with intention, and later working out through misinterpretation and consequent misunderstanding, because of the wrong bent given to thought, thereby creating biased opinions, and leading to contentions which have already brought the whole institution to the verge of ruin.

The way out of this, and the only way to prevent absolute dissolution, is to return to the original Principle for a guide in every reasoning process; ignore "dogma" and look to *demonstration* of the living "Principle" for Truth; abandon form and ceremony, which have always been used to cover the hollow mockery of either ignorant teachings or vicious pretensions to authority—maintained only through falsification of the originally pure teachings of real truths—and make *Reason*, based upon the pure faith of KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAWS OF BEING, the standard of both study and teaching. Then and then only, will the "God in man" come to the foreground in our spiritual philosophies, and the true "inspiration" of higher knowledge will readily determine its own office of authority, without dogmatic assertion, and maintain its really high position without the need of falsification, pretension, or "hoodwinking" in any form whatsoever. *Truth* contains nothing false and needs no false presentation to cause its light to shine. Remove the veil of erroneous teachings; cast out credulous belief in self-appointed authority; look truth squarely in the face and investigate for yourself through the real God-given qualities of *your own spiritual nature*, PURE INTELLIGENCE, and all the dogmatic assumption of the ages will have no power over you.

The saving of your soul is in your own hands. Investigate.

A METAPHYSICS SCHOOL.

We believe our readers will be glad to know that in response to the rapidly widening desire for knowledge of the deeper mysteries of life, as shown by recent interest in occult and metaphysical teaching of both the East and the West, a step in the right direction has just been taken through the founding of a school for scientific study in the various lines necessary to a substantial education in metaphysical law and precept.

This movement has long been under advisement, and a few who have for years had the real interest of the advanced movement at heart, have

been gradually evolving plans, while watching the pulse of the growing movement and waiting for signs of interest sufficiently general to make an organization for the special advancement of knowledge self-supporting, or, at least, of public interest sufficient to warrant its establishment.

We believe that the time has now come and is fully ripe for action.

There are many branches of education that could with very great advantage be taught on a strictly metaphysical basis. The most of these, however, must wait yet awhile for still further growth of public appreciation of the momentous fact that all knowledge has a metaphysical basis and that no really useful or important branch of education can be taught so readily, so effectively, or so enduringly without as *with* a knowledge of metaphysical principles. In fact, it has already been proved to many open minds that De Quincey was entirely right in saying that "All parts of knowledge have their origin in metaphysics and finally, perhaps, revolve into it." The statement is absolutely true with the "perhaps" left out.

The American School of Metaphysics, announced in our advertising columns, has been founded as an outcome of appreciation of these facts, and with full confidence that such an institution, conducted in a business-like way, will prove of the greatest possible benefit to a people already ridden nearly to intellectual destruction by a scholasticism that cares more for "adopted form" than for natural law.

Whatever the *form* that present needs may seem to require, such an institution certainly has a field for the broadest growth, and eventually may include all branches necessary to the fullest education of mind, soul, and spirit.

The immediate need seems to be a suitable presentation of those phases of occult and metaphysical knowledge which generate the healing power, as all the world is sick in one way or another and wildly searching the earth for remedial help, in the main only to become yet more sick from the weariness of the search, coupled, as it inevitably is, with disappointment at not finding in materiality that which really never was there—being foreign to its external nature.

Metaphysical Healing meets this emergency, scientifically as well as philosophically, and sufficient demonstration has been made to create a wide-spread desire for deeper knowledge and more systematic teaching.

This, therefore, seems to be the most important field for immediate action, and the *earliest plans* for teaching, in the system of the school, involve a thorough presentation of the healing knowledge, both scientific and philosophical, with the intention of extending to other branches of learning and expanding into more extensive fields as the growth in the public mind of appreciation of these vital principles may warrant.

This magazine was founded and its publishing company organized with this aim in view, and the work in all these branches fits in a plan that eventually will demonstrate a wholeness not easy to see from any one point of view alone.

As a company working on business ground, each and all are vitally interested in the progress in all directions; as a magazine force, we watch with the deepest interest all advancing movements in every part of the world, and observe with satisfaction that a more liberal and advanced education is continually being developed; and in the thorough conduct of school work we shall be absorbingly interested in each step taken and in every degree of progress that can be made for the enfranchisement of the human soul, the broadening of the human mind, and the consequent enlargement of the field of usefulness in life of every man, woman, and child in the human family of Divine Creation. This result is sure to follow the introduction of the metaphysical principles of wholeness, goodness, purity, strength, and power for operative action, into all educational systems.

FRONTISPIECE.

Our Frontispiece this month is an excellent likeness of Dr. Adolf Brodbeck of Chicago, one of the strongest advanced thinkers of the present time. He was among the first to propose and to work for the World's Parliament of Religions held at Chicago during the World's Fair, and was a member of the Advisory Council.

He is a philosophical writer of wide distinction, especially in Germany and England, his principal works having been published in the German language, and many of them republished in England.

His recent works are "Realism—The New Religion," and "The Ideal of Universities," * republished from the German, revised and translated by the Author.

* Issued by The Metaphysical Publishing Co.

Dr. Brodbeck's thought is strongly characteristic of the most profound type of German philosophy and his mind seems to be clearly metaphysical by nature.

Next month we shall present the portrait of Dr. Alexander Wilder, whose writings and thought are known throughout the world.

THOUGHT COMMUNICATION.

Had I never read of the principles of thought communication as a scientific fact demonstrable by actual experiment, the natural recognition of corroborated statements made by reliable friends and acquaintances, and especially phenomena witnessed in my own small circle, would, at least, have awakened curiosity as to a scientific definition of the phenomenon. A demonstrated fact is undeniable.

Among a great many thinkers not enough importance is given to our thoughts as images. The philosopher now teaches us that these are as much realities as the so-called real images themselves. My first experiment in thought communication was such a complete success and so much in excess of my expectation, as to excite my wonder and admiration. It must be stated in advance, that the recipient of the thought image, impressed by me, is connected with me by the strongest ties of friendship and that our mode of thought runs to a great extent in the same channels. That these facts are related to the phenomena will not be disputed.

Under similar circumstances such data should not be overlooked by the "seeker of causes." All minutiae of intervening data should be carefully noted. Else how could we arrive at the scientific explanation of the facts of such an experiment?

On July 25, 1894, while walking on — Street in this city (St. Joseph, Mo.) it suddenly occurred to me to impress a friend with a thought. The idea had never come to me before and, of course, my friend was not conscious of my intention. I impressed him at his home and made a note of the time, and thought impressed, thus: "Chas. —, I (H. B. T—) want you immediately. Time, 9.40 a.m."

At 7.25 that evening my friend Chas. G— called. He looked anxious and thoughtful. I could see very plainly that there was "something on his mind." After conversing on general topics Charles suddenly addressed me: "Did you want me about half-past nine this morning? Yes, I am sure you did. I was at home reading, when suddenly the thought came very clearly that you wanted me. It was so

plain that at first it startled me. I made a note of the time—9.38 a.m. I have been thinking of this all day.”

Seeing the pleased look upon my smiling face he guessed the riddle. Comparing notes we found that the experiment was perfect, all but the difference in time, two minutes, which was, no doubt, the fault of the timepieces.

I can now communicate the thought that I want him (and of course similar ones) at any time or place. Such was my first trial—my first success—which naturally led to other experiments of a more complex character. With the same principals, I next tried an experiment in the transference of an image thought and the success was remarkable. The person to be impressed, my friend Charles H——, was seated upon a settee on the lawn. I sat on a chair sixty feet from Charles with my back toward him. He, also, had his back to me. In this instance the experiment was pre-arranged. I did not, however, make up my mind as to the object to be impressed until after I had taken my seat to perform the experiment. Feeling in my pocket, the first thing I grasped was a bunch of keys. Selecting a large, flat one, I closed my eyes and impressed upon Charles's mind the image of this key. I held the key within my hand and all through the process, for about one minute and a half. Upon an audible signal from me, Charles drew on paper the object he had seen and wrote his own estimate of the length of time he beheld it. According to our agreement, he handed me the drawing and I there beheld the exact counterpart of the key, excepting a few irregularities in its outline, which was the fault of Charles's inability to draw a perfect picture. When shown the key he recognized it out of the bunch, as the original of the thought image. Charles said he saw the key as plainly as if he were looking at the original with his physical eyes.

Encouraged by this success I then suggested a more difficult experiment: that of impressing a word of five letters. This experiment followed immediately upon the former one and under the same circumstances, the difference being simply in the thing impressed—in this instance a word of five letters, which, as before, I did not select until I was seated for the experiment. Charles, with his back toward me, his eyes tightly closed, was separated from me, as before, by sixty feet of lawn. After seating myself, I chose the first word of five letters that occurred to me, which happened to be the word “Light.” I impressed this word very carefully, spelling out every letter in my mind. Here is the exact picture I held—“LIGHT.” I then drew a picture of the word on paper and gave Charles his signal. He advanced and exhibited the

exact counterpart of the original word—"Light." Now, while holding the image in my mind, I concentrated more thought and energy on the last three letters than I did on the first two. I asked Charles whether he saw any one of the letters more distinctly than the others. He informed me that the *ght* were more distinct and more regular than either of the others.

Under similar circumstances similar results have always followed. It makes little difference, I venture to assume, whether the person to be impressed is conscious or not conscious of the intention so long as the mind is not otherwise actively engaged.

H. B. T.

A DAY DREAM.

I was a simple school-girl. It was at the end of a long course, and I, weary but satisfied at having finished my work, had gone into another room to visit one of my teachers. As I stood there waiting, another form, clad in black, entered quietly at the door, looking for the same person for whom I was waiting. It was Miss D——, another teacher. One of my friends who was with me said just then, "Yes, some of the girls believed you were ill; others thought your sickness was only an excuse for absence from rehearsals."

The other answered, "Well, the poor child was in bed up to the day of commencement."

At this point, my friends, for some unknown reason, arose and left the room. Miss D—— walked toward me, her sweet face wreathed in a quiet smile, and when we were alone, she said to me in a low voice as she looked long into my eyes, "If you will lend me your hand a moment, I will tell you something." I expected she was joking, and was going to read my palm, so I accordingly thrust my hand forward. She picked up a list of words which lay upon a nearby desk, and handed them to me, telling me to read them slowly and carefully, one after another. She placed in my other hand, what I thought was a bottle of smelling-salts, from which the lid had been removed; but upon looking into it, I saw that it was empty. However I was not much surprised, but began abstractedly to smell it; my whole thought was on the list of words in my hand. Never before did "Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio," have so great interest for me. I read on, "Cesare, Camestres, Festino, Baroko"—still more those words charmed. I looked—looked—long and steadily at the paper in my hand. Why had those words such a fascination for me?

As I gaze, gradually all else fades from my mind. For me there is

no past, there is no future, only the vast, boundless present, and this seemed an eternity. The noises of the street grow dimmer and more distant. The light gradually fades—and fades—and fails. The sweet, pungent odor which I had been inhaling, spreads itself around, and grows more and more rare, and more and more faint, until finally it with all else dies away; and only those words exist. Again I begin the list: "Barbara, Cel—," but they too have faded, and are no more. Gradually I lose all feeling, all sentience, all knowledge of self. The body grows, it becomes more beautiful, it nears perfection of power—then it sinks, it becomes smaller, it shrivels; but the soul expands, it grows, it enlarges.

My body sinks more and more into nothingness, but as *it* fades and fades, *I* grow, *I* enlarge. A vast eternity, and a boundless space are before me. At last, only a face remains; it too sinks into the ever-increasing vastness of my soul. I grow, I grow, I expand! I reach out into the trackless space around me. I am at last free, I am all, I am everything. I have no bounds. For me, there is no more time—eternity, without beginning, without end, alone exists. There is no more space—vast, boundless infinity only, is. There is no cause, *I* am all sufficient. There is only I. The stars, far, far distant, the great inter-stellar space, universe after universe, are merged into this all-pervading soul. There is "No high, no low, no great, no small." The Ego "fills, bounds, connects, and equals all."

But soon the mind resumed its abode in the body. Slowly sentience and thought returned. I heard the birds chirping outside the open window; I heard the rumble of cars and wagons upon the street; I heard the ticking of the little clock. I felt a numbness which soon passed away, and once more I became conscious of the paper in my hand. I looked around the room. No one was to be seen. Gradually I regained control of my body. I left the room and joined my companions.

"How funny you act, child! One would think you had just awakened from sleep," said my friend.

"Oh," I said, "I have a slight headache; it is nothing." And it was no longer anything but a vague memory.

S. C. DWINELL.

TRUTH, MIGHTY TRUTH.

Truth, mighty truth. Deeper than conventions,
Stronger than appearances, thou art all that is.
Because of thee love is, the beautiful and the good are real.
O soul, expand and open unto the eternal truth!

Truth of thyself; for in thine own heart thou art the truth.
 Yet beyond, beneath, and above thee, mountain-high, illimitable,
 Sink the fathomless depths, rise the immortal heights of truth.
 All that I see is true; even a lie is of truth,
 Turned aside, distorted and crippled.
 Who art thou that deniest? thou too art a servant of truth.
 All that I feel is true, friendship, virtue, aspiration, and desire.
 I feel it, I know it! You too know it—
 Come, let us sing of the truth.
 It is everywhere—you cannot escape it.
 Hurrah for the real!
 It is good to die for truth, better and harder to live for her.
 I reverence you; for I see the truth in you.
 I also see it in myself.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST.

"Two of a trade can never agree,"
 The proverb said of old;
 And never a doctor could there be found
 His brethren to uphold.
 But now they dwell in harmony,
 And I'll tell you how 'tis done;
 The doctors have split their trade, d'y'e see,
 There's a slice for every one!

CHORUS:

It takes nine doctors to cure a man,
 Tho' a ninth of a man he be!
 The winter winds have harmed your throat,
 You must go to Dr. B.
 "Your stomach is wrong," he calmly says,
 And passes you to C.
 You mention to C. that pain in your eye
 That worries you night and day.
 "An oculist's case," he quick replies,
 "Just call upon Dr. J."
 Too much Burgundy has blossomed out
 In the joint of your great toe;
 Now where is H., so famed in gout?
 To him you must swiftly go.
 And when with doctors and bills you're vexed,
 Till all your nerves succumb,
 To minister to a mind perplexed,
 Another M. D. must come!

At last you're near your latest breath,
 You find yourself laid low;
 The faculty are in at the death,
 To give you leave to go.
 But what's the matter, among them all
 They can't exactly tell.
 For "diagnosis," who but X.
 Can answer the question well?

And now life's fitful fever is cured
 By a greater doctor still;
 The patient is sleeping well at last,
 The heirs have read the will.
 But e'en in his tomb, his friends report,
 A specialist's care he'll need.
 The "Alienist" Z. must appear in court
 Lest his cranky bequest succeed.

—*The Pittsburg Post.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE RETURN TO NATURE. By John Frank Newton. Cloth, 158 pp. The Ideal Pub. Union, Limited, London.

The present volume represents a work written in the early part of this century, in defence of the vegetable regimen. The Preface gives an interesting account of Mr. Newton, who was the means of the Poet Shelley becoming a convert to this theory, which, from every stand-point has much in its favor.

The Author presents arguments brought from the science of comparative anatomy in favor of a vegetable diet among men. He also dwells extensively upon those ancient fables which, in his opinion, have an allusion to the early condition of mankind as connected with this subject.

THE MYTHS OF ISRAEL. By Amos Kidder Fiske. Cloth, 355 pp., \$1.50. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

This book has a mission in the world, and the Author's aim is to enlighten the minds, if possible, of the people of this country, on the important and vital subject which he treats so ably, bringing to the work an intelligence and breadth of thought, which particularly qualifies him for the task. This is done, to quote his own words, "by one who is not only free from theological prepossessions, but whose working life has not been absorbed in the special study which is liable to narrow the view and impair the sense of proportion."

The present volume is an analysis and examination of the Ancient Book of Genesis, from the stand-point of science and true religion, and that Mr. Fiske is thoroughly imbued with a realization of the truth of the "eternal verities," and recognizes the divine element wherever found, is shown by the spirit in which he handles this most interesting subject.

This treatise, and all of its kind, should be welcomed as a beacon to light the dark path in which so many minds are groping.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- WAR IN HEAVEN.** By Josephine Curtis Woodbury. Paper, 72 pp. Press of Samuel Usher, Boston, Mass.
- GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES.** By Alfred E. Giles. Paper, 81 pp., Banner of Light Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.
- FRUITS AND FARINACEA.** By John Smith. Cloth, 172 pp. The Ideal Pub. Union, Limited, London.
- THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.** By F. M. R. Spendlove, M.D. Paper, 62 pp., 15 cents. "Witness" Printing House, Montreal.
- THE BABYLONIAN TALMUD;** Section Moed. (Festivals), Tracts, Shekalim, and Rosh Hashana. Hebrew and English, Vol 4, by Michael L. Rodkinson. Paper, 36 pp. The New Talmud Publishing Co., 54 East 106th Street, New York.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

- THE NEW TIME**, for September, offers an interesting contents on the vital topics of the day, among which are: Postal Savings Banks, by U. S. Senator, Wm. E. Mason—Annexation of Hawaii, by U. S. Senator, John T. Morgan—Street Railways, by Prof. Frank Parsons—Human Brotherhood as Political Economy, by Abby Morton Diaz. It also contains a frontispiece-portrait of Chief Justice Frank Doster, of Kansas. Edited by B. O. Flower and F. U. Adams. \$1.00 a year. 10 cents a number. Charles H. Kerr and Co., 36 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
- THE OPEN COURT**, for September, contains a fine bust-portrait of Amos Bronson Alcott. A Biographical Sketch of Mr. Alcott is also published in this number. The principal articles are: The Canonization of Two Saints, by Prof. G. M. Flamingo—The Agrapha; or Unrecorded Sayings of Jesus Christ, by Rev. Bernhard Pick—History of the People of Israel (III.), by Prof. C. H. Cornill—Shankara, Teacher of India, by Charles Johnston. Edited by Dr. Paul Carus. \$1.00 a year. Monthly. The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.
- HUMANITY**, for August and September, contains, for a small periodical, quite a good deal of interesting reading: chief among its contributions is; Seignorage, by A. J. Utly, a paper on Coinage. In the Editorial matter we notice a significant article entitled, The Lesson of India. Edited by David B. Page. Price 50 cents a year. 5 cents a number.
- MODERN ASTROLOGY**, for September, offers the usual interesting reading matter. Among the horoscopes published is that of Cheiro, the Palmist. Some curious horoscopes will also rivet the attention of the student of Astrology. Edited by Alan Leo. Annual Subscription, 12 Shillings. 1 and 2 Bouverie Street, London, E. C.
- SELF-CULTURE**, for August, has a large contents of varied and useful contributions. The list is too long to enumerate all. The following will show the

character of the magazine: Literature as a Career and Literature as a Livelihood (II.), by Clara E. Laughlin—The Negro as a Slave and a Freeman, by Joseph M. Rogers—The Self-Culture of the World's Workers, by Eugene L. Didier. In the Heart of the Mound Builders' Country (illustrated), by Alfred Mathews. Published the 25th of each month. \$2.00 a year. 20 cents a number. The Werner Co., Akron, Ohio.

UNITY, for September, brings much that is suggestive to the thoughtful mind. The leading article is an essay on: The True Field of Thought, followed by others of equal interest. Edited by Charles and Myrtle Filmore. Issued Semi-monthly at \$1.00 a year. 5 cents a number. The Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH, is devoted to metaphysical thought, and the September number shows it to be clear and comprehensive in its teachings. The Editorial Department particularly, covers a wide field of interesting matter. Fanny M. Harley, Editor. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE ARENA. Monthly. \$2.50 yearly, 25 cents single copy. The Arena Co., Copley Square, Boston.

THE NEW THOUGHT. Monthly. \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents single copy. M. J. Clarkson, Melrose, Mass.

THEOSOPHY. Monthly. \$2.00 yearly, 20 cents single copy. The Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE COSMOPOLITAN. Monthly. \$1.00 yearly, 10 cents single copy. Irvington, New York.

THE FORUM. \$3.00 yearly, 35 cents single copy. The Forum Pub. Co., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE BRAHMAVADIN. Fortnightly. \$2.00 yearly, 15 cents single copy. G. Venkataranga Row, M.A., Manager, 41 Car Street, Triplicane, Madras.

Friends of "Intelligence" will render material aid by informing us by postal-card or otherwise when they fail to find the magazine on sale at news-stands or at bookstores where other periodicals are sold. It is our intention to perfect arrangements for the sale of "Intelligence" by all newsdealers and we ask every friend of the general work in which we are engaged to assist us in bringing about this important result.

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THE DOGMA OF "FAITH."

One of the most serious discussions of the hour concerns a correct definition of the term "Christian." In this age of theological disturbances, ecclesiastical revolutions, and swift demolition of ancient institutions, it behooves us to inquire, "What will be the effect of such destructiveness; what will be left standing, after the battle-smoke is blown away, amid the débris and ruin of these long contested fields?" With the surrender of the ancient dogma of inspiration it seemed to many of the leading teachers of Christendom that the Bible would be dethroned and Christianity demolished.*

"As late as 1889 one of the two most eloquent orators of the Church of England, Canon Liddon, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, used in his fervor the same most dangerous argument: that the authority of Christ himself, and therefore of Christianity, must rest on

* "But once aware that much of their Bibliolatry depends upon ignorance of Greek and Hebrew, and often depends upon peculiarity of idiom or structures in modern tongues, cautious people begin to suspect the whole. Here arises a very interesting, startling, and perplexing situation for all who venerate the Bible; one which must always have existed for prying, inquisitive people, but which has been incalculably sharpened for the apprehension of these days by the extraordinary advances made and being made in Oriental and Greek philosophy. It is a situation of . . . much more than scandal, of real grief, to the profound and sincere among religious people. On the other hand, viewing the Bible as the Word of God, and not merely so in the sense of containing a revelation of the most awful secrets, they cannot for a moment listen to the pretence that the Bible has benefited by God's inspiration only as other good books may be said to have done. They are confident that in a much higher sense, and in a sense incommunicable to other books, it is inspired. Yet, on the other hand, as they will not tell lies, or countenance lies, even in what seems the service of religion, they cannot hide from themselves, that the materials of this imperishable book are perishable, frail, liable to crumble, and actually *have* crumbled to some extent, in various instances." (De Quincey's essay on "Protestantism.")

the old view of the Old Testament; that since the Founder of Christianity, in divinely recorded utterances, alluded to the transformation of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, to Noah's ark and to the Flood, as well as to Jonah's sojourn in the whale, the Biblical account of them must be accepted as historical or that Christianity must be given up entirely." (White's "Warfare," Vol. II., p. 369.) But in such a discussion all depends upon the definition of terms. Hence I ask, "How shall we define the term 'Christian'?"

A clerical gentleman of prominence with whom I once held a public discussion gave the following clear and precise statement of his understanding of the term, which certainly leaves but little room for consolation to the heretic: "A Christian is one who believes in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and in salvation through his atoning blood; who follows Christ as Lord and Master and who accepts the Bible as the inspired Word of God. One who denies these essential doctrines of Christianity is not a Christian, just as any one denying the central doctrines of any of the religions of the world has no right to call himself by the name of that religion."

The above is the popularly accepted definition of the term under discussion, and I find that even liberal teachers of the Christian religion are frequently unable to free their minds from the confusion which results from refusing to separate the Christian life, as a fact, from the definitions of such a life expressed in the theological terms of the creed. And yet who can deny that the whole purpose of Christ's career and teachings was to evolve in the individual the life of the Christ, regardless of all secular definitions or theological interpretations?

This paper is written with the hope of proving that a man's belief neither makes him a Christian nor a Buddhist, any more than it makes him an African or an Indian. His belief may be never so thoroughly in accord with the most accepted standards and yet he may be as far removed from the true Christianity as if he were as ignorant as the most degraded aborigines. Belief in Jesus may result in the experience of that life which was the purpose of Christ's mission. But it is possible for one to have attained the most exalted of Christian lives and still never to have heard the name of Jesus.

Here is the crucial distinction of which the theological world seems totally to lose sight, notwithstanding that upon this very distinction rests the honor of Jesus and the glory of his Church. I insist, therefore, that theologically one may be classified according to his belief, but that religiously (i.e., according to his spiritual apprehension) the criterion of classification is totally different. If there was anything magnanimous in the career of Jesus it was not in any supposed effort to exhibit his own exalted life, that his name might be glorified, but to cause the evolution of individual lives to such ultimate exaltation that all mankind might be uplifted and human habits be transformed from hatred to love, from avariciousness to righteousness. I still further insist that from a study of the sayings of Jesus it can be clearly proved that with him the end was everything, the means nothing; that the apprehension and attainment of the life was the supreme motive of all his teaching; how that life was to be attained (whether by the Path of the Buddha or the "Narrow Way" of the Sermon on the Mount) not entering seriously into his consideration.

Nevertheless, upon such a slender thread of differentiation hang the opposing parties of the theological world. From this small cloud have evolved the stupendous storms of theological controversy in all the past.

This article will seek to answer the question "Can the definition of a Christian above enunciated be scripturally maintained?"

My first reference will be to an especial event in the career of the Master when a singularly inviting opportunity was presented to him authoritatively to decide the very point in issue. His mother and brothers, in the flesh, are seeking him and ask for an audience. Responding to the messenger he asks suggestively, "Who are my brethren?" Now, fortunately he answers his own question and solves the enigma. What is his reply? Does he say, "They are my brethren who accord theologically with my teachings"; or "they who define God or the Law as I do"; or "they who construe the Sabbath or the uses of the Shew Bread precisely as I do"? Nay, more, does he say that they are his brethren alone who accept unqualifiedly his clean-cut and invariable definition of salvation and who seek it alone ac-

according to the method which he has prescribed? Not so. He answers simply "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." (Matt. xii. 50.) This clear passage assuredly does not indicate that Jesus would first ferret out a man's belief before he would discern his spiritual relations to him. What was Jesus's constant charge to his disciples? Did he insist that they must successfully construe some metaphysical and mystical doctrine in full accordance with his own apprehension thereof? By no possible twisting of words or unconscionable perversion of natural meaning can the simple and clear speeches of Jesus be so manipulated as to lend coloring to such an interpretation. He declares plainly, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

There is another saying of the Great Teacher which so clearly and indisputably proves the appreciation he entertained of his true followers, and that such followers are not at all dependent upon any set belief concerning him, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. He says: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but *he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.*" (Matt. vii. 21.) And on still another occasion, as if he would with one word and forever drive from the minds of his hearers any such notion that beliefs or doctrines or interpretations or critical exegeses held any permanent or vital relation to the purpose of his mission, he cries out so clearly that none who is sincere can misconstrue him: "My doctrine [i.e., teaching or guidance] is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will *do his will* he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." (John vii. 17.)

It requires no scholastic learning to understand that in that passage Jesus meant to say, "You do not require any knowledge of dogmatic or exegetical interpretations of my sayings; you require no teachers in the law to assure you that you are saved or not saved; but merely do God's will, be righteous, pure in heart, true to humanity, honest with your neighbor, and the doctrine will reveal its own authority to you." The deed is greater than the dogma. The deed saves without the dogma, for "by their fruits ye shall know them."

He would emphasize the teaching that dogma cannot save, with or without the deed. Good works, life, character—these, according to Jesus, are the saving factors despite all beliefs or disbeliefs. "Act, act," he cries continually.

"Act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Such is emphatically the attitude Jesus assumes in all his practical teachings. But it is safe to say that every dogmatician who has asserted himself on this thesis has with proud assurance referred to one of the sayings of Jesus which, he has determined, is so conclusive and unequivocal in its purport that none can ignore it, but must ever concede that it is incontestably a strong buttress on which the dogma of Faith most safely rests. This passage is as follows: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in him should not perish but have everlasting life." . . . "He that *believeth* on him is not condemned; but he that *believeth* not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." You will find these passages in the third chapter of the Gospel according to John. Now, these are the recorded sayings of Jesus, and if we do not impeach their authenticity we must admit that here is seeming authority, and apparently final, in support of the dogma of Faith. But the force of these texts as a confirmation of the old interpretation is wholly neutralized when they are read in connection with the context with which they are associated. To call attention to these passages, single and alone, without informing the seeker after truth that there are qualifying passages in the very authority appealed to, is to imitate the act of the pettifogging attorney who reads so much of an appropriate citation as suits his purpose but omits the adjoining context, that controverts the very point in issue which he is defending. When his performance is discovered it naturally prejudices the court against the attorney. In like manner have many been prejudiced against the orthodox interpretation of the Bible because this unfortunate method has too often been resorted to. In the language which immediately follows the above passages Jesus himself explains his own meaning of the

words he used. After having said that some were to be condemned, he declares that "this is the condemnation." Now, what? A long confinement in the sulphurous bounds of Hell? an everlasting banishment from the light and the presence of God? Does he say that such is the condemnation? No; he says, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

Does he say that they loved the darkness rather than the light because they refused to parrot the declarations of the priestly craft who seek usurpation of all earthly power?—because they refused to accept the creed without question or explanation?—because they were unwilling to smite divine Reason from the throne of authority and instate thereon instead blind faith and puerile credulity? Does he declare that they are condemned because they reject the age-established standards and the ukase of ecclesiastical usurpation, whatever their lives may be, whatever their character? This is the crucial question; and he answers it with such simplicity and clearness that he who runs may read. It is not faith or dogma, or institute or creed, or crown or sceptre, or Torah or Scripture, or any or all of these, that can save an individual from condemnation or death, but his deeds, his deeds, his deeds;—these alone and nothing but these can save or condemn him. That is the indisputable teaching of Jesus in this very passage, which for so many ages has been set aloft on the pillars of Faith or been pressed down as a threatening crown of agony upon the brow of the honest unbeliever, who preferred eternal death, if need be, to the overthrow of his reason and the stultification of his convictions.

The long proclaimed "condemnation" of the Gospels lies not, then, in any eternal judgment, irrevocably pronounced on that great final day of the last assize, but in the condition of one's own heart and actions; and this condemnation comes not to one because he has refused to construe and accept Jesus according to certain set and unchangeable rules, but because one denies him in one's life and stultifies his example by one's evil practices. This teaching is so much in accord with the scientific attitude of the present age, and so well suits the dictum of its ethics, that it affords a genuine gratification

to the student to be able to prove that the great ethical teacher of Christendom has really not contradicted or confused the principle, but has in the most forcible manner, both by precept and by practice, stoutly emphasized it.

So important is this issue that before going to another section of the discussion I wish to call attention to still other passages in the words of Jesus which will show that I have in no way exaggerated his construction of salvation but have merely set it forth as he himself has. Let us read verses 20 and 21 of this same chapter of John. "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light. . . . But he that doeth truth cometh to the light." This is the gist of those verses. "He that *doeth* good (or truth)"—mark this; it is not asserted that he that *believeth*, or he that is properly indoctrinated and hath accepted the creed and hath answered the catechism to the full satisfaction of the church to which he may belong; not so: but "he that doeth good cometh to the light"; by which Jesus means, evidently, cometh to salvation—shall be saved. The simple creed of Jesus, the only hint of one he verily ever gave, may be put in these few and encouraging words: "He that doeth good is saved." If I felt it necessary to formulate any creed I should certainly adopt that one; for there is not the semblance of an objection that can be raised against it. It is simple, it is noble and inspiring, it is universal; but best of all it is the honest creed of the honestest man that ever trod the earth.

Having reviewed the teachings of Jesus in regard to this problem let us now turn to the technical attitude assumed by his disciples.

Peter, a strict Jew, a stoutly literalistic Christian, a narrow, conservative, faltering follower of Jesus, ever fearful of his salvation, little apprehending the spiritual sense of those sublime parables which fell from the lips of his Master, according to his own acknowledgment required a special revelation from the skies to learn that salvation came not by faith or through dogma, but by righteousness alone. He could not believe that the great gift of his Master could be idly thrown away on the fleshly, sensual, self-aggrandized and pompous Gentile world; but that it was exclusive and wrought in some mystical manner for the benefit of the oppressed and outcast Jews alone;

just as to-day each narrow creed-follower construes his faith as advantageous alone to the beneficiaries of his self-chosen church. But even this narrow-headed, ignorant, and unimaginative bigot at last beholding a glimpse of the light, cries out, with evident pain, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." (Acts x. 35.)

In this declaration Peter is certainly giving his definition of a Christian. He had formerly thought that none outside the house of David could be accepted by God, however great his faith or exalted his life. He believed in exact accordance with modern orthodoxy, only he confined the subjects of salvation to the Jewish portion of the race, while the Christian orthodox restricts salvation to such fortunate ones as accord in sentiment and belief with his own conception.

Paul was far more intelligent and profound than Peter. He was the father of modern orthodox theology. We should expect to find very positive dogmatism and narrow interpretation in this primitive teacher. Yet we shall discover, if we are honest with him, that Paul's definition is as broad and liberal as that of Jesus. He says, in Rom. viii. 1, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, . . . who"—Now if I should fill out this sentence according to the modern belief it would read: "who believe in the divinity of Jesus, in the atoning power of his blood, and accept these doctrines exactly as the orthodox creed defines them." But Paul finishes it as follows: "who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." By this he means, those whose deeds are done in the light and under the guidance of the spirit of truth and righteousness, whose lives are pure and upright—they are in Christ Jesus and have no condemnation.

Further on he emphasizes this position (Rom. viii. 14): "They are the sons of God" (here orthodoxy teaches us to say "as many as believe in the doctrines of the Church and look upon good works as but filthy rags, and who have no hope of salvation outside of the prescribed and mechanical process evolved through the ages by the great 'scribes and Pharisees' who so long sat in the places of authority"). But Paul fills this sentence out differently. He merely

says "As many as are led by the Spirit of God—these are the Sons of God."

But I find that Paul has made his position on this question one not of uncertainty but of great clearness and force. If you will study Gal. v. 18 to 26, you will discover a definition of what constitutes a Christian, which is doubly positive and forceful because it is a definition by contrast. Paul first tells us who are not Christians. Does he say that they are not Christians who cannot or will not make all the affirmations about Christ and the Bible which he demands that they shall? Does he declare that it is by the belief of people that we are to distinguish and classify them as Christians? If he intended to do so he has utterly failed in his effort. In describing those who are not Christians he uses the same method as in describing those who are such. He classifies them according to their deeds only, without the slightest reference to their beliefs or disbeliefs. They are not Christians who indulge deeds of uncleanness, lasciviousness, adultery, hatred, wrath, strife, murder, drunkenness, etc. On the contrary, they are Christians who indulge in deeds of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness," etc. These deeds, then, according to Paul are the tests of religious classification. For he denominates those who follow the nobler acts as "Sons of God," as the term "Christian" was not at that time in vogue. Here is not one word as to belief or its rejection, as to creed or dogma; it pronounces but one criterion for the Christian by which standard he is to be adjudged—that standard is the character, the life. It is well to observe a peculiar comment by Paul at this point which is too often disregarded. He says of those whose lives are correct and righteous: "Against such there is no law." Now, the persistent and loud-proclaimed dictum of the established creed is that none can be accepted as a Christian who will refuse to believe, no matter how pure, how upright, and noble his life may be. His righteousness is as filthy rags in the sight of the all-pure God. But Paul says you cannot enact any law, that will cause any restraint, any limitation, any qualification, against those whose lives manifest the inner spirit of Truth. Against such, he intimates, the excommunications of your pulpits, the anathemas of your councils, and bold pronouncements of your theological

autocracies, can avail nothing, for their "deeds are manifest that they are wrought in God." They need no proof of the acceptability of their souls—their deeds are proof sufficient.

Our study becomes even more interesting and convincing when we turn from the position of the Scripture writers, on this subject, and examine those of the early Christian preachers and martyrs. If we desire to learn what the real teachings of Jesus and his disciples were we must ascend as far toward the original sources as the enlightened scholarship of the age will permit. Many of the sublimest and most ennobling of the teachings of the early church have been relegated to the ignorance and oblivion of the past by a most stubborn and persistent array of theologians who seem to be determined that nothing shall be taught or believed concerning Jesus save such doctrines as they choose to promulgate. It must not, however, be forgotten that the so-called new thought of this age is little more than a resuscitation of the pure spiritual teachings of the primitive fathers. We are by no means denying the Scriptures or the Christ, but we are simply striving to show that those schools and leaders that are seeking to impose autocratic dogmas upon the world as genuine teachings of the Master and his original followers are the real anti-christs who have turned the race away from the spiritual advantages of his divine injunctions. That we may the more clearly discern those simple and pure instructions it behooves us to turn to the age in which they lived and read from the ungarbled sources, while yet untouched by the distorting pen of the modern commentator.

I will first call attention to a famous passage in the writings of St. Augustine, one of the greatest of the early Fathers. He lived in the fourth century. This is quite a period removed from the supposed era of the Christ, and yet even at so late a time we shall here learn that none of the modern notions concerning the exclusiveness of Christianity and insistence on the narrow doctrine of faith in order to salvation, had entered in aught into the prevalent teachings. St. Augustine said, then, in the fourth century: "That in our time is the Christian religion, which to know and to follow is the most sure and certain health, called according to that name, but not according to the thing in itself of which it is the name; for the thing itself,

which is now called the Christian religion, really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race, until the time when Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion, which previously existed, began to be called Christian." (Opera Aug., Vol. IX., p. 12.) To the uninformed and passive follower of the creed such assertions as the above, having the sanction of one of the founders of the church, must cause a severe mental shock. But the array of early writings in the same tenor is really so extensive as to become commonplace. Another learned father of the church was Clemens Alexandrinus, who says: "Those who lived according to the reason (*Logos*) were really Christians, though accounted atheists—as Socrates and Heraclitus, and such as resembled them." Whatever may have been the mystical and artificial interpretation which these writers placed on the facts it cannot be denied that they held with firm insistence that the religion of Jesus was not original with him or his disciples, but was evolved from a former series of religions which have unfolded from the beginning of all time. "There exists not a people, whether Greek or barbarian, or any other race of men, by whatsoever appellation or manners they may be distinguished, however ignorant of arts or agriculture, whether they dwell under the tents, or wander about in crowded wagons, among whom prayers are not offered up in the name of a Crucified Savior to the Father and Creator of all things." (Justin Martyr, "Dialog. cum Trypho.") If, indeed, this be so, then what shall we say of the claim of modern Christianity which insists that none is a subject of eternal salvation who refuses to accept the Palestinian Jesus, as the one only name under heaven whereby we can be saved? If the heathen, the once supposed atheists, as Clemens of Alexandria calls them, conceived of a spiritual crucified Savior to whom they offered up their faith and prayers, and this prayer, as the Fathers taught, was as effectual for them as is the prayer of the modern Christian for him, then surely the logical conclusion of their teaching is that whatsoever soul perceives, through his own intuition, an ideal, which serves him as a spiritual savior and uplifts his life from mental and moral deterioration, to him such a spiritual perception is the full and sufficient "name" whereby he may secure his salva-

tion. This conclusion, which is so manifest to every clear thinking mind, had it not been dethroned from its once high authority and for so many ages been buried amid the bogs of slippery theologies and wilderness of bewildering formulas and catechisms, would have saved the world countless battle-fields where human blood was recklessly shed to maintain a syllogistic fantasy, in itself of no more value to the race than the bleating of a lamb or the twitter of a bird.

It was manifestly not conceived in the early days of the Christian religion that its followers had received from their Master a wholly new and before unheard of revelation whose teachings could not be paralleled in any of the pre-existing religions.* Its only claim seems to have been that since Jesus, who was called the Christ, had proclaimed it, and had in his own life demonstrated the possible realization of its ideals, it had been renamed the Christian religion, and stood as the final embodiment and proclamation of those universal truths known to all mankind from time immemorial.

I trust that the above presentation clearly proves that it is not a matter of belief or disbelief, of accepting or rejecting a certain set of rules or a formula of faith, that makes one a Buddhist, a Jew, or a Christian. The primitive doctrine and purpose of all the religions have been identical. Their object was to make men good, pure, and godlike. This is the only justifiable motive that, to-day, impels any one to attach himself to any sect or religious denomination. One's mind may have been distorted by the prevalent doctrine that it is incumbent on one to accept a correct faith, on pain of subjecting his soul to the possibility of eternal misery; nevertheless, beneath this surface conviction one well knows that the cause of one's mental agitation is the consciousness that one's moral character, if measured by the ideal which his soul conceives, will be found wanting and he will fall into condemnation.

* Says Justin Martyr (103-166 A.D.): "If we say that the Savior of the world was born of a virgin, such an assertion can in no ways shock those who attribute an equally miraculous origin to Perseus. If the death of *our* god is an offence to you, why do you make mention of the death of most of the sons of Jupiter? If the miracles of Christ seem to you too amazing, speak you no more of the marvellous cures wrought by Æsculapius!" ("Apologia," I., 66, 67). [The italics are mine, and by them I wish to call the reader's attention to the fact that Justin Martyr placed Jesus, in his understanding, on an equal footing with the ancient heathen gods, so far as any claims to his authority were emphasized by miraculous circumstances.]

What motive could persuade me to become a Buddhist? Only the certainty that Buddha had so clearly revealed the way that I will be led through his teachings to Nirvana, and there enjoy that eternal bliss which is unattainable save through the gateway of his Path. One can sincerely be or become a Jew only when persuaded that Moses and the Rabbis have so taught that by honestly following the line of duty which they have indicated, one will ennoble and purify one's life. One honestly becomes a Christian who honors Christ's own declaration: "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." As if Jesus had said, "By following the way I have gone you will come through the road unto the heights which I have attained" !

The absurdity of the dogma of faith becomes very apparent if we put Jesus in juxtaposition with it. Think of Jesus debating about the essentials of a creed! Think of him who cried out, "Woe unto ye . . . hypocrites, for ye compass land and sea to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves" ; think of this honest and simple teacher allowing himself to be inveigled into a hair-splitting discussion on the merits of the doctrine of foreordination, or driving into outer darkness one, pure in life, who rejected all the creeds and ignored all the churches because he felt that he could not do otherwise and not be a hypocrite! The religious world of to-day has verily departed so far from the revolutionary instructions of the Founder of the Church that his simple declarations cannot be read with emphasis in any of the fashionable pulpits of the land without causing a palpable wincing throughout the congregation. How impossible it is to think of that bold and fervent revolutionist, his soul burning with the intensest fires of enthusiasm, armed with the conviction of his sublime mission, his only thought to point out to all the race the true path of life, that all may become as pure and true and exalted as his own ideal—how impossible to think of him splitting hairs over the question whether Socrates, who never knew him but whose life was in some respects like his own, could possibly enter the kingdom of heaven, while the last murderer, convicted of sin in his cell the day before the "damnation of his taking off," could by "just believing" become the certain recipient of eternal bliss! And yet we know that,

though Jesus was a veritable heretic and revolutionist, overturning the tables of all the established ecclesiastical usages and beliefs of the organization into which he was born, he was nevertheless positive in his mental attitude toward all ethical problems which confronted him. Doctrines of faith he almost flippantly discarded or ignored. But doctrines of ethics he aggressively and irresistibly promulgated. He taught indeed essentials; but not essentials of a confounding creed. He taught the essentials of a noble life, of pure thoughts, of a spiritual aspiration that lifts the soul above moral miasmata as a bird's wings transport it to the skies.

What consternation the return of Jesus would create among the formal and pretentious Christians of the age! The unbelieving world, I verily believe, would not be one-half so exercised and anxious over such an event as the believing church. Not they who have been striving to attain the heights of a noble life, with or without creed, would be horrified, but the creed-created, age-deteriorated and formalistic churches—these would be thrown into a pitiful state of bewilderment. Let us imagine the real Palestinian Jesus, in whom all modern churches profess to believe, actually appearing upon some promontory and proclaiming "I am He that was, and is, and is to come." What do you think it would be the most ardent desire of Christians to prove to this Jesus should he thus suddenly walk among them in their homes and shops?

Think you the Baptists, for instance, would hastily search for the records of their innumerable immersions and thus try to satisfy Jesus that "they had fulfilled all righteousness"? Would the Presbyterians, think you, hasten to the offices of their pastors and plead for the long forgotten Westminster Confession, and after they had brushed off two centuries of dust from its covers exultingly flourish it before Jesus as a magnificent proof of the accuracy and sufficiency of their doctrinal faith? Or think you that the Episcopalians would come with vast tomes and prolix arguments to establish to his complete satisfaction that their ministry had faithfully maintained the line of the Apostolic succession unbroken, even from the hands of Paul?

And if all this were done with apparent sincerity by these con-

founded Christians, what do you think his reply would be? Can you not hear him once more thundering as of old: "Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, ye serpents, ye generation of vipers." In the language of to-day he would cry (if we are to believe that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever): "Taught I you so to find and manifest Me? Thus led I you into the Way of Life?—thus, that you should be babblers and brawlers, quarrelsome and contentious, schismatics and credentialists? Taught I you to find me in books and brains, in arguments and disputations; in colleges and seminaries and in the baseless fabric of silly dialectics? What, say you that I taught you to 'search the Scriptures' of your disputatious Anselms and Calvins, your Athanasiuses and Arminiuses, your Ariuses and Nestoriuses—sectarians and scholasticians—who in all the ages wore my livery but blighted the power of my spirit; loud-lunged fighters for a faith of whose simple precepts their contortious systems were base travesties and venomous perversions? Nay, nay, not so taught I. I taught you, wherever there was want there would I be; wherever there are goodness and purity and chastity and virtue and love and mercy, there am I. Wherever is the melody of peace, there is my voice; wherever are the soft strains of sympathy, there is my whisper. I told you to find me in the prison-cells, by the side of the sick and feeble, in the homes of the husbandless and friendless, where orphans cry for the vision of a mother's face they shall not on earth again behold, and where widows wear their crown of weeds. I told you to listen for my voice in the groan of despair, the shriek of fear, the sigh of grief, and in the moan of the outcast.

"But behold how you have perverted my mission! Behold how my words have died from all the ages, and nothing can be heard but the grating sounds of your pandemonious conclaves. Have you forgotten the parable of the Unfaithful Steward; of the Ten Talents; and of the visitation to prison-cells and to the couch of the sick and the dying? All my teachings have been in vain and ye unto whom I have entrusted all have become mine enemies!"

Such indeed the sentiments which would burst from the burning lips of the indignant Master. For his was a faithful soul and earnest. Who ever so decried the mockery of true religion and the mal-appropriation of lofty thought for social favor or personal advantage? The teachings of Jesus were, in this regard, in full accord with those of all the Avatars and spiritual prophets of the world. Neither Zoroaster nor Sakya Muni, Confucius nor Lao-Tsze, Moses nor Jesus, intended to prescribe a narrow theological pathway, through which alone the gateway to heaven should be sought. Theirs was an ethical prescription, signaling the rule of duty and the authority of justice. According to these teachers, not excepting Jesus, it is not the creed of dogma, but the creed of ethics, which avails. The priests, the rabbis, the ecclesiastical orders, encumbered and encrusted the clear and simple teachings of these great leaders, distorting their principles, perverting their ideals.

To reach the Avatar we must demolish the ecclesiastic. To resurrect and enthrone Spiritual Truth, we must abolish the reign of Error and wrench from the creed the sceptre of its authority.

But it is said truth cannot abide in the hearts of those who are sincerely struggling after righteousness and exalted ideals, unless they restrain their footsteps within the pathway which has been for ages indicated by the established church. But, may I humbly ask, are not love and truth the same the world over, whether they thrive in the bosom of a Brahmin or a Baptist, a Parsee or a Presbyterian, a Methodist or a Mohammedan? Nay, these purblind followers of the blind might as justly insist that the energy of the sunbeam is not inwoven in the flower, the jewel, the tree, the foliage; gleams not in the sparkling brook nor shimmers in the grass; because these differentiations cannot be identified with the white glowing ray that primarily emanated from the bosom of the sun. Were that great orb endowed with intelligence and voice, would he not exclaim: "I am wherever light is—in the lustre of the eye; in the splendor of the atmosphere; in the moon's pallid beams and in the leafy shimmer. In the globule's iridescence do I sparkle, ride on Titanian motes that float invisible within the air, as well as flood with cosmic effulgence the surface of all worlds. I am wherever Life is.

"I live in the juices of herbs and fruits, in floating sponge and creeping tendril, yea, even in the soulless protozoan as in god-like man. I diffuse the breath of life; quiver in germ and gemmule; throb in pulsing vein, in cell and nerve, in toiling brain; everywhere the self-same Sun, I still am manifest in myriad differing ways of form and life!"

And this is but symbolic of the manifold presence of the spiritual Christ in the aspiring hearts of men. "The sheep know the voice of the shepherd; from the hireling they flee."

Assuredly the common-sense of the age insists that it requires no creed or doctor of divinity, no seminary of learning or school of dialectics, to teach a poor, despairing soul what is the voice of the All-Pure crying within. When the cry of the down-trodden heart is upward toward the Sublime Ideal it is the voice of the world-Christ: "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Be this cry in the bosom of the Bushman, in the soul of the Brahmin, in the spirit of a Buddhist or in the breast of a Christian, it is all one cry—it is the self-same divine aspiration.

Wherever that cry ascends Truth descends.

He is, indeed, the veritable Christian who, bearing in the marks of his suffering and in the crown of his triumph the only essential of any faith—a lofty character—hears the responding voice of comfort: "Peace I leave with you. My Peace I give unto you."

"It must be that the light divine
That on your soul is pleased to shine,
Is other than what falls on mine.

For you can fix and formalize
The Power on which you raise your eyes,
And trace Him in His palace-skies.

You can His thoughts and ends display
In fair historical array,
From Adam to the Judgment Day.

I cannot think Him here or there—
I think Him always, everywhere,
Unfading light, unstified air."

HENRY FRANK.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SLEEP.

The action of the mind in sleep is a problem which has always seemed beyond the power of man to solve satisfactorily.

In the past the question was involved in so much obscurity that even the greatest of metaphysicians allowed the subject to pass almost unnoticed and, as a consequence, mankind knew very little of the psychological and physiological principles of sleep.

Of late years, however, the wonderful developments in hypnotism, animal magnetism, and the occult sciences have given an impetus to all studies pertaining to the mind. Physiologists, as well as psychologists, are now devoting much time to these studies, and every year they are raising, little by little, the dark curtain of mystery which has in the past concealed the workings of the human mind.

Sleep and its analogous affections—dreams and somnambulism—arise from causes which we do not exactly know and cannot satisfactorily explain. From observation and experiment mankind has been enabled to study with some degree of scientific certainty all the physical phenomena of sleep, but of the condition of the mind in sleep we know comparatively nothing. In the realm of psychology it is an unexplored country—a land without a history.

But while we confess our ignorance of much of the phenomena of sleep, and admit candidly that it transcends the limits of our present cognitive faculties, we can, at least, study the subject more carefully, led on by the hope that our ignorance may some day be dispelled. For this reason sleep, as a psychological study, deserves not only the attention of the physician and metaphysician, but the attention of every thoughtful, inquiring mind.

With this knowledge of the difficulties attending the subject, let us inquire into the phenomena of dreams and somnambulism as we at present understand them. And on the very threshold of the subject we are confronted with a question which has been argued pro and con by the greatest masters of metaphysics: Are dreams the

constant companions of sleep or are they merely visitors of the brain, remaining while the mind is in an incomplete sleep and fleeing when the mind is in absolute repose? Sir William Hamilton, Leibnitz, and even the great thinker, Kant, asserted that whether we recollect our dreams or not, we always dream; that all people think and dream even in the soundest sleep; that the mind is never without consciousness during sleep—in short, does always dream; and that those who fancy they have not dreamt, have only forgotten their dream.

It was the opinion of Locke, on the other hand, that in sound sleep the mind is dormant; that dreams are merely occasional incidents of sleep and that what is called "sound sleep," or complete sleep, is a temporary metaphysical death.

Although Locke's contention that, as we have often no recollection of dreaming, we have therefore not dreamt, is not absolutely correct, still, upon physiological reasons, Locke's theory has of late years been more generally accepted than that of his opponents.

In profound sleep the circulation of blood through the brain is greatly diminished; in fact, we know that the physiological cause of sleep is the reduction of the flow of blood to the brain-cells; and we have every reason to believe that dreaming takes place only when a part of these brain-cells are awake. In the gradual progress from intense sleep to the moment of awakening, the activity of the brain gradually increases. Each cerebral cell that awakes enters into a train of thinking, and a dream is the result. As cell after cell enters into activity, the mental perceptions become for a time more and more confused. It is only upon awakening and coming in direct communication with the outer world that our judgment mingles with our perceptions, and we know that the impressions received during sleep were but the airy phantoms of imperfect rest. According, then, to the physiological theory, the mind in sound sleep enjoys absolute rest. There are no physiological changes in the brain, although by the aid of the involuntary muscles heart and lungs perform their usual offices with accustomed regularity. This would account for the fact that all recollected dreams take place during the very short time occupied in the transition from sound sleep to complete wakefulness. Although this does not preclude the opinion that we dream also at

the beginning of sleep, still it is believed that such dreams are never recollected when sound sleep intervenes between them and the awaking period.

It has been maintained by some that all dreams really take place in the transition from sleeping to waking. But this idea has not only been rejected by metaphysicians, but also by physiologists. In sleep the brain does not sink to rest at once. There is a process of intellectual obliteration, accelerated or retarded according to the constitution of the individual. And it is this obliteration of the intellectual faculties at the commencement of sleep that produces the dream—or mind confusion—which precedes sleep. If the dreamer is aroused at this period there is a consciousness of being in the commencement of a dream. This alone is proof that not all dreams occur at the end of sleep. Admitting, then, that dreaming is an indication of imperfect and disturbed sleep, and ceases as soon as the higher nerve-centres reach complete repose, let us look further into the phenomenon of dreaming, into a realm more certain and cognizable, more easily and absolutely explored.

The province of dreams is one of intense exaggeration. Space and time, the forms by which normal waking-life is limited, disappear, and we may look backward and forward into unmeasured space. Nothing surprises us. We walk the streets of Rome or Athens, and stop to chat with a Cæsar or a Socrates. Nothing is impossible; and those events which in natural waking life would surprise, grieve, or exhilarate us, we accept with comparative indifference. This lack of surprise in dreams is so characteristic that when the emotion does occur it usually causes the dissipation of the dream by the awakening of the dreamer.

Another remarkable peculiarity of the dreaming state is the rapidity with which trains of thought pass through the mind. Often a whole lifetime is reviewed in a moment. There seems to be an entire suspension of volitional control over the current of thought, and it flows on and on; sometimes in a uniform, coherent order, but oftener in a confused sequence with no attempt to maintain order among the mass of details that make up the average dream.

There are few dreams, in fact, which are from beginning to end

perfectly consistent. There is always some violation of the law of consistency, some missing link in the chain of cause and effect. This, no doubt, tends strongly to prove the theory of the physiologists that in sleep the dormant condition of a single brain-cell will throw the mind into a chaotic state. For, had all the cells been in a state of activity, and the reflecting faculties consequently awake, they would have at once discerned the erroneous nature of the impression brought into existence by the imagination.

And it is here that we see the power of the reflecting faculties of man. In the waking state, perceptions and actions may accompany one another. We can detain the former, ponder over them, produce them again and again. We can compare them with the present, and the present with the past, and apprehend that which is to follow. Awake, we can call to our assistance all our senses and in every way bring thought and action into harmony. But in dreams all this is ordinarily impossible, though perceptions are sometimes at such variance with actions as to cause us to awake.

For this confused condition of the mind in sleep our senses are to a great extent responsible. In sound sleep all external sensations cease, as does also the power of the mind over the involuntary muscles; this portion of the nervous system becomes dormant. Both the sensitive organs and the muscles lose that principle which is the cause of sensation and motion, that which connects the senses and the limbs with the mental organ, the brain. In sleep, therefore, our sensations are less delicate, our sight less correct, and our hearing less accurate than when we are awake. There is not only diminished activity of the mental organ and enfeebled attention, but also diminished power of sensation.

Darwin supposed, however, that the nerves of sensation are not dulled in sleep, but are as lively and as susceptible to external irritation as when we are awake; but that, being secluded from stimulating impulses, they do not fully receive them. This is to a certain extent true; for if the senses were fully awake, there could be no sleep. Thus if the eye were kept open in sleep the train of mental perceptions would be constantly interrupted by the ideas suggested by new external stimuli.

In ordinary dreaming the senses are not entirely asleep. Sensory impressions often partly arouse the sleeper and suggest new thoughts for the dream, and this without in any way arousing consciousness as to the sensations themselves. On the other hand, there are instances of dreams continuing undisturbed by sensory impressions, unless there is some consciousness of a duty awakened by the impression received. Thus, a telegraph-operator can often fall asleep beside his instrument and remain undisturbed by its signals till his own "call" is sounded, when his developed sense of hearing at once distinguishes this signal from the other clatter of the instrument.

Music, conversation, and other impressions caught by the senses often form the basis of the most elaborate and fantastic dreams; and, though the impressions are not strong enough to cause us to awake, still they are often remembered as the cause of the dream or dreams.

It is now well known that in our normal state of existence our perceptive powers are exercised and to a great extent controlled by the organs of special sense. It is by means of these organs that impressions are received from without and conveyed to the mind; and there can be no doubt that the materials of many of our dreams are furnished from traces of impressions left upon the brain by occurrences long since past and forgotten. These isolated scraps of feeling and thought, though at the time of their occurrence they may have but slightly affected the consciousness, are reproduced in dreams with a vividness far in excess of that with which the consciousness was originally impressed by the actual objects. We must not, however, assume from this that all dreams are merely the remembrances of former visual impressions; for the mind, during incomplete sleep, may of itself conceive thought and weave cunning schemes, or compose and execute work similar to that which is done in waking periods when all the organs of sense are awake. It was in a dream produced by an opiate that Coleridge composed that splendid fragment, "Kubla Khan." Many of the poems of Goethe were composed in a state bordering on somnambulism, while Voltaire conceived during sleep one of the books of his "Henriade."

That we dream many dreams which we do not remember is true. That we should not be able to recollect all our dreams is neither

strange nor unaccountable. The condition of the brain in sleep, the enfeeblement of the reasoning faculties, and the interruption of the current of our thoughts, all may well render the mind powerless to recollect that which it has conceived during sleep.

Such are the principal phenomena of sleep as we at the present day understand them. But before we leave the subject there is another phase of sleep that should be briefly considered, since it constitutes one of the strangest phenomena of the human mind, and to this day remains a stumbling-block to metaphysicians and physiologists. This perplexing puzzle is—somnambulism.

Somnambulism is that emotional form of sleep which calls forth muscular movements corresponding to the dreamed thoughts or ideas. It exhibits man in a totally different aspect toward the external world from that displayed during his waking moments, and at times shows the mental faculties in active exercise, and in a higher degree of power than is normal. Thus the somnambulist is enabled to climb steep ascents, to walk in darkness along known and unknown paths, no matter how rough or dangerous, and to do many other acts which, in waking life, he would not think of attempting. Not only is the somnambulist capable of performing acts of extraordinary physical skill, but he exhibits increased mental power also. He reads and writes without the aid of the eyes, and performs many other mental operations requiring in a waking state light, and the use of the sense of sight. Somnambulists see without eyes; hear without ears; and in fact perform all their acts, mental and physical, without the assistance of the special organs of sense. For this there has never been advanced a satisfactory explanation. Some new power must come into play in order to supply the lack of the visual and other senses.

It was the opinion of Professor Kieser, an eminent physician of Germany, that during the waking-state of an individual the cerebral influence predominates; while in the somnambulistic state the activity of the brain is suppressed and the activity of the ganglia or nerve-centres is increased, and these, being in sympathy with the atmosphere, in some way control the actions of the individual. He thus accounts for the total absence of all waking knowledge of his acts during sleep so characteristic of the somnambulist. The actions of

the somnambulist are in no way connected by memory with those of the waking-state, nor are they capable of being influenced by external sensations or impressions except when those sensations are such as may come within the somnambulist's train of thought. Thus a bystander by fitting suggestions can give direction to the somnambulist's flow of ideas; but if these suggestions are foreign to the sleeper's thoughts, they in no way affect him or excite his attention. There is, in fact, in somnambulism as complete an insensibility to sensory impressions as there is in complete sleep.

Beyond citing examples of somnambulism and attempting to explain each case, there is little to be said upon the subject. At every step we are retarded by its very depth; at every step we find much that is unaccountable—enough, in fact, to convince us that we are upon a sea that to our present powers seems both boundless and bottomless.

As was said before, the study of psychology, the exploration by the leading scientists of the world into the realms of the mind, will ultimately enable us to arrive at some definite conclusions on this mysterious and wonderful phenomena of sleep. To the physiologist or psychologist who makes a successful study of sleep, of dreams, of somnambulism, the world will owe a debt of gratitude, for such a study will enable us to account for many of the mysterious actions of mankind over which, no doubt, sleep has a wonderful influence. It will unravel and explain many of those mixed states of being in which the physical and psychical elements are so closely associated; it will ultimately enable mankind to properly comprehend the causes, not only of somnambulism and dreams, but of hysteria, melancholia, and analogous affections, which in the past were regarded as supernatural and were constantly employed to broaden the boundaries of superstition and delusion.

ROBERT N. REEVES.

A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits for the fulfilment of these two in one.—*Emerson.*

SCIENTIFIC REASONS FOR MENTAL HEALING.

In approaching the consideration of the problem of health we are confronted at the very beginning with the almost insurmountable obstacle of ridding our minds of the conventional idea of that condition; it is, therefore, well to predicate at the outset that in its true meaning the term health can be applied only to that state of being which manifests absolute moral, mental, and physical wholeness.

With this conception, the conventional "Sound mind in a sound body" will not answer to our definition; for we can conceive of a personality manifesting sufficient physical and intellectual soundness to pass muster with superficial observers, and still so lacking in moral nature as to disseminate seeds of discord as far as his influence may extend.

According to the dictionaries, health is "that state of being in which all the parts and organs are sound and in proper condition; moral or intellectual soundness; salvation or divine favor or grace."

The full meaning of this definition is so little understood that the norm is sought for by the unthinking masses and even so-called scientific minds, *first*, in the physical and *then* in the mental spheres of our being. The consequence is, that the higher part of our individual nature is so neglected in the ordinary methods of investigation that it is saved from utter annihilation in manifestation only by its inherent immortality and oneness with its Source.

It is solely by the understanding of metaphysical Principle and the realization of this as a starting-point in our study that we can arrive at a solution of the problem and sweep away all difficulties that beset our path. And this understanding leads to the conclusion that disease, so-called, is not only that which appears as pain and suffering in the physical organism; as discord expressed in functional disease of the nervous system; as insanity, intemperance, vice and crime, but that it manifests in discordant conditions of our social

system, in dogmatism of theological schemes, in criticism, intolerance, bigotry, and self-sufficiency. The understanding leads to the further conclusion that it is only by the conscious realization of the great Principle of Unity by every thinking mind that concord on all planes can take the place of apparent discord, and man can once again manifest that true harmony of his being which is his inherent birth-right, though by his erroneous translation of the facts constantly before him he has temporarily cast it aside.

To point the way to this ultimate is the true function of metaphysics, and the application of its principles to the healing of bodily ailments is but the most external and lowest of its offices; therefore he who keeps this truth constantly before him becomes a potent factor in the spiritual evolution of the race. But it must not be forgotten that the majority brought to this thought are approached at first by the desire to ameliorate their sufferings, physical and mental, and not until they have felt the potency of the method to bring them relief are they led into the higher realms of thought. Therefore, it seems to me, that the true metaphysician should not be content with the understanding of the Abstract Principle alone, but that, with this as a rock-foundation, he should be eager to follow its manifestations downward and outward (expressed physiologically), and thus be enabled to trace the correspondencies between the abnormal personal thought and its effect—the definite physical appearance—disease.

We know that IN PRINCIPLE THERE CAN BE NO DISEASE, and that if the finite personal mind should realize this fact there would be no *appearance* of disease; but as the great majority of finite minds *believe* in disease, the metaphysician has not only to counteract the erroneous opinion of the personality under treatment at the time but the finite mind, *en masse*; he must wage a conflict, as it were, with "public opinion."

Now, this "public opinion" having externalized itself in that which we call sense-perception and physical body, and having established for itself a norm which it calls physiological, all variations from which are considered pathological, it becomes important for the metaphysician who wishes to use his powers with directness and certainty to investigate this condition, assumed as normal, and to trace the

dependence of its variations upon the definite changes in the thinking faculty.

The attitude of material science toward man as a living entity can best be appreciated by quoting from the Introduction of Kirke's "Handbook of Physiology" (1897):

"The adult body consists of a great number of different parts, and each part has its own special work to do. Such parts of the body are called organs. Each organ not only does its special work but acts in harmony with other organs. This relationship between the organs enables us to group them together in what are termed systems. Thus, we have the circulatory system, that is, the group of organs (heart, arteries, veins, etc.) concerned in the circulation of the blood; the respiratory system, that is, the group of organs (air-passages, lungs, etc.), concerned in the act of breathing; the digestive system, which deals with the digestion of food; the excretory system, with the getting rid of waste products; the muscular system, with movement; and the skeletal system, with the support of the softer parts of the body. Over and above all of these is the nervous system (brain, spinal-cord, nerves), the great master-system of the body, which presides over, controls and regulates the functions of the other systems."

Thus far does physiology go, and no farther. It recognizes the controlling power of the nervous system, investigates its minute anatomy, experiments upon it by stimulation and destruction, and tabulates the results; but Consciousness as the ruling power is allotted no place in its scheme.

The method of stimulation or extirpation of various portions of the brain and nervous systems has led to the establishment of certain definite areas which are called motor and sensory, as the experiments upon them seem to indicate a definite relation between their integrity and the exhibition of function in some more or less distant part of the organism; and autopsies in cases of disease in which the symptoms are of the same character as those produced in experiment upon living animals have shown lesions which have confirmed this relationship.

Thus we have in the cortex of the cerebrum centres which control

the movement of various sets of muscles in the face, neck, and upper and lower extremities; a centre well marked, the speech centre, has also been located in one of the convolutions.

There are also areas which preside over sight, hearing, and the sense of touch, and doubtless, as experiment proceeds, other definite centres will be localized.

Now, in disease no one organ, or set of organs, suffers alone. The mutual relationship of all the tissues of the body is so intimate that there is more or less general reaction and suffering, and the only way in which this interaction is made possible is through the nervous system. We can therefore see the importance of a thorough study of this most wonderful channel of communication, not from the stand-point of the modern physiologist or pathologist alone, but with the conviction that it is the keyboard upon which are played the harmonies or discords of the lower or personal mind.

The production of acute functional disturbances of the digestive and circulatory systems by fright, anger, shock, etc., is so well known as to have become matter of common knowledge. But it is not so well understood that changes in the emotional realm induced by the habit of erroneous thought can produce molecular changes in motor and sensory areas and other parts of the nervous system, leading not only to prolonged functional disturbances but to actual organic lesion, which may be shown in the nervous system itself or in some other system or tissue of the body.

The cerebro-spinal and sympathetic nervous systems are under the direct control of conscious and subconscious mental emotion, and both systems transmit to the tissues the effects of causes set up in the mental realm. This is a fact well known to the metaphysician, but he is sometimes handicapped in his efforts to secure a cure by his attitude that the transference of thoughts of general peace and harmony, unaided, will *always* restore the integrity of function and physical tissue. That it will in some cases accomplish this result, is admitted; but other cases exist where direct operation on the specific mental cause is more certain and effective.

Much valuable time is wasted through losing sight of a fact demonstrated by experience—that each erroneous thought forms a

definite picture which is reflected upon a corresponding area either in the cerebral cortex or other part of the nervous system, and manifests in a definite set of symptoms in the physical organism.

This may be illustrated by supposing five persons, A., B., C., D., and E., subjected, while in a rowboat, to an accident, whereby they similarly experience fright, shock, and immersion in water. Supposing, further, that all are rescued, A. may develop acute rheumatism, B. pneumonia, C. an acute catarrh, D. a sciatic neuralgia, while E. may escape entirely from manifesting any signs of disturbed health.

Now, in the language of the physician, all have been subjected to a common exciting cause, and the difference in manifestation of disease has been due to a variation in the predisposition of each individual; but what is this predisposition and whence does it come? The *degree* of fear brought to the surface in each case does not alone account for it. It is the *quality* of the fear that is effective, and this quality depends upon the bringing into activity by the exciting cause of some dormant mental picture, definite in character and therefore constant in effect.

The subconscious mind is the storehouse of memory and as such records with unerring fidelity every circumstance of life, whether that circumstance be recognized by the conscious mind or not. No impression is so slight, no event so insignificant as to be omitted; and each and every one can be called above the threshold of consciousness by the law of association of ideas, which, when thoroughly understood, will unravel the most perplexing problems, and reduce to orderly sequence that which at first seems the most incongruous complication.

Thus, each area in the brain is in direct communication with a particular faculty of the mind, and constitutes not only the sensitive plate upon which all mental variations in that department are impressed, but serves as the beginning of the pathway through which that faculty is brought into conscious recognition by its externalization in function and tissue.

It is evident, therefore, that a knowledge of the divisions and subdivisions of the thinking mind, and the localization in the nervous

system of the areas referred to, is necessary to that thorough understanding of the correspondency between the bodily effect and the mental cause, which alone enables us to quickly discover the exact image at the root of the apparent disturbance.

The study of such correspondencies may properly be termed Metaphysico-physiology, and such a study is eminently scientific. It seems to me that both the beneficence and potency of metaphysical healing as applied to the "ills that flesh is heir to" will increase in direct proportion to the investigation of this subject, and the correct tabulation of the results of experience.

EDWIN D. SIMPSON, M.D.

IDEALITY IN CULTURE.

We seek a correct equation for the solution of life's problems. Shall we not find it through a clear comprehension of the relative importance of all the factors that enter into the production of a nature best fitted to live in harmony with its highest privileges and greatest opportunities? Certain it is that the distorted results now attained, that the discordant noises that now arise where should ascend harmonies to move the souls of men with power, give evidence that some essential factors are now suppressed, that some divine energy of the soul lies deeply buried beneath the worthless results of misdirected years.

No acquisition of purely intellectual knowledge confers culture. A narrowed intensity of thought often effectually prevents its acquirement. Culture arises out of the correlated and harmonious development of the emotional and the intellectual. To be effective its knowledge must be touched with emotion, and the highest and purest emotion at that.

This depth, and richness, and purity of nature called culture is not an essential element of power—many of the world's strong minds have sadly lacked it; but it is the essential element of life in its most complete and perfect sense, making its possessor rich in capacity for the enjoyment of pleasures too spiritual to be within the compre-

hension of the student who views natural phenomena from a purely materialistic stand-point.

All the material manifestations of nature are but local, imperfect, transitory picturings of an infinite ideal within finite form. When the form alone is seen, only strife and chaos are apparent. When the form becomes transparent for the manifestation of the underlying, changeless reality, the beauty and truth of life are then revealed. Soul has received a vision of soul, and the message of nature has become our own.

Thus out of the yearning cry for clearer light, voiced by the souls that grope in darkness, comes the demand for a factor in growth that shall be permanent and abiding: arises the necessity for recognition of the ideal, the embodiment of the divine that shall convey its message of possible attainment in the face of every obstacle, that shall kindle the fires of aspiration in the midst of night and gloom.

The whole history of man's progress is a record of failure and disappointment where the effort to advance has been from a purely intellectual basis. The wildest conjectures of one age become the accepted theories of the next, only to be supplanted by new theories, and then buried and forgotten in the effort to comprehend with the intellect what may be realized only by the faculty which recognizes truth but which does not draw conclusions. As a result of this one-sided mental activity, the scientific superstructure that we raise rests upon a basis of suppositions that must be changed and shifted and remodelled to suit each discovery of facts and forces previously hidden.

The importance of scientific investigation is not to be disregarded or underestimated. The adverse influence lies in the teaching that supposition and inference furnish an infallible and comprehensive explanation of nature's mysteries, that they afford a groundwork and basis sufficient for the needs of man's complex emotional nature, in turning the universe into a machine, and in measuring life by the push and pull of forces operating solely under mechanical laws.

But expressions of truth, born of the emotional life, springing from a recognition of the Absolute as a factor in soul-development, are as real, as comprehensive, as significant now as when first for-

culated. They owe their vitality to an element that is untouched by mutations of the temporal, to an influence that reaches down into the deeps of life; they thrill the soul with a consciousness of power not to be expressed in terms material; they are vibrant with harmonies too subtle and elusive to be heard until the individual has learned to measure life by the forces that work from within outward, rather than to place dependence upon the conditions of environment.

This explains why the work of the genius endures despite the errors due to intellectual limitations or misapprehension of technical data. The greatest dramatic genius of the world affords the finest illustration at command. No other great writer is so inaccurate as Shakespeare, and no other has embodied in perfect form so many universal truths. Contrast the work of this genius who comprehended the hidden thoughts of nature's inmost heart with that of some man of intellect who recorded his observations of external forms and failed to grasp the suggestion of ideal perfection embodied within! Regardless of the change in environment, habit, and thought brought by the passing years, the result of true insight into the mysteries of emotional life glows brighter as the vista of the ages lengthens, while the formal record of an age in history soon becomes worthless as a factor in the progress of the race.

The work of Shakespeare is a mine whose riches are inexhaustible, a fountain from whose depths may be drawn waters that will purify. He who enters with intellect and heart into the spirit there manifest can no longer view life from a single stand-point, can no longer satisfy his soul with low ideals and base desires. We turn to the plays, not because of the history therein contained, for this is often fragmentary and at fault, but because the characters speak and act and live, true to an impulse that is deeper and stronger than all external influences, and as lasting as the reality of life itself.

Some echo of the wordless song must have trembled in the poet's soul when he wrote:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings.
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Some comprehension of the relation of life to eternal verities must have been in the mind of him who could crown counsel with the thought:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Some conception of the littleness of material life, of the inadequacy of the human in the conflict, must have come home to him who said:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

It is not the originality of thought that makes this work significant—myriads of hearts have throbbed in sympathy with these truths; it is the apt relationship, the clear comprehension, the perfect expression that in unison draw aside the material veil, and flash in upon the soul a vision of life in its reality. Neglect to awaken the soul to this perception of "Truth which is Beauty, and Beauty which is Truth," and life becomes a journey in the dark across a desert, instead of an ascent to heights that afford ever a larger view.

This nearness to clear ideals was evident in the childhood of the race. It gave to the world the undying song of Homer, architectural beauty yet to be surpassed, and a system of philosophy too deep for the age of steam and electricity. So in the childhood of the individual does the ideal seek expression for a little while before false views of life, false ideas of education, false systems of training and development shall hide the eternal sunlight in cloud and storm. Beautifully has this truth been expressed:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy:
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily farthest from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

And thus, walled round with the formalism of the ages, we walk so long amid the desert's sands that our eyes are blind to the beauty of the purple hills that girt the land, where the ideal becomes the real.

Is it not this suppression of the ideal, this one-sided and intense practicality of thought and training, this desire to educate for results that may be measured in dollars and cents, rather than to develop clearness of thought and purity of emotion, that has produced a crudity and coarseness all too plainly manifest in our art and literature? There has been a failure to recognize the imperative necessity for an element in education which shall enter vitally into the emotional life, which shall develop in the individual such delicacy and refinement of perception that in the midst of the strife and clash of conflicting forces he may catch some undertone of the harmony that has flowed from the hearts of those who have measured life "In feelings, not in figures on a dial." This failure has dwarfed our capacity for real enjoyment, has narrowed our conception of life's responsibility, has buried the quenchless flame of the soul so deeply beneath the rubbish of worthless forms that we are content to be blind and walk in the beaten path of traditional conventionality.

The disease of modern life and education is a passion for excessive analysis, a mania for seeking the psychical through the physical, the spiritual through the material. Forgetting that the significance of beauty and truth is manifest only through correlation and unity; that the "whole is greater than the sum of all its parts," by reason of the ideal made apparent through the blending and harmony of component factors; that in unison, and in unison alone, is embodied an ideal incapable of separation and dissection, we pry into, we pull apart, we weigh and measure with feverish haste and hurry, losing sight of the evanescent spirit of beauty that may be felt but not described, may be comprehended in its unity, but never discovered through destruction of its material embodiment in the laboratory's crucible and retort.

No emotion of life is too sacred, no impulse too delicate, no motive too pure to escape this test-tube method of analysis, while

“ . . . The soul itself,
With shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silences
To keep the pauses of the rhythmic sounds ”

baffles the keenest search of him who in the cold and passionless light of intellectuality would through observation find a material basis for every harmony breathed out of the heart of man.

Only as the ideal is seen do we recognize the limitations of the material. Only as the vision of possible development haunts us do we consciously struggle for the expression of the best that is within us.

The possibilities of material wealth are negative as well as positive. Let it bring with it, as it often does, physical imperfection and disease, mental imbecility, spiritual depravity, and death, and it but affords a medium through which the discords of ill-adjusted life may exert a wider and more pernicious influence. But leave to the world one pure ideal in perfect form, and in the dark night of some soul's desolation the sunlight shall kiss the peaks that pierce the clouds; in the dreariest desert on life's journey some weary one shall be fanned by a breath from the hills of God; and into the yearning heart of him who faints beneath the burden of life's pain shall steal harmonies that thrill with peace and power.

J. B. MILLER.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being in the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living Universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work; for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.—*Emerson*.

You may be always victorious if you will never enter into any contest but where the victory depends upon yourself.—*Epictetus*.

THE BLINDNESS OF SIGHT.

It is an old diplomacy which teaches that language was given to conceal thought. It is an older, though perhaps less known paradox of life, which points the conclusion that eyes are to prevent seeing. Plato touches its subtler bearing when he pictures the observing mortal as one sunk in a cave and beholding only the moving shadows which the real figures in the upper air cast on its walls, yet hugging, with a fondness that resents enlightenment, the dear delusion that in these flitting shapes he grasps the living substance.

The Neoplatonists weave this theory into their later conceptions of life and philosophy, and present us all, as

"in this low world,
Placed with our backs to bright reality,
That we may learn, with young unwounded ken,
The substance from its shadow."

What the gods have done for us we cannot help; and if by the gift of sight they have blinded us to the "bright realities," we can only bear the blindness as we must and blame them as we may till we learn their purposes. But that we blind ourselves to even the shadow-lessons allowed us, and "seeing not, believe we see," is another matter and perhaps the most significant in all the conduct, or misconduct, of our human affairs. The complaisant manner in which we delude ourselves with the idea that our eyes are used for seeing is one of the veriest ironies of common life.

An artist who loved all nature and spent much time among trees and flowers, declared that he had never seen a rose till he undertook to paint it; and the greatest nature-priest and prophet of our age tells us that "until his eyes were opened, all the gold and azure splendors of sunset, that hush of world expectation as day died, were but a Hebrew speech to him."

Though we stand, as the great ones tell us, "in the centre of im-

mensities, in the conflux of eternities," though "all creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow," yet how much of the greatness and the glory do mortal eyes behold or the dulled senses of timeworn humanity take in? The pettiest cares and interests, the smallest irritations of one vexed moment, can shut out all the splendors of the queenliest day and the groping with weary muck-rake over dust and rubbish heaps, can hide all the crowns of glory.

Nor is it alone the petty thoughts and cares that pale the sun. The pity of it is that even the wise and great have ways of their own for making the light darkness; and probably none is more common than the heaping up of a burden of hidden meanings or "second intention" subtilities, whereby, in life as in literature, the warm vital ray is too often lost in cloudy mazes. "All that is worth having is invisible," said the ancient mystic; and so the glories of the visible world spread their wondrous revelations of truth and beauty before him in vain. "What we get out of nature depends upon what we carry to it," adds another sage, and so poor mortals go to nature with all the webs and mists of metaphysical subtilities and distorting creeds before their eyes, and read their own doleful sermons into the innocent stone, their tongues of sorrow and mourning into the rustling trees; and only here and there some Thoreau or Burroughs tells them that their eyes are blind, and that to see truly they must lie passive as the crystal dewdrop on the daisy bank, and drink in unquestioningly the prismic glories of the world about them.

Poor "Peter Bell" has long been held up to scorn because that "primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him and it was nothing more"; but perhaps, as the flower in question seems to have been intended for a primrose, Peter may have been wiser than his critics, if he really beheld it as such.

To look through the seen to the unseen, may be a potent secret of true vision; but to miss the primrose sweetness of the seen in the endeavor to find in it something that never was on sea or land, is as insane a use of the great gift of sight as purblind mortals can be guilty of. It is much like the blindness of the poor woman at the tomb, who, gazing into the face of the risen Christ asked mournfully where they had laid him. The glory that is revealed is lost in the

dream of some vague glory that never was nor ever shall be to those who miss its first effulgence here.

"Oh, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual," says the greatest of earthly seers, "and criest to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth, the thing thou seekest is already with thee, here or nowhere, couldst thou only see!" Down in the nether world, Homer makes great Achilles declare that he would willingly be a ploughboy on the earth, if but its sweet life could be restored to him; but how did he sit sullen by the "beaked ships" when "Ilium was and all the great glory of the Trojans," because of that slave, Briseis! And how do poor mortals everywhere fix their eyes upon some forbidden object or slavish desire, and meanwhile let the offered glories of the kingdom unnoticed pass them by!

Is it strange that the most thoughtful of mankind have felt that there must be some re-birth, or reincarnations upon earth, that would restore to hapless mortals some later chance to recover their lost inheritance? It is not so much a state of probation hereafter that man needs, as a better enlightenment for his probation here. It is said that nature holds a panacea for all ills that flesh is heir to, if human skill could find it; and for the deeper needs or disorders of the soul, the heavenly balm, we are told "lies close around us in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious nature," if but the cunning eye and ear were found to which "the God-written Apocalypse would yield articulate meaning." "Man is the true Shekinah," say all the preachers; the "God-presence is within him," the "sky-woven garment is about him," the Spirit of love, "free in its celestial, primeval brightness" is here sent down to him; yet, out of all these Spirits and airs of Eden, what Eden has he ever looked upon—how has he used the God gifts and powers within him? What has he done with love, that "bright celestial Spirit"?—in truth, has he ever seen it?

The pity of it is, says one writer in despair, that it is given to such small creatures, so fearfully has it been abused among them. Indeed, the blindness with which man looks on nature is naught compared to the utter darkness in which he too often wrecks the priceless treasures of heart and soul. The pearls of love and sweetness that are wasted in his path, the hungry eyes that look to him in vain, the

famishing souls that perish for the cup of cold water he denies them, the devils that in his blindness he makes Princes of the World, and the Gods he crucifies, are enough to doom all mankind to that fourth circle of the Inferno, where Dante gathers in one miry pool the blind and sullen ones who knew not the true wealth offered them when they dwelt "In the sweet air, which by the sun is gladdened."

Everywhere the great mystery of human life appears to be, not so much man's relation to the things that are hidden from him, as his manner of dealing with the things that are revealed. The main facts of life and death confront him on every hand, the unfailing course of events manifests before him the eternal laws and truths of being, and still he looks upon them as one who sees them not, or seeing cannot believe. The simplicity of mind, the blindness with which each succeeding generation of men surrenders itself to hopes and ambitions which preceding generations have proved groundless, and complacently ignores the truths to which every age has attested, is one of the wonders that must make man a spectacle to the gods—if the gods themselves were not so much accessory in having made man thus.

There is an old story of a visitor from another planet who came to earth and beheld the race of men struggling wildly over its different ends and ambitions; and when he learned that men must die, and that they knew they must die, and likewise knew that the main objects of their pursuit must perish with them—he fled away declaring them a race of madmen!

And is there not a measure of insanity in man's attitude toward the plainest and most universal facts of existence? Does Youth build less on its supremacy and endurance, or seek more eagerly the sources of the Fountain of Youth, because it may behold palsied age and decay on every side? Does bounding Life count less on changeless power, or distrust its foundations of sand, because graves yawn on every hand, and mourners go about the streets? Do even the seers, who cry to us from the mountain-tops that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, change much their attitude toward those vanities and vexations?

Did Carlyle grumble less over his cold porridge because he pro-

claimed the "Divine Me" around which "the fleshly vesture is but as dust and shadow"? Did Goethe forego any of those wild and tumultuous revels at Weimar because he beheld that "Earth Spirit" at work on "the eternal looms"?

Aside from some Prince Siddartha or the divine Christ, do any of the great teachers who declare to us that the kingdom of Heaven is within us, show much less eagerness for the outside kingdoms of Earth, in even their most material and perishing phases? Is not the inevitable conclusion forced upon us, that even they see as men who do not see, and that the great want of the world is still "the seeing eye and the hearing ear."

The prayer of mighty Ajax for light to see his foeman's face may be perhaps the most pertinent cry of humanity if one could but add to it the prayer to discern also the face of his friend. When this light comes, the true standards of life will adjust themselves. Beauty will be found indeed "a living presence on the earth"; Goodness will be seen as the friendly face that makes creation smile; and in Time, we shall know the "undulation in the great ocean of being" that kindly tries the slender crafts that press onward to the surges of the eternal seas.

IRENE A. SAFFORD.

It is an error to attribute either good or ill to fortune, but the event itself we may; and we ourselves are the occasion of it, being, in effect, the artificers of our own happiness or misery, for the mind is above fortune. If that be evil it makes everything else so too. But if it be right and sincere, it corrects what is wrong, and mollifies what is hard, with modesty and courage.—*Seneca*.

The fact that the idea of truth, of order, of right doing, exists in every person's mind is evidence that he is immortal, a partaker of the infinite and eternal. It is the office of the imagination to shape that idea, to make it perceptible to the mind, and to introduce it into the heart, the daily walk, and all the life.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

When you shall see a man honored above others, or mighty in power, or otherwise esteemed, look to it that thou deem him not blessed, being carried away by the appearances.—*Epictetus*.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(IV.)

We find ourselves alive; perception awakening, we look forth and behold a great panorama of complexity, and we ask ourselves what do all these things mean? What reason is there in the subtle foundations of philosophy for the existence of anything? How does it come that there are created things? What relation do I bear to them? Why am I here?

Science and philosophy have undertaken to elucidate the mystery of the progression of events: this march of phenomena out of the caves of the mysterious into the broad daylight of the unknown; and all attempts, without exception, have lamentably failed. The link between things conceived and things perceived has ever remained missing. Theories there are innumerable; but philosophers in their opinions and hypotheses have said: "It is so deep, navigators will not mind a shoal here and there." Yet perhaps these may be glad of a true chart, grateful even to that hydrographer who plots by sure triangulation every rock and shallow, if only to show how safe is the real channel. The danger of a false chart lies not in the possibility that the sea may grow shallower, but that our ships' draught may be deeper; not the universe simpler, but mankind more complex.

The old forms of faith are being overthrown; it is our duty to see that the results which of old came to mankind by faith shall not be lost to the race through the unrest of reason.

Let us for a moment assume an anthropomorphic God, separate and apart from the cosmos. He is not willing to remain alone; he desires to create, and he does create.

As it has happened in this tri-dimensional universe the worlds are spheroids. Could an Almighty Being have made the worlds cubes? Our reply must be yes, because we have assumed an Almightyness. But, at the very beginning of reason, we discover a strange dilemma,

for though God had the power to make cubic worlds he had not the power to make such worlds in which the diagonal is not the longest right line. Proceeding in this manner of inquiry it will not be long before we find conclusively that there are very many other particulars in which Deity was limited in ability to construct, till finally and necessarily we become convinced that he is wholly limited, that the vast majority of things—indeed, all purely formal things—are as they are, not because an anthropomorphic God so desired, but because an Almighty Being is limited by the necessities of Infinite Being, as we ourselves are by the demands of finite being.

Having proved this (as we may easily, each for himself), is it then incumbent upon us to proclaim the finding of a fixed, arbitrary, heartless, and soulless cosmos, not exactly unwilling, but unable either to help or to hinder? Is this discovery the death-blow to all hope of progress, either physically in other worlds than ours, or of thought in this?

Not so. Because conditions must be necessary if they obtain, it does not follow that everywhere and always they are determined. The very iron rigidity of causation implies a variation under varying conditions. Types of being essentially different from our own not only may, but must exist in other spheres and under different influences; not that we guess these things, nor that our assumed Beneficence has done good because he is good, but for the higher reason, the incontestably certain reason that causes produce effects, and conditions evolve consequences.

Basing our credences upon the proofs of science and not upon any assumptions of ecclesiasticism, what are the generally received conceptions regarding this earth, its present condition, and the itinerary of its progress thereto? One is that prior to the presence of the intelligent man a being bodily akin to him existed as a rude, arboreal savage inhabiting caves, dwellings in lakes, a fashioner of flints and some potteries, a contemporary of extinct animals, a companion of the cave-bear, and fellow with the aurochs and mammoths.

Further yet in the past history of the globe there was no man to till the ground, and his potentialities were bound up in some earlier form (of which much remains to be studied) till at last we see, twin-

ling afar off in the primeval dusk, that little star over the first protoplasmic cell upon which the wise do well to ponder as it hangs poised over the lowly beginning of life. But countless ages before this the spirit of God had moved upon the face of the waters, the waters were divided and the dry land appeared.

Further backward still in the dim perspective, we behold a glowing globe of fire, born of the sun, wavering in its path, as if, though trying to be truant, the force centripetal, like a mother's apron-string, forbade its leaving. At a remoter period we behold a glowing mass, flocculent clouds of attenuated vapor, vapor born of the gases, as they were born of the ethereal spirals.

At last, thought, wearied with its strained glimpses of the origin of itself, beholds the light of the past grown dimmer and dimmer, sees law, "defecated to a pure nonentity," replaced by chaos; and chaos itself (for chaos is only the absence of law, and cannot *be*, for law is always) giving no sign, lapses into darkness, into darkness and desolation and death. Perception failed, conception failed, all has failed; so far as physical science can tell, the world, resolved into its primæval elements, leaves no residuum. Spirit returns to spirit that made it.

The senses are great deceivers; their evidence needs, in almost every case, to be corrected because of the imperfection of the testimony they give. These corrections must be made, in the majority of instances, by reason. But reason in its turn is fallible; those powers of causality, eventuality, and comparison which unite to testify to the value of sensations, must often be corrected also. Theology declares, by faith; but philosophy says, by experience. As an illustration of exactly what is meant by this declaration I think the following will suffice, and that it will show that there are cases where not only is sense wholly deceptive, but that reason also is futile:

Imagine yourself standing in the exact central point between the two rails of a railway, on a perfectly straight line of rails and a perfectly level prairie, and looking along the line in one direction. What you see is practically an isosceles triangle. It will not do to say that reason here corrects the evidence of sense, and conveys to the thinker accurate knowledge of the fact of the rails continuing parallel throughout their course to the horizon. We know very well that

the apparent convergence to a point in the distance—the so-called vanishing-point—is an effect of perspective; but the knowledge is acquired through reason only when aided by experience.

Sense is at the surface of things. It is simply the posted sentinel of the soul; the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the nose scents, and the tongue tastes, and the finger-tips touch, and each shouts, "Who comes there?" Then comes the sentient brain to say, "Advance, and give the countersign." This is Reason, the soul's officer of the guard. But there is yet the camp's commander, with whom the comer, be he friend or foe, with or without the watchword, has to deal. Call that captain faith or fact, or ultimate truth or consciousness or feeling, call him what you will, he is Experience—he is conscious Intelligence.

It is because, in so many cases, the tidings of the outward world have not been delivered to the captain of our salvation that the camp of self has been so many times deceived by spies and betrayed by traitors.

Manifestly this series of papers, being but a primary treatise upon the elements of the science of certainty, makes no attempt to follow through all their ramifications the tracks in the labyrinth of logic which here invite the explorer. It is our part to recognize the validity of the evidence of the "ground rules," being sure that when once these are thoroughly known, the rest, "the algebra and mathematics of ethical law," may be reckoned upon as surely.

Dispensing therefore with verniers and micrometers of meaning, we limit the use of these, together with all the implements of mind, to a contemplation (varying from Kant's intuition, *anschauung*, to the empiricism of all the materialists) of facts as they are, determined by principles as they must be.

In the process upward from the atom, where alone there is certain evidence of a true fixity of purpose, through all the gradients of molecular movement, acting under the influences of chemic power, there comes a condition of things where a new potency intervenes. The old order changes; the ancient system of the haughty molecules, those feudal barons of the earlier world, have found at last their true suzerain: King Life has come. The primordial cell, in the pomp of

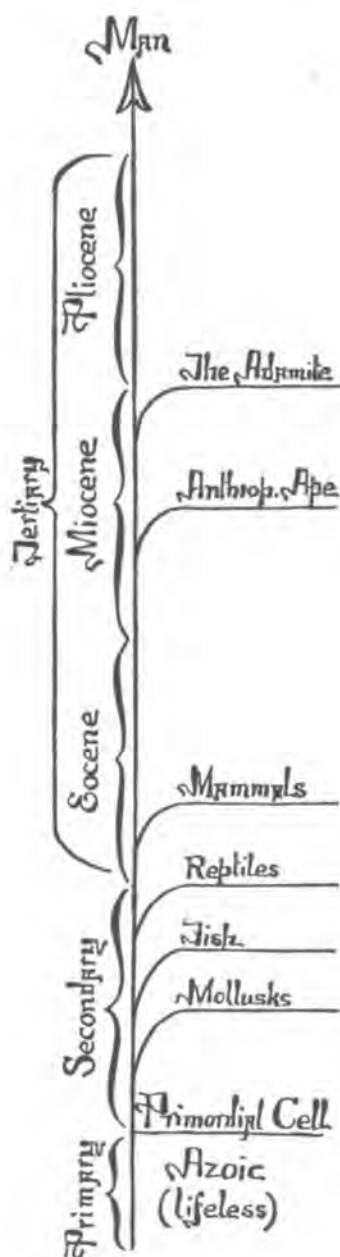


DIAGRAM OF PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

his lordly place dictates to his now willing vassals, and the organic rules over the inorganic.

Slowly, with sure and stately step, Progress toils onward, leaving ever as she goes footprints on the sands of time, footprints in the yielding ooze and slime of the prehistoric past to testify to the coming generations and at the last to justify the ways of God to men. Search the Scriptures—the rocky tablets of the Silurian beaches, the mineral mummies embalmed in the Lias shales, the “White Walls” of England, the fuel-forests of carbon stored up, as the corn in Joseph’s barns in the land of Egypt, against the years of famine. Search these scriptures, for these are they that testify of Him.

But life itself—offspring of the Sun and the satellite, the seed and the soil—was not the end of nature’s effort. Far beyond was another and a nobler progression, another step upward toward perfection.

If we base all our estimate of the science of that which is ultimate, unconditioned, and absolute upon those dicta—the foundations, for many, of modern thought—in physics, the nebular hypothesis, in ontology, “*Cogito, ergo sum*”—we are no less thought-bound than the veriest dogmatist, or the grossest idolater. He only is a free-thinker whose thought is not bound to anything, physical, mental, or even ideal, save truth and proved truth alone.

But how shall we prove truth? By testing it; there is no other way. By testing it fully and fearlessly. It is not fragile to break nor friable to crumble. It is dumb to the curious, full of answers to the lover. If we enter into the domain of physics timorously, as Vasco da Gama’s and Colon’s crews, never, never shall we find Hope’s Good Cape nor the new world. We must first and always be infatuated with our adventure, and let the ardor of our striving go always hand in hand with the constant enthusiasm of our patience.

The things of spirit must be regarded as the mathematician regards the relative angles of his circle, whose whole, divided into degrees, 360 in all, may be redivided and subdivided at will. Then the semi-circumference will be represented by 180°, the quarter by 90°, and so forth. Now this method of reckoning absolutely dispenses with space as a factor in the problem. It matters not whether the circle be one inch in diameter or a thousand million miles; there

are always 360 degrees, no more and no less. And yet while all calculation is independent of space it will give results adapted practically to space relations. An infinitesimal angle at the centre, subtended at the circumference by a line of measurable length, will inevitably give a measurable area. That circumference may be extended to infinity.

But here we come to the solution of the great problem of practicality, the spirit of the method by which, and by which alone, theory may be made known in practice—the real transmuted into the seeming, things of thought revealed to things of sense. As the geometer cannot deal directly with the realities of his angle in degrees, minutes, and seconds, and decimals; as the finite ego is too weak and the hand too wavering for actual accuracy, he adopts the mechanical devices of micrometers and verniers and the like. So also as the angle itself is too fine a fact for gross calculation, the calculator is compelled to turn to a mediator between area and spirit to obtain results comprehensible to mind. This mediator is the line—the line of the sine, the line of the cosine, the tangent, the cotangent, the secant, and the cosecant—and thus without violation of principle spirit incarnates itself in that which is practical and comprehensible.

In their investigations into the nature of number Leibnitz and Newton discovered a great truth since called "fluxions" or the calculus, the essential idea of which is that number, instead of being considered as separate entities, each apart from its neighbor, may be regarded as continuous, without breaks between so-called integers, a device by which all numbers from plus infinity ($+\infty$) to minus infinity ($-\infty$) may be regarded for purposes of calculation as a harmonious and homogeneous whole. We have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., an infinite (if you choose) progression in theory, but to actualize these symbols there must be units of substance or imagination to endow them with capacity for existence. But the whole region of number is an abstract region, the home and locus of all individualities, and these, not only everywhere touch, not only everywhere join, but everywhere merge and overlap, so that, as in the hues of the spectrum, no sense can detect their frontiers.

This principle we recognize readily as applicable to both space

and time, but reuse (and quite naturally) to apply it to the fact of life or the fact of matter, where, as in both domains, its applicability is just as certain. We talk very glibly about matter, we generalize and moralize and particularize respecting substance, complex substances and their molecules, simple substances and their atoms, just as if there really existed any such things at all except as perceptions of points of progress—milestones on a continuous highway.

Between different substances there is manifestly a difference to be detected, sometimes by sight, sometimes by touch, or sense of weight, or odor, or taste. There is also that degree of volume or mass of each substance to which the word "molecule" applies—the smallest divisible fragment of that substance which contains all its properties—to be determined only, because beyond sense-perception by its reactions, or behavior under chemical tests. For the conquest of the under world man thus informs himself by means of spies taken from its own camp, cajoled or compelled to act for him.

There is also another region of fact differing wholly in kind from the region of the molecule. The "ultimate" atom, elementary as it is called, may be considered as the unit, or individual of the communal life of chemic forces. The atoms are the individuals, endowed (to use a word that, however faulty, seems expressive) with faculties, desires, wants, fancies, even lusts. They form unholy alliances—their bastard progeny are poisons, whence come the cobra's venom, the deadly rabies, and, I think, if we knew all the secrets of matter, evils greater yet. The virtuous atoms, on the contrary, marry, and as good citizens of the tiny republic, breed honest children by the affinity of true love.

But the atom in its turn has its component parts. Separate and alone, a science, more subtle even than chemic lore, discloses the profound fact of the existence and some of the attributes of the imponderable ether.

And throughout all, the spirit of striving (that of God which is over all and in all) joins and makes the great march onward. Volition has ever concurrent jurisdiction with Action in each and every Relation.

While I have employed a figure of speech to represent the actions

and reactions of the beings of our under world, do not mistake their meaning: The atoms choose, but their choice is not conscious, because it is not intelligent; it is accurate because never debatable; the moral law has not yet come, and therefore there is no sin.

So into the depths of being the spirit of man, with all the utensils of his trade, his holy curiosity, the insatiable avarice of his desire to know, presses open the lids of the closed caskets in quest of the ultimate and absolute in nature. One by one they fall apart at his behest, and in each is revealed another casket, and in that another.

Now and then he pauses, for a while content, thinking that at last in his research he has exhausted nature. But nature cannot be exhausted. Nature is exhaustless in her manifestations. To that vast underarching universe within, there are no irresolvable nebulae. As in the rainbow the separate colors stand forth self-assertive for their own rights as provinces in the federation of color, though each merges into each, so matter is always and everywhere continuous, though the senses, differently affected by a various relation, acknowledge the inherent difference of the several gradients, as they perceive that one star differs from another star in glory.

HUDOR GENONE.

THE SEARCH.

Lonely, he wandered all the wide world over,—
 Seeking he knew not what, yet still must find:
 "Give me," he cried, "but that I may discover
 Truth tho' it slay me, light tho' it may blind!"

Into the great world's church he wandered lonely,
 But creeds were husks, with all the kernel gone.
 To lean on priestly arms were timorous only—
 Each one must live his strenuous life alone.

He sought for fame, but soon its laurel faded,
 He found wealth's burden heavy through the years—
 Pleasure's bright bubble ever him evaded;
 And power was pain—and love was only tears.

At last he came unto a quiet portal,
 And strayed within—the door was open wide,
 And gathered there upon the breast of Silence
 His heart's desire was ever satisfied.

A. L. SYKES.

INDUCTIVE ASTROLOGY.

(III.)

As all forces in nature are mutual and correlative, the word "influence," as employed in astrological discussion, though a convenient term, is obviously a misnomer. It would seem to imply an adjustment not only unfair, but manifestly impossible in an economy whose fundamental law is one of co-ordination.

Every factor in a universe which is comprehended in a unity, is dependent upon affinities; therefore, no one law of motion can supersede any other law in the measure of its importance. A positive energy can have no existence without a magnetic opposite through which to polarize the electrical nature of its activities.

The old maxim says, "The wise man rules his stars." Man may rule himself, but not the stars; neither do the stars, according to the generally accepted idea, govern the conduct and destiny of the individual. As a non-creator of forces, neither of them possesses the potentiality of arbitrary control. "Interaction" is a term more apposite to the real sense of the matter, and conveys a truer conception of the law of sympathy and antipathy, of attraction and repulsion. Hawken, in his "Doctrine of Sympathy," aptly thus states the position: "Man's organism comprehends a solar sphere, and it also includes a sidereal one, else he would not be a microcosm. The stars represent or *coincide* with planes in the organism of the 'humanity' of our orb; in other words, they are human psychic entities within us. Consequently, the vital essence by which we live descends through them as distributive organs."

By virtue of their organic structure the planetary orbs are mighty batteries, or magnetic centres by solar induction, through which spiritual energies seek external manifestation. They represent principles which co-exist throughout all forms of material expression. But far from being creative principles in themselves, or possessing

any virtue *in potentia*, they are as much subject to precedent causes as is the chemical organization of the individual; for the same Mind which incites the planet in its mutation to form certain aspects or configurations in the ambient, affects in a correspondential ratio the sidereal constitution of man.

So it may truthfully be affirmed that the word "influence" is the only *exploded* part of the doctrine of astrology; and yet this discarded term has been sufficient to cause a few sophistical essayists to disfigure the fair pages of cyclopædias with a mass of elaborate but worthless opinions, instead of illuminant facts, on the subject. The Rev. Joseph Butler, author of the "Analogy," and other popular works, was wiser in his generation. He conceived it the proper thing, first, to familiarize himself with the theme, that he might the more intelligently anathematize it; and, second—not only became a devout adherent of the science, but contributed to its literature one of its choicest classics!

Nevertheless, these pseudo-philosophers, in their umbrage at the word "influence," unconsciously tendered their highest respects to a cardinal principle in metaphysics, though they evidently intended only to impart a discoloration to the searching optics of nature's grandest expositor.

Paracelsus, in making the statement that "the body of man is his house. . . . The carpenters are, at one time Jupiter, at another Venus," etc., did not allude to the celestial orbs bearing those names, but rather to the spiritual elements analogous to their natures; for he continues, "Man is a sun, and a moon, and a heaven filled with stars." There are degrees of activity operating in the universal ether, which find their polarity in corresponding physical centres of energy, brought into external expression only when these media form certain familiarities, or angles, which the astro-physicist terms "aspects." Thus, when the Sun and Jupiter are conjoined in the visible heavens, the elements which they represent are undergoing a process of coaptation throughout the whole sublunary nature, a relation affecting each physical form according to the sympathetic response inherent within it. Or, when other planets form a configuration with Mercury, one who has that element sym-

bolized potently in his nativity is observed to be much affected through their affinity or antipathy with the Mercurial qualities in his own nature. Also, should Venus (copper) be in aspect with Mercury, it is not difficult to understand why it should incite a playful, merry, pleasurable strain on the spiritual or psychical gamut of the individual, for the ductility of the one has formed a harmonious combination with the volatility of the other, the effect being in accordance with the potency of the aspect through which the activities blend, producing a higher expression at the angle of 120° , a trine (Δ), than when in quadrature, or 90° (\square). Should, however, the Saturnian chemistry become allied with the Mercurial element, the gross, leaden, inelastic, inflexible character of the former subdues and modifies the restlessness of the latter, contributing gravity and decorum to the spiritual energies.

Not only among the vicegerents of heaven, but in the mutual intercourse between the members of the human family, these aspects are constantly being formed, as indicated by the sympathy or antipathy manifested in their co-relationships. The Moon in the one vibrates in unison with the Jupiter in the other; or else a dissonance is sounded through the contact of Mars in the one with the Saturn in the other. Therefore, each of us may be said figuratively to carry about with us a perfect planetary system, whose rationale will become evident to our senses only through a fuller comprehension of that interdependency which is absolutely essential between the component parts of the Whole.

Franz Hartmann, than whom few modern writers are more skilled in alchemical research, says: "The Microcosm and Macrocosm may not only be 'compared together,' but they are really and actually one in their power, and one in the constitution of their elements." Which comports with Paracelsus: "If I have manna in my constitution, I can attract manna from heaven. Saturn is not only in the sky, but also deep in the earth and in the ocean. What is Venus but the Artemisia that grows in your garden? What is iron but Mars? That is to say, Venus and Artemisia are both the products of the same essence, and Mars and Iron are both the manifestation of the same cause."

Man as a percipient being unconsciously acknowledges the truth of a universal harmony by persistently seeking his equilibrium in a more tuneful adjustment to Nature's diapason. Under the laborious direction of the Saturn element, the effort often resolves itself into the plaintiveness of a threnody; though ever capable, through the expansion of the inherent Will, Sun (\odot), found at his centre, of conversion into the higher possibilities of the Venus principle, whose impulses throb as with the ecstasy of a divine anthem.

Every atom of matter, as a concrete expression of spiritual energy, answers to a keynote in the scale of Universal Being, and is endowed with a magnetic responsiveness in perfect accord with certain activities which constitute the Divine harmony. This theory finds an apt illustration in the intervibratory action of equivalent strings in different musical instruments placed in the same room, when a string in one has been set in motion—a recognized phenomenon in experimental physics.

Sympathy is the law of the Universe. We find it expressed in number, in color, and in sound, all based upon the same fundamental principle, Harmony. The "music of the spheres" is more than a mere figment of the idealistic brain: it is a philosophical fact, exemplified in the inevitable concordance which of necessity must actuate every principle of intracosmic law.

Pythagoras, in the school at Crotona, taught the correspondency of the planets to the notes of the musical scale, with the following apportionment:

$$\odot = C, \text{ } \text{♄} = D, \text{ } \text{♃} = E, \text{ } \text{♅} = F, \text{ } \text{♁} = G, \text{ } \text{♀} = A, \text{ } \text{♂} = B.$$

In his assertion that the music produced by this celestial gamut was heard only by the gods—the melody being too divine for the gross nature of man—is contained a vein of satire which the contemners of astrology would do well to ponder.

Kepler—pronouncedly of an imaginative and poetical temperament, though severely practical and scientific in its employment—was an avowed believer in this doctrine, going so far as to assign to Saturn and Jupiter the bass, to Mars the tenor, to Venus and Earth the counter, or alto, and to Mercury the treble. It matters not that

this unconventional departure from material facts, so perfectly congruent in a mind accustomed to roaming in unfrequented celestial by-ways, should have excited the ridicule of his less gifted confrères: he had but touched upon a mighty truth recognized by all students with the temerity to venture into the mystic realms which lie beyond, yet incorporate, the orbs of heaven.

And thus throughout the universal Cosmos, the various centres of energy, being but as respective keys accommodated to heaven's sounding-board, respond to every impulse of the Divine element in a degree consistent with their attunement. From which it may be observed that there is a rationality in the true conception of planetary interaction scarcely justified by the inequitable term "influence." Nor should such a hypothesis seem at all incredible to the mind that has attained to the broader concepts of a unified Whole.

Barrett, author of the "Magus," gives to the elements—which he terms "the first and original matter of all things"—a fourfold character: "In the exemplary world, they are ideas of things to be produced; in intelligences, they are distributed powers; in the heavens, they are virtues; and in inferior bodies, they are gross forms." They may affect the individual, considered as an abstract form of intelligence, in divers ways: his soul, his mind, his morals, or his physical body. These questions are resolved from the conditions of the celestial arbiters at the moment of his birth, indicative of the measure of his potentiality as a centre of action. This is called the Horoscope, or Geniture, and consists of twelve divisions of the heavens, or "houses not built with hands." These mansions, which are vested with certain potencies in the economy of the native, answer to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and are energized according to the distribution and familiarities of the planets therein.

The constitutional nature of these houses is determined through the observed analogy which obtains between the Microcosm and Macrocosm. Upon this understanding rests the idea of God as a man, a conception found by the ancients to be not only within reason, but essential to a clearer comprehension of the complex mysteries involved. Thus, from Aries (the head), which corresponds to the first, or House of Life in the horoscope, to Pisces (the feet), the

twelfth, or House of Self-undoing, there exists an inverted reflection of the order of the heavens.

One does not need to refer to astrological text-books alone for light on the science; for there is but little of the ancient literature that does not contain nuggets of celestial wisdom neatly hidden between the lines of fecund soil in which are traced the structural beauties of their religious ethics. The similitude between the legends of the ancient mythologies and the relative functions attributed to the houses of the horoscope, impel the belief that those classics are largely astrological in significance.

That the Twelve Labors of Hercules are but a figurative description of the Sun's passage through the twelve zodiacal signs, is an admitted interpretation. As to the houses of the horoscope, take for instance the second, the point from which is determined the financial prospects of the native. This house answers to Taurus of the fixed Zodiac, containing the Ram's Horn, and the Cornucopia, or horn of plenty; it embraces the constellation Perseus, represented in mythology as the son of Danæ by Jupiter, who won her by transforming himself into a shower of gold. In astrology Jupiter is a general significator of wealth. The worship of Apis (the Sacred Bull) coincided with the period when the vernal equinox, or commencement of the solar year, was centred in this sign; though the Israelites, not so conversant with astronomy as the Thebans, worshipped the Golden Calf long after Taurus had ceased to be the leader of the celestial hosts. Many individuals still persist in this idolatrous homage. The legends which cluster about the mythological history of this constellation are certainly appurtenant to the administrative qualities of the house over which it rules. Back of the symbolical, however, there is an occult significance which justifies the allotment.

The genetic status of the third house—which rules over brethren, journeys, and all forms of communication—comports with Gemini, the twin brethren, or the Castor and Pollux of mythology, who accompanied the Argonautic expedition. And so with the others—each mansion of the cabalistic figure harmonizing so strangely with these celestial allegories that one is forced to the acknowledgment of a majestic truth back of all.

We take the liberty of adducing a few facts illustrative of the effect of some of these interactions upon the body politic. Sir Humphry Davy has said, "In natural science there is one language universally intelligible, the language of facts; it belongs to nature, and is as permanent as nature." Precepts are founded upon the cogency of facts; in no science more so than in astrology, rich in its rules and axioms, every one of which bears the impress of patient vigils in the sanctuary of the eternal muse.

Jupiter has been termed the "greater benefic," and Saturn the "greater infortune," not that the former is always propitious, or the latter inevitably malignant. Much depends upon their fortifications, though their inherent qualities are sure to manifest themselves in some degree on that point of the natal figure which receives their beams. They are observed to be especially potent when symbolized in the tenth house of the horoscope, the mansion of honor, authority, and preferment. Jupiter there sustains the dignity of the individual, even against an opposing astral influx; while Saturn, in the same position, through his dominant magnetism brings elevation; but being of the earth earthy, he leads the carnal ambition to heights beyond its sustaining power. The very symbol of this planet (♃) points to the apparent mastery of Matter (+) over the sublimated essences of the Soul (☿); an inverted condition which may take on the semblance of security for a time, but by all the laws of Being must sooner or later end in illusion.

Wellington was providentially blessed with Jupiter in his tenth house, while the fortunes of Napoleon were dependent upon the Saturnian element. Years before the battle of Waterloo, an English astrologer, in comparing the two charts, predicted that if at any time the destinies of these two generals should be brought into conflict with each other, the Frenchman would surely suffer defeat. When Napoleon abdicated in April, 1814, Saturn was making an evil transit of his radical Moon. The third Napoleon likewise had Saturn in the midheaven. His rise to eminence and subsequent downfall are matters of history.

General George B. McClellan's horoscope was afflicted in similar manner. In Broughton's "Planet Reader" (Phila.), January, 1862,

the following appears in reference to his chart: "Should General McClellan be commander of the American army in December, 1862, it will be very evil for the Northern States. . . . But I think he will be displaced by the commencement of 1863." This prediction was supplemented in the same magazine in October following: "December opens with a bad transit of Saturn over General McClellan's ascendant, in evil aspect to his own place in the tenth house. His enemies will be rampant to have him removed, and the indications are that they will be too successful." He was removed from the chief command November 7th.

Queen Victoria's reign has been under the benign influence of Jupiter in her house of honor, a dispensation for which the English nation can justly be thankful.

Another among multiple phases of planetary interaction, that relating to the *terminus vitæ*, may be cited in substantiation of this line of argument. Ptolemy in the "Tetrabiblos" says, in effect, that should either of the luminaries be afflicted by Mars from cardinal signs, and Mars at the same time be elevated, the native will suffer a violent death. President Lincoln's natus is a striking example of the truth of this assertion, as he had Mars elevated in his figure of birth, in evil square with the Moon, the ruler of his eighth house (death). At the time of his assassination, his Sun's progressive place was in Aries (the head) on the cusp of the fifth house (theatres), in exact opposition to the directional place of Mars—who rules firearms—in his eleventh house, denoting a false friend. Could aught, from an astrological stand-point, be more significant of the event? Should any inquire why the astrologers of the time did not foresee this ultimatum, they are referred to the magazine already quoted, December number, 1864, where, under the heading, "Fate of the Nation," they may read: "Let the President be careful of secret enemies, and also of assassination, during this and the next few months" !

The horoscope of the Prince Imperial, who was killed in Zululand, is another testimony in favor of the science as demonstrated in its aphorisms. This native also had Mars elevated, afflicting his Moon from cardinal signs. At the time of his death his Sun was also

in Aries, in partile opposition to Mars, the Moon receiving the evil rays of Saturn. Among other wounds he received a *stab* wound in the eye.

These are not isolated examples, standing alone as meek petitioners to a world's credulity. They illustrate but a few of the principles which constitute the texture of this strongly-woven fabric, though their brief enumeration may afford a fair idea of the inductive processes utilized in the weaving.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

THE BASIS OF IMMORTALITY.

In a discussion upon Evolution and Religion, held before the Evangelical Alliance, Boston, on September 10, 1882, by Professor Asa Gray, Professor P. A. Chadbourne, and myself, Professor Gray said:

"Either Nature is the outcome of Mind, or Mind is the outcome of Nature. We have to choose between these two hypotheses, for no other appears."

What we know as "mind," which is associated with material structure and environment, which is dependent for impressions upon external objects, which grows from infancy to maturity, and partakes of physical conditions, may, equally with material phenomena, have its cause and basis in what is neither mind nor matter, as we have to think of them, but in an underlying Reality which gives rise to them both, as phenomena, yet can be defined and described in the terms of neither. If we compare the Ultimate Principle with what appears, grows, and disappears—with what is associated with organs of sense and sensible surroundings, we only try to picture the unpicturable, and to describe the unconceivable in the terms of material conditions and conscious states, which are dependent and transitory.

Mind and matter have been called "God's synthesis." This expression has a deep philosophical meaning to which I cannot more than refer here; but it is a scientific fact that mental phenomena,

wherever manifested, are always associated with material phenomena, and fundamentally one may, as many thinkers do, hold that the two classes of phenomena have a common basis. In this common basis, and not in mere phenomenal manifestations of it, not in conscious states more than in molecular motions, is the rational ground for belief in immortality.

In his essential nature man is indestructible and eternal. He belongs to the Ultimate, the Absolute, in which he moves, lives, and has his being. From God he came and to God he returns. These words can have philosophical meaning only as they relate to man's noumenal being (his eternal being) and not to man's phenomenal existence, the merely temporary expressions of the permanent reality, of the essential being.

In the organization and aptitudes of the child at birth are the organized results of ages of ancestral life on this planet. What underlying forces, what unknown influences, what possible pre-existences does the child represent? It is easier here to imagine and to speculate than to prove. Through all experiences, through all phenomenal manifestations, through all changing conditions, the real noumenal being—that which is absolutely, and not merely relatively, essential—persists. Death does not destroy it; death only changes its manner of manifestation.

What does the essential, the ultimate in man include? Does it, according to the materialistic theory, include only the atoms of matter? But one of the scientific theories is that atoms are not things *per se*, but only vortical motions of the ether. And what is the ether? Nobody knows. Professor Dolbear says that the ether cannot be correctly described in terms of matter. Lord Kelvin and other eminent thinkers believe that the ether is the stuff from which matter has been evolved; and if this is true may not the ether be a condition that has been developed from some pre-existent condition of the same substance? According to Dr. C. T. Stockwell, who recently read a paper on the subject: "The ether embodies the ultimate spiritual principle, and represents the unity of those forces and energies from which spring, as their source, all phenomena, physical, mental, and spiritual."

While scientists are trying to ascertain the properties of the ether, philosophers call attention to the fact that we know matter only as affections of consciousness—that the terms which we use to describe matter simply describe the feelings which are produced in us by something unknown. The same would be true of the ether if it were cognizable by our senses. If matter is but the form or appearance of that which it symbolizes to our consciousness, then the essential part of man is not in matter, but in that Absolute Reality which underlies matter, of which matter is a phenomenal manifestation—of which matter is the show or appearance produced in the consciousness of beings organized and conditioned as we are. In the infinite and eternal Reality is the only possible basis of immortality, which it were absurd to predicate of mere aspects or conditions that are constantly changing.

It can be shown that what we call matter is not the ultimate. It is just as certain that mind, *as we know it*, cannot be the ultimate. Organism and environment; birth, growth, and dissolution; seeing objects, hearing sounds, feeling pressure, tasting flavors, smelling odors; receiving impressions and reproducing them in the form of ideas, exercising imagination, calculating, reasoning, experiencing emotion, feeling sympathy and anger, joy, and grief—these are some of the characteristics of human beings as we know them. But we cannot consistently affirm these characteristics of the universal ultimate cause and basis of all phenomena, though we may regard it, in some way unimaginable by us, as psychical, and we may hold that that which in man is permanent, because it is noumenal, is psychical. From the depths of beginningless and endless being may arise the universal and inextinguishable belief in the *continuance* of being beyond this “bank and shoal of time”—may spring “this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality”; and there may be a profound truth in the fancy of the poet when he wrote:

“ Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.”

Some of the great mathematicians tell us that in their science they find indications of the truth of the theory that there exists a fourth

dimension of space. Of such a dimension we cannot form a corresponding representative idea, but in the region of the unknown conceivability is not the test or the limit of possibility; and they may be right who hold that by death we are brought into relation with this fourth dimension in which those who have passed from this life are now hidden from our perceptions. It may be true that after death we shall exist in space of four dimensions in the same sense in which it is true that we now exist in space of three dimensions.

However, according to the highest philosophy, space and time are not objective realities, but forms of thought or sensibility. Space and time, then, exist in us, not we in them. They have no reality transcending sense-perception. Space and time, as well as matter, are phenomenal existences; and, whatever they may symbolize, are subjective in character. Kant pointed out that the difficulties which arise from considering the union between soul and body, the beginning of this union at or before birth, and its end at death, are mere deceptions, "the result of hypostatizing what merely exists in thought, and treating it as if it were a real thing." Had we another kind of sensibility than that by which an unknown something appears as external in space, the unknown transcendental something might be perceived as an entirely different entity, and as something inconceivable to us under present conditions.

If we do not exist in time, but time exists in us as a form of sensibility or sense-perception, then we never began to exist in time and therefore can never cease to exist in time. For us there is no actual, but only apparent, past and present. There is one eternal *now*. We belong to that which we think of as beginningless and endless. That must be noumenal being, and not merely phenomenal manifestations, or transitory appearances of such being. "Before Abraham was [according to our relative thought] I am." Man's permanent being is in the noumenal world, which space and time only symbolize to the mind, which birth does not bring into existence nor death destroy.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

All loss, all pain is particular; the universe remains to the heart unhurt.—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE IDEAL.

That image of its higher self
 Each soul sees in its quiet hours,
 Or feels when moved by music's tones,
 Or reads in lessons from the flowers—

What meaning hath it? Why its power
 To thrill one so, to urge him on?
 How doth it seem a living friend
 That leaves him lonely when 'tis gone?

The builder plans the structure grand;
 His dreams in fair perfection rise.
 The sculptor knows the image real
 Ere on the block his skill he tries.

Is there no truth in poet's song?
 Nor value in a Savior's theme?
 The motor power of all grand deeds
 Hath had its source in holy dream.

Better to die in quest of Truth
 Than rest on desert's barren sand.
 Young men of visions, maids who dream,
 Most truly pledge a better land.

OLIVE HUGHES.

There is one light of the sun, though it is interrupted by walls, mountains, and other things infinite. There is one common substance, though it is distributed among countless bodies which have their several qualities. There is one soul, though it is distributed among infinite natures and individual circumscriptions. There is one intelligent soul though it seems to be divided. Now in these things all the other parts are without sensation and have no fellowship; and yet even these parts the intelligent principle holds together. But intellect in a peculiar manner tends to that which is of the same kin, and combines with it, and the feeling for communion is not interrupted.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Our aspiration to an ideal excellence of conduct, our endeavor to acquire more thorough knowledge, our eagerness to achieve any kind of eminent distinction—each in its way is an endeavor to attain an exaltation that is nobler and permanent. Any moral force that does this is as real, and must be so acknowledged, as is the blow that makes us recoil, or fells us to the ground.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT.

The purpose and the usefulness of "Intelligence" are not in any sense objects of stagnation. Every issue broadens its field of action and strengthens its purpose. It is rapidly forging ahead and has already taken its place permanently among the leading periodicals of the world, as a liberal educator in advanced ideas. The constant increase of its usefulness makes it important that its publishers should have every advantage possible in its business management, that no stone may remain unturned in presenting to its readers and to the world at large the *very best ideas* on all the topics of the varied subjects important to discuss in a work of such magnitude.

The purpose to *liberalize religious belief*, which we have determined upon in connection with occult and metaphysical subjects, is, in itself, a field sufficiently extensive to absorb the pages of an entire magazine. In order to include this subject in our list, and at the same time not to detract from occult work in regular channels, we have decided to further enlarge and improve "Intelligence," as the needs may demand, to enable us to adequately present each subject.

This work will begin with a special Holiday number, bearing a curious Oriental title-page and containing an exceedingly valuable article on Ancient Symbology, profusely illustrated, and explained in the most interesting manner.

We have a fund of such material at our command, which is valuable, instructive, and interesting beyond description. We greatly desire to present information in all these important lines, but have been somewhat hampered in carrying out *the best of our plans*, by the unusually large ex-

pense of such productions, coupled with the relatively small income of the magazine, incident to the dull times, financially, of the past few years.

Six months ago we endeavored to meet this difficulty, in a way, by reducing the price of The Metaphysical Magazine, simultaneously with the change of its name to "Intelligence." The change proved beneficial, and in several ways the ends sought have been attained. Its publishers, however, now find a difficulty in the way inasmuch as the present low price will not in any way allow of the valuable changes that are so desirable to make, or the necessary enlargement to meet these requirements. At present prices the total receipts for subscriptions and news-stand sales do not produce the cost per copy, of paper, printing, and binding, not to mention all the other costs and expenses. We are unwilling to either reduce the size or depreciate the quality, both of which, on the contrary, as previously explained, should be increased, in the interest alike of the magazine and the public. We believe that those who appreciate the kind of information given and who look for "Intelligence" each month as a valued literary and occult friend will bear us out in any necessary requirement to make the magazine self-supporting.

In the light of these facts and views one or the other of two things becomes absolutely essential to the *extension of the work* along the advance lines now proposed; that is, several times as many subscribers as at present must be secured so as to reduce the *pro rata* cost of each copy issued, or the price must be increased to equal the quality, as that which we are now giving cannot possibly be produced in a limited edition even for double the price, without a continual loss of both money and time.

We have therefore decided to carry out the plans for improvement and to place the subscription price, beginning with January, 1898, at \$2.00 a year, with advantages as mentioned elsewhere in the advertising columns. The price of single copies, for sale at all news-stands, will be 25 cents and we propose to make every number worth *double that price* as compared with other literature.

We are working for the very best interests of every intelligent person of liberal views in the world and we have at our immediate command certain facilities for procuring subject-matter of the very greatest importance, which you especially wish to possess, and which you cannot possibly obtain from any other source. Will you deprive yourself for a

mere bagatelle, or will you assist us in the effort to procure, prepare, and present this "feast of the gods," by bearing your share, through a prompt and cheerful subscription, and persuading some (spiritually) needy friend or acquaintance to sip the nectar of spiritual intelligence, at only the cost of a cigar or a ribbon, by at least purchasing a specimen copy?

Why not remember a few of the "needy" in your joyous holiday distributions, and just tuck in here and there a subscription for the year 1898, thus making it *absolutely certain* that psychic blessings will be sent your way, mentally, at least twelve times during the year. Experience has proved that to be the usual result. The publishers will gladly become your messengers to carry out any commission you may intrust in the matter, and will bear you out by doing even more themselves in every line of helpful action suggested to others. Such united action will inevitably result in both personal and public good.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF METAPHYSICS.

During the past fifty years a steady revival of those forms of knowledge which are classed under the head of Metaphysics has been observable throughout the world. In the United States of America this has been especially noticeable in the Mental Healing movement, which, in spite of every opposition, has now become so prominent as to attract the attention of earnest thinkers everywhere. In this movement the great fundamental truth has been rediscovered, after ages of almost total oblivion, that health is the natural outcome of a definite knowledge of Metaphysical principles which show the true relation of man to the universe.

Psychic action, which is commonly demonstrated in Thought-Transference, and which includes the intuitive and perceptive faculties of the Mind, has gained the attention, at least, of every school of Science. Its numerous branches, classified as Clairvoyance (psychic sight), Clair-audience (psychic hearing), and Mesmerism or Hypnotism (the action of the human Will in a personal control of one mind by another), have each attracted extensive bodies of followers, even earnest believers, often among people distinctively intelligent, and not infrequently among scientific men themselves.

Through this development of thought a mighty revolution has already

had its inception. Its presence is manifest to-day in every intellectual pursuit: in the schools, through methods of training and development of the more important faculties of the mind rather than in reliance upon the one faculty of memory; in the churches, through a more liberal view of the soul-nature and its relation to the universe; in science, through a tendency to look deeper and higher than mere external and material expressions of things for the permanently inhering qualities; and in our social rules and customs there is now a disposition to regard the whole as a Unit, to define the rights of each by the rights of all, and to judge of each one by his natural relation to a united whole of Being.

In these and kindred ways Thought has been especially active during this period, and a noticeable feature of its broadening into new lines is the clearly evident tendency to test each theory advanced and thereby gain proof of the asserted fact. This inclination may be regarded as the most encouraging sign of the times, for it presages permanent good to result from the investigation. In America, this desire for proof has found its most fertile field in the processes of Metaphysical Healing, which deal directly with the powers of mind and soul, necessitating a comprehensive study of the psychic faculties and their relation to the physical system. This study has resulted in the gradual development of a system—now quite complete and effective—of the application of thought-influence directly to the state of health of the people, both individually and collectively.

Every step taken in the direction of this knowledge of the facts of life has, in its evidence, led directly away from those prescribed rules which aim at a material control of action, through the use of ingredients in their nature foreign to a healthy system, and into the brighter light of a correct understanding of the natural activities of a healthy man. It has been proved that such knowledge gives ability to deal with the vicissitudes of human life, developing power that may be safely relied upon in time of need.

During this period of investigation and experiment Metaphysical Healing has had its rebirth from the knowledge of centuries ago; and, progressing with the natural advancement attendant upon a more complete knowledge of details—the result of closer application by means of careful experiment—it is to-day more exact and scientific than ever before.

The healing application of metaphysical knowledge, however, is but

one phase of its adaptability to human needs, and a partly external one at that; but it is a most important field for direct demonstration of the force and value of principles, and leads through this to higher ground. Besides its usefulness in lessening the dangers and reducing the sufferings of human life, it has also a most important bearing upon the moral nature, in the development of the mental faculties with both children and adults. It removes the *habit* of the drunkard as well as the *pain* of one suffering from physical injury. It clears the mental faculties and refreshes the memory, developing moral strength and mental stamina in every exigency of life. It leads the understanding upward, to the field of action of the real spiritual faculties, and helps the individual, as no other influence can, to thoroughly become his highest self.

Who shall say that these mental and moral results are either undesirable, or unnecessary in life's experience? What drug brings even the simplest of these results to any one? What formula of materialistic science can produce even the faintest trace of the least important of them? What tenet of science or dogma of religion can remove any of these "disorders"? The enforced reply is, Not one! Yet millions of our best people are suffering from one or more of these mal-adjustments, and searching the curriculums of the materialistic schools—yes, even the creedal forms of the *materialistic* churches for relief, for hope—for something *real* that may save from impending disaster.

Within the past fifteen years, since this science has become fully formulated, several millions have found the needed relief. Not in the old lines—no! There the vacuum still stares them in the face, empty and void as nothingness itself; but in the new line of thought there has sprung up a new hope, a new courage, born of successful demonstration; and a new Science has become established and has been accepted by the careful, conscientious, thinking minds of the new world.

This system of restoring health through intelligent comprehension of the inherent principle of real life has been looked upon by those not yet aroused to careful consideration of the subject as a "fad" of the hour which must pass because of its (supposed) unreal foundation. But in spite of continued misinterpretation, it has steadily worked its way into confidence with the most highly intelligent people and with the strongest and best minds of the professions, until with them its beneficent

power is to-day a settled fact for all the people, one that has evidently come to stay. With many of our most respected citizens the question now resolves itself into considering with what sect or phase of the new thought to affiliate rather than whether to accept or reject the method as a whole.

The new method has appealed successfully to the people themselves, has proved its reality by virtue of its usefulness, and has become established in the system of life of the western world. It now remains only for its conduct and applications to be rightly formulated and placed within the reach of the people in the most thorough manner possible under present knowledge.

Up to this time those adopting the new application of thought have seemed to gravitate together more as sects than as schools, in the full sense of the term, and the development of knowledge of the plain facts, together with dissemination of the great underlying truth in a scientific manner, has apparently been delayed. This probably is a natural result, in a system of thought at variance with the traditional rules followed for centuries; but the fundamental truth of the premises makes it a logical necessity that the system should eventually resolve itself into scientific formulas and become established on a definite basis of exactitude.

The scientific minds of the world have for several years been inquiring for a definite school of the movement, but none has appeared to satisfy inquirers. The methods pursued in dealing with and disseminating the knowledge have in the main seemed inadequate for a movement claiming a scientific foundation; and we believe this fact alone has caused many minds trained to exactness to hesitate, if not actually turn back, when about to enter the path which leads to life and strength.

Because of these patent facts The American School of Metaphysics has recently been established in New York for the purpose of dealing understandingly with the deep problems grouping themselves under the head of Metaphysics, and especially at the outset to place the Philosophy of Mental or Metaphysical Healing on a proper scientific basis before the world, in such a way that it shall endure and develop as its importance seems to merit.

To cover the entire ground of this vast subject at once, or to deal at first with all its many phases of possible action, is not expected by the

faculty; that must be a matter of growth and development, with a school, as with the minds of the people. The projectors of this enterprise, however, come to the work equipped by a full realization of the universal importance of the movement; by the knowledge born of many years' experience in applying the principles in direct healing processes, and in teaching others how to work and to live by means of the laws involved; and by a thorough appreciation of the necessity as well as the importance of a scientifically exact method of demonstration of any pure principle, in order that those who think may be able to examine the system. Success is confidently anticipated along these lines.

FRONTISPIECE.

Our Frontispiece this month is an excellent likeness of Dr. Edwin D. Simpson, whose connection with The American School of Metaphysics has been announced. This number of "Intelligence" also contains an article from Dr. Simpson's pen, which we believe will be read with interest by those who are in sympathy with the right advancement of the Mental Healing movement.

Dr. Simpson is a Theosophist, with a strong occult tendency, as well as a successful physician; qualities which, it would seem, should harmoniously combine to make the true metaphysician.

The portrait of Dr. Alexander Wilder, which was to appear this month, has been reserved for the Special Oriental Holiday Number, to be issued December 1st, and which will contain an exceedingly interesting article from Dr. Wilder's pen, entitled, "The Practical Value of Philosophy." This number of "Intelligence" will be unique in several ways, and no one should fail to secure a copy as early as possible.

The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated.—*Emerson*.

THE PROBLEM OF HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

"The mystery which envelops the origin and destination of the Universe has in all ages nursed the speculative passion and aroused the wondering curiosity of man. What am I? Whence am I? and whither do I tend? These questions inevitably force themselves upon his attention when he looks beneath the surface of human life and surveys its ever-unfolding and ever-varying history. The fond illusions of unreflective youth pass away with the increasing knowledge of the Universe, and its laws and the myths which once afforded satisfaction to the feeling of wonder and curiosity, vanish with the growing spirit of investigation. The questions as to the origin and end of the world press for a rational solution and give rise to philosophical enquiry. The perennial problem of philosophy is the discovery of the central principle of the Universe and the ultimate explanation of being.

Every system of philosophy is a memorial of the effort made by man to interpret that mysterious text which the Universe presents for his faculties for interpretation, and to explain the fundamental or the ultimate meaning of things that environ him in the world. Philosophy may be defined as a rational attempt to think out a connected and consistent view of the All and find a general expression for it. It has been described as 'the science which sits enthroned on the very summit of human knowledge.' It represents an ineradicable element of human nature and an essential factor of human civilization. Almost every nation on earth which claims to be regarded as civilized has an inheritance of philosophic thought which it would cherish as a sacred possession and a title to immortal glory.

The foremost among the nations that developed philosophic systems of marvelous subtlety and great breadth of insight are the Hindus and the Greeks. The Greek philosophy is the fountain head of all subsequent European philosophy and has permeated and colored the speculations of Kant, Hegel, and other leaders of modern thought. It arose out of the instinctive craving for unity in life, and its object is to afford an *intellectual* explanation of the Universe as a whole. We may say that philosophy in the West is mainly an intellectual synthesis and a thing of the pure intellect. Being dominated by purely speculative or theoretical considerations arising out of a passion for unification and systematization, it affords wonderful *insight* into the workings of nature but lacks the power for *guidance* in our journey through this valley of the shadow of death.

The greatness and glory of the Hindu Philosophy consists in the fact that it aims not merely at *insight* but at *conduct* guided by insight or at the wise conduct of life with a view to spiritual progress and realization. From the very first, the Hindu philosophy has drawn close to the heart of life and seen clearly what man's existence, hopes, and destiny are. Its dominant note has always been *emancipation, liberation, freedom*, and not merely an intellectual understanding of the Universe. The burden of the Western philosophy is what is *mentally unintelligible* and that of the Eastern philosophy is what is *practically unbearable*. The one is borne down by the burden of all this unintelligible world and the other by the weight of human suffering. It is wrong to suppose that Hindu philosophies are dogmatic systems about an ultimate reality beyond our experience moving proudly in a rare atmosphere of transcendental thoughts, but they are intensely practical and aim at the satisfaction of the imperative demands of practical life and deliverance from the pains and penalties of mundane existence. While covering the whole field of speculative thought and seeking to unfold the mystery of the Universe from every point of view, these schools are yet dominated by one and the same motive, namely, liberation from birth and death, deliverance from the bonds of individual and separate existence. They all march toward the same goal, that is, to rescue man from the miseries with which he is overwhelmed in this world and to point to him the path by which to travel in order to get over the pain and suffering which seem to be incidental to embodied existence. According to the Indian conception, philosophy is the science which leads to the total destruction of the germs of *Dukkha* (sorrow) and to the attainment of *Mukti* (liberation). The following summary of the doctrine of the Vedānta by Deussen applies alike to all systems of Indian philosophy, including Buddhism and Jainism: 'All life, in quantity as well as quality, is the precisely meted, absolutely appropriate expiation of the deeds of the previous existence. This expiation is accomplished by *bhokritvam* and *kartritvam* (enjoying and acting), where the latter again is converted into works which must be expiated afresh in a subsequent existence, so that the clock-work of atonement in running down always winds itself up again; and this unto all eternity—unless universal knowledge appears which does not rest on merit but breaks into life without connection with it, to dissolve it in its innermost elements, to burn up the seeds of works, and thus to make impossible for all future time a continuance of the transmigration.'

Every system of Hindu philosophy starts with the conviction that individual existence is a journey full of torments from death to death,

that the individual soul is tossed about, as result of its errors, ignorances, and sins, from life to life, from billow to billow in the great ocean of transmigration, that desire is the motive power that makes for the eternal continuance of life, that this desire has its root in ignorance or the non-discrimination of the true nature and value of things, that the law which fetters living beings to the existence in the world *can* be broken and that salvation from samsāra or the cycle of life and death can be attained by spiritual knowledge of the eternal verities. These great ideas form the woof and the warp of Indian thought, permeating its whole outlook, its attitude toward life, its most sacred aspirations and its most cherished wishes and hopes.

While agreeing on these basic conceptions, the different schools of Hindu philosophy differ as to the way in which they express their goal and the methods they severally employ to reach it. These schools naturally fall into three groups, characterized by their fundamental view of the Universe. First we have the schools founded on the atomic theory, known as the Nyāya of Gotama and *Vaisheshika* of Kanāda. Then we have the schools built on the duality of the manifested Universe and the co-eternity of matter and soul, known as the Sāṅkhya of Kapila and the Yoga of Pantanjali. And lastly we have the two great Mimāṃsīc schools, the Purva Mimāṃsa and the Uttara Mimāṃsa, devoted to the interpretation of the sacred texts of the Veda.

The Nyāya and *Vaisheshika* systems have much in common in their methods of research and both seek knowledge by way of inference, by logical process, dividing everything into categories, and considering the nature of proof and inference. Gotama begins his philosophy with the declaration that 'as eternal bliss in the form of complete and ultimate cessation of pain, is possible only after a knowledge of the truth,' this ought to be investigated by the sixteen *padārthas* or categories. Liberation can only be attained by proper understanding of the categories carried on with proper instruments of knowledge, these instruments being Perception, Inference, Analogy, and Testimony.

Kanāda, the author of the *Vaisheshika* system, dives deeper into the truth of things and attempts to solve, by the enunciation and specialization of the categories, the most complex problems of existence and of thought and to reach a comprehensive and philosophic view of the world. He formulates the aim of his system in the following aphorism. 'To escape from pain, which escape is possible only after proper reflection proceeding from inference, which again is dependent on Induction (*Vyāpti*) for the purpose of carrying which on the six *padārthas* must be known.' The

conceptions dominant in this system may be summarized, in the words of Mr. Gough, as follows: 'The transition of souls from eternity through new embodiments and new spheres of being; therein reaping in pleasures and pains the fruits of merits and demerits ever reproduced as seed by plant and plant by seed; the atomic aggregates which make the object world eternally disintegrated and reintegrated by the efficacy of works with or without—for it is questioned—the intervention of a Creator spirit. Thus in bondage to sensuous experience, painful at the best, the soul must await its release until, the understanding purified by good works, it attains to knowledge of the modes of being. This knowledge disengages the soul from its appetent and active functions, and merges it in the absolute.'"—*The Brahmava'din, Madras.*

THE ACTION OF MIND ON MATTER.

That mind has a controlling effect on the vital properties of organized matter is a self-evident fact. This is exemplified in the entire loss of appetite by the sudden announcement of calamitous news; the prostrating effect of fear, grief, and disappointment; the flush of the face in blushing, and the paling of it in anger; the buoyancy excited by good news and by music. But perhaps one of the most demonstrative is that of the will exercised upon the deltoid muscle, forming the cushion at the point of the shoulder. An ordinary muscular man can readily lift at arm's length a fifty-pound weight. The arm is sometimes twenty inches long, and is a lever of the third kind; that is, with a sustaining fulcrum, which, in this case, has its lifting attachment about an inch from the point of rest at the shoulder-joint; so that to lift a fifty-pound weight at the hand, being the long end of the lever, requires a lifting force of one thousand pounds at the fulcrum, the point at which the muscle is attached.

Here, then, is a muscle, stimulated by vitality and controlled by the mind, that has a lifting force of a thousand pounds. And this same muscle, removed from the body, would not sustain a fifty-pound weight without being torn asunder. In the first case it is living matter, subject to will-power; in the second case it is dead matter, with only a cohesive power. This fully illustrates the power of mind over the living organism, and this same power, combined with an unlimited amount of spiritual confidence, may carry with it a corresponding curative potency in case of sickness.

DR. GEORGE F. FOOTE.

It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—*Emerson.*

A NEW CHURCH—THE RAISON D'ÊTRE.

We reproduce the following from a call recently sent out to the interested people of Greater New York, a movement which we believe merits support.

The object of the Metropolitan Independent Church* is to institute a religious home for the unchurched and the unbigoted. Underlying all the overgrowths of dogmatism and age-incrusted bias we believe there are universal and eternal principles, whose rediscovery and promulgation are awakening the world. The mission of this church will be the propagation of such knowledge as appeals at once to the scientific attitude of the day and the heart's natural aspiration for spiritual comfort.

We believe no conflict exists between science and religion. We would seek to make science stand for truth, and religion for love. Love and Truth are eternal principles, co-ordinate with the unity of the universe and incapable of conflict or mutual repulsion.

We refuse to recognize the scholasticism of historic religion or the partisanship of polemic science. From creeds and schools we take our final and everlasting farewell.

Our hearts and minds we throw open—as the flower to the sunlight—for the reception of all knowledge which emanates from the truth, and of all comfort which issues from love, devoid of hypocrisy and untainted by error.

We desire to learn of those principles which inspire in us no selfish hope for individual salvation, but the virtue of that mutual consecration which leads to the common good.

We desire, especially, to study "religion," because we believe its manifestation is the most serious phase of human experience which, in the process of evolution will finally effloresce in that sublime fruition that must at last consummate the common hope of man.

Therefore, we would establish a church, free from every creed, from all systematic theology and ecclesiastical catechism. A church, founded absolutely and unrestrictedly on the Rock of Truth, which shall be free to discard every error, however long it may have been nursed; free to welcome every discovery, however recent. A church, devoid of all ritual or formulary, or variation of creed or custom, which shall, nevertheless, seek to open a pathway for the seeker after truth that shall lead him into the presence of Love and transform him into a Child of Light.

Such a church should, indeed, as it is anticipated, become the ren-

* See advertising pages, this magazine.

devious for thoughtful and aspiring people who cannot find comfort in the present popular religious resorts; for such as are eager to listen to rational and scientific expositions of existing problems that may tend to satisfy the logical demands of the mind while not repressing the spiritual outbreathings of the heart.

The time seems to be ripe for such an effort. We have passed through the long night of fear and ecclesiastic slavery once thick with the miasma of ignorance and the pestilence of superstition. For ages the human mind had been infested with the microbes of bigotry, dogmatism, and damnation.

Daring to think, meant spiritual death; daring to doubt, the open gateway to Hell. There was but one God in the unapproachable heavens, who ruled by love or hate—saving or damning according to a law incomprehensible to man. Yet all the while it had been written: "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" but the craven sheep heard not the voice of the shepherd and fled as from a hireling.

For Jesus, the Shepherd, had been dethroned; Christ, the Lord, exalted. Natural reverence was perverted; artificial worship instituted. The priest was supreme and forged the chains of mental slavery for cowering humanity.

At last, however, the giant slave awoke and shook his manacles to earth. The reaction was sudden—extremes soon met. The clown usurped the office of the priest; the book of epigrams succeeded to that of Holy Writ. Witticism was philosophy; repartee, logic. A bon mot was more sacred than a scriptural text; a graceful gesture annihilated whole tomes of ancient wisdom.

The ignorance of folly had superseded the ignorance of seriousness. The buffoon was canonized in the pulpit; the rostrum apotheosized the buccaneer.

A well-rounded period was holier than an ardent prayer; a lusty laugh more healthful than a pungent thought that stirred the heart and roused to action.

Thus, for long the slaves of error, the children of men revolted but to become the sons of Folly.

But we, who live to-day, have passed beyond the night. The dawn is breaking. The impulsive period of revolt has come and gone. The reaction was wide-swung and extreme. From the darkness of superstition men swept back into the midnight of materialism. Hating dogmatism they sought freedom by chasing will-o'-the-wisps of negation through the quagmires of philosophy. Seeking truth, they followed, footsore and frantic, every theory that flashed like a glow-worm in the dark. At last,

damned with doubt and tortured with disappointment, they relapsed into the attitude of indifference, and let the world wag as it would.

But, while they slept they dreamt—ay, there's the rub!—for in that dream their spirits rose and shook off the mantles of the night. They awoke children of the Day clothed with the glory of the Sun.

Hence the battle has begun anew for the enlightenment of the human race. Once more would Ormuzd triumph o'er the darkness of Ahriman!

Truth is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. She exposes her livery of light to those alone who have eyes to see. Her forces pervade the universe. They are abstruse, occult; concealed in the wilderness of human experience, evoked by the stress of pain and suffering, restricted to the lofty heights of spiritual ascent, where love reigns serene and ecstasy triumphant; yet everywhere present, awaiting only eyes that shall see and ears that shall hear.

" Mind hath its eagle flights, and spirit
Hath its ocean depths."

In this new spirit of the age we propose to found a church upon a platform of principles so broad that it may embrace, at once, the Christian who loves Jesus but spurns the spurious dogmatism which the imagination of clever logicians has built around him; the Jew, who has outgrown the bigotry of mediæval Rabbinism, petty legality and crustean formalism; the Freethinker, who has drifted far from the ancient moorings of superstition and metaphysical fancy, still, hanging mid-sea without a rudder or a compass, yearns for some port in which he may find intellectual comfort and consistent repose; in a word, any and all who wish to flee from the confusion and disappointment of irrational religion, scientific make-shifts, and philosophical quibbles, to the heights of truth and understanding. Therefore into this organization we would

INVITE

1. All who having drifted from the tradition and superstition of the past now yearn, with Goethe, for "more light."
2. All who seek a religion for conscience' sake and who love Truth for her own sake.
3. All who have said farewell to Fear and can trust their future to the ministrations of Love.
4. All who, having rejected every creed, will bow only to the authority of genuine science, whether of the mundane or supermundane sphere.
5. All who are interested in the solution of those mysteries involved

in the world-religions, which are so replete with wisdom for the human race, and, once extracted from their impediments of error, will again illuminate the path of progress and individual evolution.

6. All who love their fellow-man and desire to co-operate with kindred spirits in seeking to promulgate such knowledge as shall tend to mitigate the wrongs of earth and alleviate human suffering.

7. All who would study a religion wide as the heart of man, composite as the race, and luminous with the inspiration of the world's spiritual geniuses.

8. All who would seek a knowledge of psychic or occult forces, whose discovery shall be effected alone by the scientific method, and who would learn of the practical application of such forces to the functions, relations, and duties of life.

9. In short, all who are interested in advancing popular acquaintance with the principles of Rational Religion, Ethical Culture, and Social Progress.

A church, of the character above outlined, does not exist within the bounds of Greater New York, where abide almost three millions of people. Surely there is opportunity and there is a demand for such a society, and if they who are interested will quickly respond, by attending the meetings and otherwise assist as their ability may permit, it will not be long before the society will be firmly established and become one of the institutions of the city.

HENRY FRANK.

FUTURITY.

Wherefore the creation of this planet? Why is it peopled with human beings who enjoy or suffer intensity of pleasure or pain?

It must be culminating to some great end; it must be a stepping-stone to a higher and greater existence. I would that my spirit might witness the stupendous whole!

All through this life, in the laboratory or workshop of God, we are being sculptured; we are constantly, though unconsciously, being refined.

We are prone to complain when we feel the cut of the chisel and the blow of the hammer of sorrow, not thinking that the deeper the cut the more purifying it is in effect; not knowing that this must be, ere a beautiful form can be created, and when 'tis finished the Soul will stand out free from its weight of oppressive matter, a clear-cut image, a perfect manifestation of its Creator, and to gleam in splendor in God's most beautiful art-rooms for aye.

HARRIET E. STEVENS.

NOT FRIENDLY TO COLONEL WARING.

An uptown New York druggist of German extraction discoursed feelingly the other evening as he drew me a glass of soda-water. I had asked him if he had begun, yet, to feel the effect of the increased activity in the business world.

"No; dere is no demant for anyting in my line but soda-vater. Der troubles is all mit Colonel Vairing. Shust look at dot Amsterdam Afenoo. You could your breakfast eat off of it, shust like it vos a tablecloth."

"I don't quite follow you. I don't see what soda water and Colonel Waring have to——"

"Oxcuse me and I vill told you. Vere is not contagious diseases den der trug business is no goot. Dot vos always so. Dis fellow, Colonel Vairing, he clean everyting oop; and more den dot, when dey get a goot case of dipteria or scarlet fever, der Bort of Helt sends der peoples dot got dis contagiousness in der house a —— long list of instructions how to stop der spread of der ting. All of dose new-fangled notions have knocked der trug business higher dan a kide, yet."

"But I hear that there is a good deal of summer grip about," I ventured to say.

"Dot is anoder ting dot makes me tired out," continued the voluble druggist. "Dere is nodings in dot tam lie but noosebapers. New York was never so full of helt as it is dis minute. Der death rate is lower than effer—about tyenty in a tousand—and dough dot Bort of Helt is somedings to it, der man dot has der trug business ruined is dot Colonel Vairing."

Two little girls came in and asked for soda-water, but even this accession of business did not lift the cloud of mingled anger and sorrow that settled upon the druggist's face as he languidly proceeded to fill their orders.

RAMBLER.

"What is a true gift? One for which nothing is expected in return."

"He whose mind is subdued and perfectly controlled is happy."

"The higher life maketh he known, in all its purity and in all its perfectness."—*Buddha*.

There is no problem of life that can come to us without bringing its own factors of solution, for Life is organic mathematics. It is a Universal principle, which never fails in any particular application.—*Charles B. Newcomb*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AN ETHICAL MOVEMENT. By W. L. Sheldon. Cloth, 345 pp., \$1.50. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

Mr. Sheldon publishes this book in commemoration of the close of the first ten years of labor as Lecturer of the St. Louis Ethical Society, and it embodies a series of lectures given by him. The Preface is an interesting history of the various Ethical Societies established in different parts of this country, as well as abroad, all springing from the parent stem—The Society for Ethical Culture, of New York City, founded by Prof. Felix Adler.

The blending of ethical religion with practical measures of social reform has been a striking feature of this movement in America, and the Author opens his book with an explanation of the movement, conveyed in terse and simple language, emphasizing its high purpose, and presenting to the reader inspiring motives to high thinking and high living, in the truths of Ethical Philosophy.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By Benjamin Kidd. Cloth, 374 pp., \$1.50. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

This is a most able work, evincing profound thought and a far-seeing, keen appreciation of the gravity of the social and political problems which face humanity at the present remarkable epoch of time.

The fine discrimination, and the deep knowledge of the laws underlying the complex social phenomena of the age shown by the Author, prove him a valuable guide to all earnest students of these vital subjects. This is the second American edition, with a new Preface. The Appendix gives tables of statistics of an interesting nature relating to marriage and population.

We recommend Mr. Kidd's book to all thoughtful minds.

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND. By T. W. Topham, M.D. Cloth, 296 pp. Book Publishing Department, Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This book introduces the subject of physical culture from the stand-point of Mind and muscle, and the author's aim is to explain how the average man can obtain control of the functions of his body through the operations of his mind. The contents is augmented by twenty-eight illustrations of the various stretching and muscular movements of the body. Chapter XVII. is the basis of the whole system of physical culture, and Chapter XX. deals with the mental; the point made here is, that a "Thought is an Imponderable Substance" that has an influence in and of itself, if sent by a strong force of the will, without the aid of outward expression.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE MOSAIC SYSTEM AND THE MACROCOSMIC CROSS. By Edward B. Latch. Paper, 23 pp. The Gazette Publishing House, Philadelphia.

INTERPRETING PROPHECY AND THE APPEARING OF CHRIST. By A. G. Hollister. Third edition. Paper, 41 pp. Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

WRINKLES; THEIR CAUSE AND CURE. By Anna McGowan. Revised edition. Paper, 52 pp., 50 cents. Los Angeles, Cal.

- HYPNOTISMUS UND OBJEKTIVE SEELENFORSCHUNG.** Von Rudolf Müller. Paper, 40 pp. Verlag von Arwed Strauch, Leipzig.
- FROM COLOMBO TO ALMORA.** Seventeen Lectures by Swami Vivekananda. Paper, 276 pp. The Vyjayanti Press, Madras.
- SONG HYMNAL OF PRAISE AND JOY.** By Pluma M. Brown. Cloth, 399 pp. Jackson, Minn.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

- THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS**, for September, presents a large and varied contents, chief among which are: Progress of the World—Character Sketches: 1. Sir Isaac Holder (with Portraits and Views)—2. Senor Canovas (with Portrait)—Topic of the Month: The Rush to the Klondyke Gold Fields (illustrated with Maps and Sketches and a Copyright Chart showing the Gold Output of the World). Edited by W. T. Stead. Subscription, 8s. 6d. per annum. 125 Fleet Street, London, E. C.
- THE ARENA**, for October, opens with an article by Hon. Charles A. Towne, entitled The New Ostracism, which includes an interesting sketch of President Andrews of Brown University, an excellent portrait of whom forms the frontispiece—The Concentration of Wealth, Its Causes and Results: Part II, by Herman E. Taubeneck—Prosperity: The Sham and Reality, by John Clark Ridpath—Jefferson and His Political Philosophy, by Mary Platt Parmelee—The Latest Social Vision, by B. O. Flower, and other articles of equal merit, form the contents of this number. Edited by John Clark Ridpath, LL.D. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a number. The Arena Co., Copley Square, Boston, Mass.
- THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW**, formerly "LUCIFER," Sept. 15th. This magazine appears under a new name with its usual variety of contributions in this line of thought. It opens with editorials giving the reasons for the change of name, which seem to be conclusive. Among the subjects treated are: The Bhagavad Gita and the Gospels, by Miss Arundale—Fairyland and the Underworld, by Mrs. Hooper—The New Dawn, by Dr. A. A. Wells—Future Theosophical Prospects, by A. P. Sinnett—The Law and the Logia in East and West, by Bertram Keightley—The Christian Creed, by C. W. Leadbeater. Subscription price, 17s. 6d. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 26 Charing Cross, London, S. W.
- THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.** Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first Street, New York.
- LIGHT.** Subscription, 10s. 10d. per annum, single copy, 2d. 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.
- THE FORUM.** \$3.00 a year, 35 cents a copy. The Forum Publishing Co., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- PLANETS AND PEOPLE.** \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a copy. Planetary Publishing Co., 169 Jackson Street, Chicago.
- UNIVERSAL TRUTH.** Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago.
- THE NEW TIME.** Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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